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### Poetical Selection.

**THE END.**  
The course of the wearied river  
Ends in the great gray sea;  
The acorn, for ever and ever,  
Strives upward to the tree.  
Shines promise through the storm;  
The glimmer of coming morning  
Through midnight gloom will form.  
By time all knots are riven,  
Complex although they be,  
And peace will at last be given,  
Dear, both to you and to me.

Then, though the path may be dreary,  
Look onward to the goal;  
Though the heart and the head be weary,  
Let faith inspire the soul.  
Seek the right, though the wrong be tempting,  
Speak truth at any cost;  
Vain is all weak exempting  
When once the gem is lost.  
Let strong hand and keen eye be ready  
For plain and ambushed foes;  
Thought earnest and fancy steady  
Bear best unto the close.

The heavy clouds may be raining,  
But with evening comes the light;  
Through the dark are low winds complaining,  
Yet the sunrise gilds the height;  
And Love has his hidden treasure  
For the patient and the pure;  
And Time gives his fullest measure  
To the workers who endure;  
And the Word that no law has shaken  
Has the future pledge supplied;  
For we know that when we "awaken"  
We shall be "satisfied."

### Selected Story.

#### Carried His Own Bundle.

In the dullest part of the dullest county of England is situated the little demi-semi-fashionable bathing town of M.

Once, there happened to the said little town a very dull season. Every town on the coast besides was full of company—bathers, walkers, donkey-riders, saunterers and pebble-gatherers; yet the luckless town of T. was comparatively empty. Huge placards with 'lodgings to let' stared everybody in the face, from every window in every direction.

In this state of utter stagnation were affairs at T., when one hot day, in the middle of August, a stranger was seen to enter that town-corporation. This stranger entered the town in so questionable a shape, that the very fourth and fifth castles in T. stood aloof, holding themselves above him. Even the shop-keepers, mantua-makers, and waiters at the taverns, felt their noses curl up intuitively at him. The groups of loiterers collected at the doors of the inns, passed contemptuous comments on him as he pursued his way, and the fashionable were to be seen in the streets cast supercilious glances of careless superiority upon him, for he was on foot and alone, attired in a coat, waistcoat, and in short a whole suit of that sort of mixed cloth called pepper-and-salt colored, with a black silk handkerchief tied about his neck in a nautical style. He wore sea boots pulled over his knees, and to complete the picture, carried a large bundle in a red silk handkerchief at the end of a stout oaken cudgel over his shoulder.

"I'll warrant me, Jack, that 'ere list of his would prove a knock-me-down argument," said a sailor to one of his shipmates, who was intently surveying the stranger.

"Ey, ey, my lad, make yourself sure of that," said Jack, between whom and the stranger a single look of recognition had been exchanged, en passant.

"He's a rum sort of fish, howsoever," rejoined the first speaker, "and I wonder what wind cast him on this shore. He don't look like a landsman, for all his pepper-and-salt gear. Mayhap you know something about him, Jack?"

"Mayhap I do," replied Jack, pursing up his mouth with a look of importance; "but I haven't sailed so many years in the king's service without learning to keep my own counsel—aye, and another's too on occasion; and I'd advise you, Ben, my boy, to take another observation of his fist, before you go to crack your jokes on him!" said Jack; and Ben having done so, wisely determined on keeping his silence.

There certainly was a characteristic something in the stranger, from the tie of his handkerchief to the slight roll in his gait, that savored of a seafaring life. Even his way of sitting on his hat had not the look of a landsman. The act of sturdy independence with which he shouldered his bundle and tramped along, showed that he considered the opinions of the bystanders was a matter of perfect indifference. Yet there was that about him which forcibly arrested the attention of everyone. People who would not own to themselves that they thought him worthy of notice, nevertheless turned round to look at him again.

A sovereign procured him a supper and bed, and all things needful for rest and refreshment, at a small public house whose crazy little creaking sign promised to travellers "Good entertainment for man and horse."

The next morning, being disencumbered of the unpopular bundle at the end of that oaken cudgel which he still either grasped or flourished in a most nautical fashion, he entered the reading-room of the town.

"It is no use of putting down your name, sir, for you cannot be admitted here," was the answer he received from the superintendent of this fashionable resort.

"Not on my paying the usual terms of subscription?" demanded the stranger.

"No, sir, we cannot admit persons of your description on any terms, sir."

"Persons of my description!" retorted the stranger, must emphatically, grasping his

rusty cudgel; "and pray, sir, of what description do you suppose me to be?"

The Jack in office surveyed the sturdy stranger with a look in which contempt and alarm were oddly blended, as he replied—

"Can't exactly say, sir, but I'm sure none of our subscribers would choose to associate with you."

"How do you know that, you saucy Jack-anapes?" said the stranger, becoming a little choleric.

"Why, sir, because, sir, we make a point of being very select, sir, and never on no account admit persons of your description."

"But it seems that you do not know of what description I am."

"Why, sir, no one can expect to keep these sort of things secret."

"What, then, is it whispered about that I am?"

"Whispered! Lord, sir, it was in everybody's mouth before breakfast."

"And what does everybody say?"

"That you are a broken-down miller hiding from your creditors." And here he cast a shrewd glance on the thread-bare pepper and salt of the stranger, who, regarding him for a moment with a comic expression on his features, made him a profound bow, and walked off.

Not a whit humbled by this repulse, the stranger repaired to the place of general promenade and took possession of a vacant place at the end of one of the benches, on which were seated two or three of these important people who had from time immemorial invested themselves with the dignity of the head persons of the place.

The worthies did not allow him time to make their acquaintance, but with an air as if they dreaded infection, they rose and departed. Not the least discomposed by the distaste the great men of little T. evinced for his society, the stranger drew from his pocket a box, lighted a cigar and smoked for some time with great relish.

At length perceiving a new set of loungers on the promenade, he hastily despatched his cigar and approaching one of the other benches, addressed a few courteous though trifling observations to its occupants, three ladies and a gentleman; but had his remarks been of a blasphemous or indelicate nature, they could not have been received with a greater appearance of consternation by the ladies who rose alarmed at the liberty the man had taken, while the gentleman observed, with a most aristocratic demeanor, that he had labored under a mistake in addressing those ladies.

"Sir," said the stranger, "you are right; I took you for persons of politeness and benevolence. Discovering my error I crave your pardon and retire."

Although any reasonable person might have been satisfied with these specimens of the inhabitants, still "the man who carried his own bundle" persevered in his endeavors to find some liberal-minded person therein.

From the highest to the lowest, a general feeling of suspicion seemed to pervade the beings of all, and the luckless stranger resided in the town a whole week without finding a single exception.

The habitual good temper and light-hearted gaiety of the stranger was ruffled; and there was a compression of his brow, and an angry glow on his cheek, as he entered that notorious gossip-shop, the post office. The mail had just arrived, and the letters having been assorted, were delivered to their respective claimants. But there was one letter that had not been claimed, which excited curiosity.

According to invariable diurnal custom all the town people who had nothing to do were assembled in or near the post office—those who expected letters to receive them, and those who did not take notice of the epistles directed to their neighbors.

The unclaimed letter was of a tempting appearance, surmounted with a coronet addressed to the Right Hon. Admiral Lord A—B—, and franked by the Duke of A—B—.

Many were the surmises offered on the subject. Could it be possible that a man of his high rank meant to honor them with his presence for the season? But then he had not engaged lodgings. No matter, there were plenty disengaged. Lord A—B—would doubtless arrive that day with suite. It would be the salvation of the town for the season to be able to announce such an arrival in the county papers. The presence of my lord was a prognostic of a visit from the duke and the mighty duchesses.

During the discussion, in which by this time the whole town was engaged, there were some whose curiosity to know the contents of this important epistle was so great as to betray them into the endeavor of forestalling Lord A—B— in reading all that was come-at-able in his letter; but the envelope was folded so as to baffle the most expert in the worthy art of round-readings.

Here, you, Jack Braceyard, have you forgotten your old commander?"

"Forgotten your honor! No, no, my lord," exclaimed Jack, springing into the midst of the circle. "I knew your noble lordship the moment I seen you; but I remember your honor's humor too well to spoil your sport by saluting, when you thought fit to hoist foreign colors."

"Jack, you are an honest fellow, and here's a sovereign to drink my health, for we have weathered many a hard gale together, and here's another for keeping my secret, old heart of oak. And now, gentlemen," continued Lord A—B—, "if you are not yet satisfied that the letter belongs to me, here are, I trust, sufficient proofs." As he spoke he produced from his pocket-book a bundle of letters bearing the same superscription.

The postmaster immediately handed him the letter, and began to string off elaborate apologies, which his lordship did not stay to listen to, but walked back to the Golden Lion, leaving the assembled population of T. mute with consternation.

That afternoon, the whole corporation, sensible too late of their error, waited in a body on Lord A—B— to apologize for their mistake, and to entreat him to honor the town with his presence during the remainder of the season.

"Gentlemen, I entered your town with every intention of thinking well of its inhabitants. But I came in a shabby coat, carrying my own bundle and took up my quarters at a paltry alhouse, the only place where you would give me admittance. Your reception of me would have been very different had I arrived in my carriage. But gentlemen, I am an odd fellow, as you see, and sometimes try whether I can obtain notice without these adventitious distinctions; and the manner in which you treated me, while I appeared among you in the light of a poor and inoffensive stranger, has convinced me of my error in looking for liberality here. And I must inform you that I estimate your polite attention at the same value that I did your contempt, and that I would not spend another night in your town if you would give it to me; and so good morning."

As his lordship concluded, he attached his red bundle to the end of his bludgeon, and shouldering it, with a droll look at the discomfited corporation, he trudged out of the town with the same air of sturdy independence that he trudged in.

**ONE OF A THOUSAND.**  
"What's the particular worry, just now, mother, dear?"

There always was a worry of some sort at the Seldens'. It generally had reference to money, or the want of it; but that took such a variety of shapes that Flo could not have asked her question better.

"Mother dear" hesitated two or three minutes before she answered. Harassed still when the answer came, looking up into her daughter's face as if she were doubtful whether to shadow its brightness by its worries, general or particular.

"Only just the old trouble, Flo. Tom's sickness cost us as much as a whole year's living. Ramsey was over lately, and says he won't wait any longer about the mortgage. And winter's coming right along, and where the children's clothes are coming from, I don't know."

"But your Heavenly Father knoweth. Don't you remember that motto with the leaves and the lilies? You pointed it for me that time when I was fretting so, you remember, for fear I couldn't earn enough to go back to the academy. You're not going to turn faithless, mother, dear?"

"I am afraid I was beginning to be. Why, where are you going in the rain, child?" as Flo wrapped herself in her gray waterproof and tied on her second-best hat securely.

"Over to Squire Peach's to apply for the school in the South District. Miss Blosser is going to change her name, they say (and nature, too, I hope, for she is such a cross patch), and I may be early enough to get her place myself. It won't be much, I know, but it will be one of the 'littles' that help, till I find something better. Wish me good luck, mother!" stooping to kiss away two shining tears that told Flo silently that the mother's heart was too full to put into words.

Flo tried her school three months and then gave it up. Not that she was of the sort of girls to give up undertakings easily. But Flo had an idea of something better. Papa Selden's cough grew harder and his overcoat thinner, and school teaching in the South District wasn't a paying operation.

She thought it out one recess time, when she was having one of her browniest studies. The other girls had always declared that Flo's fortune lay in her fingers. Papa used to say, laughingly, that she had ten talents—one for each finger. Every one has a genius for something, and Flo's was for millinery. Nobody could give to ribbon such a "perfectly lovely" twist as Flo Selden, or find just the angle of jauntiness for the birds that fashion commanded to perch on the pyramids of lace and velvet. She determined to find out the market value of such dainty-fingered skill.

She went over to Uncle Oldendorp's about it that very night after school. She wanted advice, which was easy to get, and money, which wasn't.

Uncle Oldendorp was cautious, and disappointed.

"Pay ye, don't they, for your school, down there?"

"Just enough to keep body and soul together!" Flo told him bitterly.

"Well," he answered, coolly, "that's more than some people manage. Better stick to your school—that's certain, and this other

here isn't. Don't act like a crack, and leave a house that fits you before you find a new one."

Flo had no idea of doing business crab fashion, so she kept on with her school, all the time she was using every effort to "find a house" that fitted less snugly.

The end of the week found her as nearly discouraged as it was possible for Flo Selden to be.

"Oh, if I could only find a friend to help me little till I could help myself!" was what she said to herself, with something that was very like despair, as she was walking away at a rapid pace peculiar to her in such intense moods—walking, she hardly knew where, though it happened to be down a rather unfrequented road that led along by the river.

"Whither away so fast?"

Flo looked up into a pair of pleasant eyes that looked down into hers with the friendly interest they really felt, and answered, truthfully, "Nowhere, sir."

"Then I'll go with you, by your leave," laughed the new comer, drawing Flo's arm within his own and taking the familiar path by the river.

It was an old man with kindly gray eyes under his grayer eyebrows. Flo's old perceptor at the academy, who had known her and loved her for her father's sake when she was a little girl in pantalettes and slippers. The very one of all the world she wanted most to see, Flo thought.

The trouble all came out pretty soon. She was so tired and discouraged, and he was such a good listener.

"I'm afraid you think—I was very foolish to think of such a thing!" she faltered at last, when she found he only listened without a word of comment.

"I think you are very brave, wise, loving little girl, my dear!" was his answer, given so heartily that Flo felt she meant it.

They sat down on a gray ledge just then to look at the sunset on the river, and he took out a pencil and wrote something on a leaf on his note-book.

"There, my dear," he said, as he handed it to her, "carry this to Harte Bros., Boston. It's a carte blanche for anything you want there. No matter for thanks, child, as Flo's lips trembled with the thanks she found it hard to speak, "it's only a part of the debt of friendship I owe your father. Glad to pay it through you. Now tell me if he works as hard as ever. A book-keeper's life is sure death to him anyway."

"Hibernian, but true!" replied Flo, smiling at his humorous way of putting it.

"And now, oh, I know I can help him!"

That hour was so comfortable to Flo, who felt, like the rest of us, rested by sympathy. She was cheerful at home from principle, but there were secret half hours when the worry almost more than she could bear, and the sound of her father's hollow, ringing cough sometimes smote her ears like a knell. She went home from the sunset conference with a lighter heart and a brighter face than she had carried for a week.

In two weeks Flo had hired two large, light room (in one of was a great bay-window); had seen Harte Bros., and received her goods; had arranged her little shop as attractively as possible, and by Saturday morning everything was in readiness for a quiet "Opening" on Monday.

What a nine-days' wonder! "They" made of it. Inquisitive people came by dozens, and that was just what Flo wanted. Perhaps "They" laughed. "Who cares," said Flo, bravely, though possibly she did care a little, after all.

By and by the other girls began to find that nowhere could they find such "loves" of hats and bonnets as at Flo Selden's. She always had the latest styles and the freshest stock, and so her custom very naturally increased from week to week.

Flo kept her evening to herself, and sometimes, when she had had an especially good day, she would run down to "papa's den," as she called the little room where he scratched busily on ledgers and account books all day, and "book-keep" for him. He knew he could trust her, for she has taken his place once in a summer vacation. Sometimes she would send him home "to be put to bed, sir, directly after you've had your supper!" often he would insist on staying, and then he would lie for hours on a settee-lounge which Flo improvised, content to look fondly at the bright face which Flo took care should never show a trace of weariness at such times.

These were busy days for Flo. But business sometimes brings its own reward. The thought that she was helping to bear the household burdens gave a glad ring to her voice that was music in the ears of the weary house-mother. "Winter came 'right along" and the children's clothes with it; Tom's doctor's bill received a little installment, and Flo tried to put away a little from week to week for the rainy day that came before she was ready for it.

Papa Selden shut the ledger one night for the last time, and Flo got the heartache noticing how heavily he leaned on her supporting arm. Now came a time when there was a new worry in the household, and then—that peaceablest time when all worries are over!

They were very happy all together, during those last weeks. Flo used to go away by herself sometimes in her great thankfulness that this new project of hers had succeeded so that she could relieve him in part of the anxiety for their future that would have made death terrible.

And now the whole burden of support came upon Flo's shoulders. She thanked God that He had made them strong enough to bear it.

She spent no time in idle grieving, but comforted the other, so far as human words can have the power to comfort, and went bravely to work; if there were times when

flesh and heart failed her, that was a secret between her and her Heavenly Father.

It was no wonder that Flo's business nearly doubled. The black dress neatly fitting daily back and forth from shop to work-room, and the pale, sweet face that bent over busy fingers, was a silent appeal that people could not resist. Her hands were already full, and so the business overflowed into those of the younger sister, whom Flo decided to take into partnership. Flo was touched with this tacit expression as she would have been by nothing else.

After that things went on quietly and prosperously. Before the end of the year Flo had cancelled her indebtedness to Harte Bros., and gradually added little comforts to the home that so sorely needed them. Best of all, she was able to tell now where the children's clothes were to come from.

Well, it is a little story, but the ending isn't written yet. The stories that are lived never had an ending, though we do sometimes break them off in the middle, as if they were threads in a tangle skein, and think we have found an end. It was lived neither very long ago nor very far away—that is, the beginning of it, for it is still "continued."

And all the while such lives are being lived you will hear grumblers asserting that the girls of this generation are frivolous, and careless, and useless, entirely given to vanity, because, in the multitude of earnest and true-hearted ones, they chance now and then to find a butterfly. I am content you should call my brave Flo "commonplace," for other maidens' sake. She is one of a thousand just like her.

**HE DIDN'T WANT ANY.**—The other day a well-dressed stranger, carrying a hand valise, called into a life insurance office in Detroit, and inquired if the agent was in. The agent came forward rubbing his hands, and the stranger asked:

"Do you take life insurance risks here?"

"Yes, sir; glad to see you, sir; sit down, sir," replied the agent.

"What do you think of life insurance, anyway?" inquired the stranger, as he sat down and took off his hat.

"It's a national blessing, sir—an institution which is looked upon with sovereign favor by every enlightened man and woman in America."

"That's what I've always thought," answered the man. "Does the company pay its losses promptly?"

"Yes, sir; yes, sir. If you were insured with me, and you should die tonight, I'd hand your wife a check within a week."

"Couldn't ask for anything better than that?"

"No, sir; no sir. The motto of our company is: 'Prompt pay and honorable dealings.'"

"How much will a \$5,000 policy cost now?" inquired the stranger, after a long pause.

"You are—let me see, say thirty-five. A policy would cost you \$110 the first year."

"That's reasonable enough."

"Yes, that's what we call low, but ours is a strong company, does a safe business, and invests only in first-class securities. If you think of taking out a policy, let me tell you that ours is the safest, and even the agents of rival companies will vouch for the truth of what I say."

"And when I die my wife will get her money without any trouble?"

"I'll guarantee that, my dear sir."

"And I'll get a dividend every year?"

"Yes, this is a mutual company, and part of the profits come back to the policy holders."

"And it won't cost but \$110 for a policy of \$5,000?"

"That's the figure, and it's as low as you can get safe insurance anywhere. Let me write you out policy. You'll never regret it."

"Them's the blanks, I s'pose," said the stranger, pointing to the desk.

"Yes," replied the merchant, as he handed one up to him and took his pen. "What do you say—shall I fill out an application?"

"No, I guess I won't take any to-day," replied the stranger, as he unlocked his valise, "but if you want something that will take that warf off your nose inside of a week, I've got it here. It's good for corns, bunions, the toothache, earache, sprains—"



# Woburn Journal.

John L. Parker, Editor and Proprietor.  
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The figures printed with the subscriber's name on this paper, show to what time the subscription is paid. If any error is observed, please notify the office at once.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 4, 1879.

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G. P. Rowell & Co.,	3	7	1
B. & L. R. R. time table,	3	7	2
G. W. Pollock,	3	7	3

**FALSE ALARM.**—Early Tuesday morning the firemen in the Highland District, were aroused by a humming noise, that sounded like a distant gong. It was discovered to be the whistle on Houston's currier shop which had opened just enough to admit a little steam and cause a humming. Engineer Pettengill and members of Hose 5, went to the shop and climbed up to the whistle and stopped it. As they were coming down the ladder an individual appeared with a lantern and a conversation ensued. "Watchman.—Did you let it down?" "Engineer.—No, I just pulled the wire. Why didn't you look after this?" "W.—Tain't any of my business." "W.—Whose business is it?" "W.—The engineer's." "W.—And the engineer went away at six o'clock last night, didn't he?" "W.—Yes." "W.—And you are the watchman?" "W.—Yes." "W.—Well, we'll see whose business it is in the morning."

**TIN WEDDING.**—Last Friday evening the comrades of Post 33, G. A. R., and ladies of the Auxiliary Society, visited the home of A. P. Barrett, on Vernon street, to celebrate his tin wedding and give him a surprise. Mr. Barrett having been enticed away on a skating excursion, the party took full possession, and enjoyed their host's surprise on his arrival home. The Grand Army had hardly got established, however, before the door was again stormed, and they, as well as Mr. Barrett, were surprised at the entrance of Capt. J. P. Crane and 35 of his employees, each bearing some useful tin utensil, and no two alike. A little later, Commander Hill, in behalf of the Post, and some of his Odd Fellow friends, presented him with a very nice writing desk, fully equipped, which was well received. The remainder of the evening was pleasantly spent in a social manner.

**THE LOSS OF THE AMERICAN STEAMSHIP** Emily B. Souder, while en route from New York to Santo Domingo, touches closely a Woburn family—that of Mr. Peter Robertie, whose son George was on the fabled vessel. Mr. Robertie has thus far ascertained nothing which has not appeared in the newspapers. George Robertie took the place of one of the crew, so that his name does not appear in the published lists. The Emily B. Souder left New York, Dec. 8th, founded at sea in a hurricane, Dec. 10th, when only two days out from port. Two men were picked up from a life raft near Kingston, Jamaica, Dec. 12th, and others of the crew may yet be heard from.

**GRAND CONCERT COMPLEMENTARY TO THE MANAGER OF THE "STAR COURSE."**—Those of our citizens who attended the fine series of concerts and entertainments presented here this fall and winter, under the management of Mr. Frank Hervey, will be glad to learn that a movement is on foot, having for its object a grand concert complimentary to that gentleman. Since the close of the "Star Course" we have so often heard the management spoken of in terms of praise, that we feel certain the announcement of such an entertainment would be greeted with pleasure and draw a crowded and enthusiastic audience.

**NEARLY DROWNED.**—On Sunday afternoon, William Kenny, while skating on Horn Pond, broke through some black ice in the middle of the pond. He could not swim and would have drowned had not Charles Stevens heard his cries for help, and hastened thither, though a long distance away. He reached out a hockey which enabled Kenny to keep his head above water until John Kelleher arrived and helped pull him out. The half-drowned boy was taken to Mr. Kelleher's house and properly treated.

**HEADQUARTERS.**—The upper floor of the Granite building, No. 180 Main street, has been leased by the Republican Town Committee, and is being fitted up as a permanent headquarters. There are two rooms, connected by folding doors, and they are to be made quite attractive as well as convenient, and will be found to be just the thing for the uses intended. The rooms are central, well lighted, and conspicuous, and it looks as if the Republicans mean to let their light shine.

**JACK KNIVES.**—It is an old custom with Mr. J. D. Taylor, to have a New Year's party, and Wednesday night was no exception. But there was one important difference. He having recently lost a favorite knife, his male guests sympathizing with his bereavement, each brought a present of a knife, and now he probably has the largest and best assortment of knives of any private individual in town.

**NEW HOSE COMPANY.**—Some hose having been placed at Central Square, some of the denizens of that locality have organized a volunteer company, and adopted the name of Swamp Angels. James N. Richardson, is foreman, Charles Eames, Assistant, and George E. Pickering clerk. The hose carriage is at present in Mr. Hart's barn, but we understand the building on Main street, near Mr. Kendall's house, will be fitted up for its reception. This makes No. 6, of the Fire Department.

Thanks to Mr. Henry Bulfinch, for late California papers.

**B. & L. R. R.**—Last Tuesday was the 35th anniversary of the running of the first train over the Woburn Branch of the B. & L. R. R. The veteran engineer, Eli Cooper, now on the retired list and engaged in the bread business at 155 Main St.—drove the first train, of which Albert Carter, now in California, was the first conductor. There were seventeen passengers on the train, and it would be a curious bit of information if we could name them. The business of the Branch has increased so that now the passengers average 600 a day each way.

At the annual meeting, which occurred on Wednesday, it was voted that the directors of the corporation be instructed to consolidate the Boston & Lowell Railroad corporation with the Salem & Lowell Railroad Company and the Lowell & Lawrence Railroad Company, or either of them. The president stated that the profits of the road for the months November and December had been between 14 and 18 per cent of the capital stock. The following board of directors was unanimously chosen for the ensuing year, 44 votes having been cast:—Josiah G. Abbott, William A. Burke, Thomas Talbot, Edwin Morey and T. Jefferson Coolidge. Colonel George offered the following motion:—That the contract between the Boston & Lowell Railroad Corporation and the Salem & Lowell Railroad Company, dated Oct. 1, 1878, providing for the modification and extension of the lease of the Salem & Lowell Railroad to this corporation for the period of 20 years, from and after the first day of October, 1878, be approved by the stockholders of the Boston & Lowell Railroad Corporation. Upon this motion a stockholders' vote was taken, but, as it required a majority of the stockholders to adopt the same, a recess was taken for two weeks, in order to obtain the requisite number, the meeting to be held at the same place.

The new time table will be found in another column. It goes into effect next Monday, Jan. 6th, and it will be well for our readers to look it over a little for changes. The principal change seems to be that on Wednesday evenings no 10.30 train will be sent out from Boston, but a train will leave at 11.20, and on those evenings the 8.30 train from Woburn will be held over to 10.30.

**RESIGNATION OF REV. MR. BARNES.**—At a meeting of the First Unitarian Parish, in Woburn, held Tuesday evening, Dec. 31, 1878, the follow vote and resolution was unanimously passed:—

**Voted,** That the resignation tendered by Rev. W. S. Barnes, of his pastorate over the First Unitarian Parish be accepted. In passing the above vote the members of this parish cannot refrain from expressing their deep regret for the various causes which have led Rev. Mr. Barnes to offer his resignation, while they feel that it will be for the best interests of both pastor and people that the relations between them should be dissolved. In thus severing the ties that have bound them together for so many pleasant years, they would recall with affection and gratitude the many and valuable services rendered by Mr. Barnes to this society during the period of his ministry; the fidelity and earnestness which have characterized his work; the success which has attended his efforts to secure the interest of the young people of the parish; his vigorous personal administration of the Sunday school; his tender solicitude and sympathy for hearts in sorrow and bereavement; the aid and encouragement given to all the moral and philanthropic agencies of the town; and the purity of motive and unblemished character which have been manifested in his daily life and conduct among the people.

**Y. M. C. A.**—A meeting of the directors was held at the Congregational vestry, on Friday evening of last week. It was decided to hold three union meetings, under the auspices of the Association, during the week of prayer, on Monday evening, Jan. 6th, at the Methodist church; on Wednesday evening at the Congregational; and on Friday evening at the Baptist. The remaining week will be left open, for the use of separate churches. It was decided to hold Association services in one of the churches on the 4th Sunday of each month, the pastor of the church to preach a sermon. The first preaching service will be held in the Methodist church on the 4th Sunday in January. Rev. Mr. Pomfret will preach.

**ROYAL ARCADE.**—On Tuesday evening, Dec. 24th, the following officers of Baldwin No. 125, were elected for the next six months, beginning January, 1879, and are to install the second Tuesday in January:—Regent, Nathan J. Simonds; Vice Regent, Frederic A. Flint; Orator, E. N. Cummings; Secretary, Henry H. Leathe; Collector, Thomas B. Evans; Treasurer, S. Henry Dow; Guide, Charles H. Delano; Chaplain, J. P. Robey; Warden, Sullivan Simonds, Jr.; Sentry, Edward O. Soles; Trustees, Alva S. Wood, Charles A. Jones, Gilman F. Jones; Finance Committee, Alva S. Wood, Frederic A. Flint, E. N. Cummings; Examining Physician, George P. Bartlett, M. D.

**W. H. S. G. A.**—The High School Graduates said the old year out on Tuesday night, in a very social and agreeable gathering at the High School Hall. The company divided up into groups so that the tastes of all might be satisfied as to the mode of passing a pleasant evening. Parlor croquet, chess, cue-alley, and various other games were played. Messrs. Henry Johnson and Walter Bacon presided at the piano. The orchestra of the Congregational Sunday School played, giving much satisfaction. Much credit is due to Mr. Henry B. Wood, the President of the Association, and to the Directors and other officers, for their efforts in preparing this agreeable entertainment.

**LITTLE NEW YEARS CALLERS.**—The members of the infant school of the Congregational Church, called on their pastor Wednesday morning, 102 children being present. Rev. Dr. March gave each a Scriptural-text card and a package of good things. The children enjoyed themselves highly.

**BAPTIST SOCIABLE.**—The sociable of the Baptist Society, was held at the house of Mr. G. F. Fosdick, on Abbott St., last Tuesday evening. A large number of friends assembled together and a very enjoyable time was spent in social converse, music and games.

The remains of Joseph H. Pondleton have been delivered to his relatives, and taken to Maine for burial.

**G. A. R.**—The officers of Post 33, were installed Thursday evening by Past Commander Charles K. Conn, as follows:—A. L. Richardson, Com.; T. Marvin Parker, S. V. C.; B. F. Story, J. V. C.; N. Z. Tabor, Q. M.; H. F. Smith, Q. M. S.; Rev. J. H. Mason, Chaplain; Joseph Johnson, Surgeon; Joseph W. Fields, O. of D.; James H. Carlton, O. of G.; W. H. Matthews, Adj.; John S. Mann, Serg. Major; C. T. Wood, N. Z. Tabor, George P. Simmons, A. G. French, W. H. Matthews, Relief Committee; W. T. Grammer, T. H. Hill, C. T. Wood, Trustees of Relief Fund; J. H. Mason, E. W. Hadley, James Walker, T. V. Sullivan, J. W. Field, J. S. Mann, B. F. Smith, Visiting Committee; G. P. Simmons, G. W. Kimball, A. P. Barrett, Employment Committee; J. A. Getchell, B. F. Story, T. Mahoney, Cemetery Committee; A. P. Barrett, C. K. Conn, James Walker, Auditing Committee; John L. Parker, Newell Z. Tabor, T. Marvin Parker, Trustees of the Hall.

**ACCIDENTS.**—On the afternoon of New Year's Day, Frederic Carling, who worked in Russell's shop on Beacon street, was shifting the belt of a splitting machine on to the shaft, when the belt started too suddenly for him to disengage his hand. He was drawn up and over the shaft probably once. The main belt was thrown off immediately but the boy was already much injured. The right arm had received a compound fracture below the shoulder, and the bones of the wrist were broken, the radius protruding. The lower lip was deeply cut and the boy received a blow over the right eye. He was taken to the Massachusetts General Hospital the same evening. It is hoped that the arm and hand will be saved.

On Monday Chas. E. Smith, of Smith & Ferrin, ran a splinter of glass into his knee. At Simonds' stiffening shop, on Thursday, Miss Hannah Kelley cut off the tip of her left fore-finger, in a splitting machine.

**WATCH MEETING.**—A watch meeting was held at the Methodist vestry on Tuesday evening commencing at 8 o'clock, with devotional exercises. At 9, Rev. Mr. Pomfret preached, on the text: "Will a man forget God?" God's claim on man and man's unwillingness to recognize that claim were the leading thoughts. A slight intermission followed the sermon, after which a love feast was held under the direction of Rev. J. Tolman. At 11.55 the congregation engaged in solemn silent prayer until the bells announced that 1878 had expired and 1879 had begun. The very impressive occasion closed with a New Year's prayer and the benediction from the pastor and a general and very cordial hand-shaking. The attendance at these services was large, especially toward the close.

**MASONIC.**—At the regular meeting of Mount Horeb Lodge, F. A. M., held on Wednesday evening, the following officers were installed by Rev. W. William T. Grammer: Charles A. Jones, W. M.; Charles A. Sweetser, S. W.; S. Frankford Trull, J. W.; Sparrow Horton, S.; Frank B. Dodge, T.; Rev. W. S. Barnes and Hugh C. Townley, Chaplains; W. F. Davis, Marshal; Thomas J. White, S. D.; Leonard Fowler, J. D.; L. Waldo Thompson, S. S.; L. H. Chadbourne, J. S.; L. W. Perham, I. S.; A. V. Haynes, Tyler. At the close of the meeting refreshments were served in the ante-rooms.

**ALMOST A FIRE.**—On Tuesday, occupants of the Methodist Block were startled by the entrance of smoke into their apartments, and search discovered a burning pile of charcoal in the basement. The fire was soon put out before it had done much damage. It seems that the Italian peanut operator on the Post Office corner, had turned the half-burned coals from the roast-er into the bin with the fresh charcoal, and heat enough remained to start a fire. It was fortunate that the occurrence happened in the day time.

**SLIGHT FIRE.**—At eight o'clock this Friday morning the grease factory of Balcom & Nichols, on Conn St., was discovered on fire. Bryant & King's hose company immediately ran out a line of hose, and before the town firemen could arrive, had the fire put out. It was confined to a small apartment used as an office, where it originated from some fire with which the workmen were thawing out the steam pipes. The damage was slight, probably not exceeding \$50. There is \$1250 insurance on the stock, and \$1250 on the shop, at Conn's Agency.

**THE EPIDEMIC INFLUENZA.**—An epidemic influenza is now prevailing, which is sometimes severe. An interesting and startling fact connected with it is that Dr. I. H. Salisbury of Cleveland, O., has pointed out that it is caused by an animal parasite—a rhizoid, a root-footed animal. Of course this is doubted by some. Still, the fact that parasites, like burning sulphur, for example, kill the animals and cure the cases, seems to be enough foundation for the rationale.

**FELL IN A VAT.**—Henry Foss, employed as a night watchman at the tannery of J. P. Crane & Co., slipped into a vat of hot liquid shortly after six o'clock, Thursday evening. Fortunately the workmen had not all left the shop, and he was quickly extricated from his perilous position, and taken home. His legs were badly scalded, the skin coming off, and his condition is critical.

**ANNUAL MEETING.**—The Woburn Agricultural and Mechanical Association held their annual meeting, Jan. 1st, and elected the following officers:—Directors, Messrs. E. N. Blake, E. D. Hayden, John Johnson, A. G. Carter, J. R. Green, J. W. Johnson, F. A. Flint; President, E. N. Blake; Secretary and Treasurer, John Johnson.

The Arlington Advocate sends out an almanac for 1879 rather more pretentious than the average of country calendars, and alike creditable and acceptable. It contains 60 pages, with covers, and beside the almanac pages gives the official register of voters of Arlington, and the cards of most of the business men of the town.

**THE REASON WHY!**—Large sales of Coffee are made by Smith is that a fresh and superior quality can always be found at his store.

In the case of Eaton vs. Town of Woburn, a verdict for the town was rendered Friday morning.

## LIABILITY OF THE TOWN.

In view of the statement that Mr. John B. Taylor, of Burlington, intends to bring an action against the Town of Woburn, to recover damages for the death of his son, caused by driving against a post in the sidewalk at Cummingsville, a similar case reported in Vol. 100, Massachusetts Reports, will be of interest. Philip A. Macomber sued the city of Taunton for injuries resulting from the collision of his carriage with a hitching post in the highway on which he was driving in the night. The street was forty feet wide, with three carriage tracks, and from the crest of the road to the side there was a slope of but three inches. The post run against, was one of three put up by the owner of the adjoining land on the edge of a sidewalk six feet wide, which was not bounded from the carriage path by any gutter, trees, railing or curbstone. The plaintiff would have had no difficulty in passing the posts safely, but for darkness. The case was given to the defendants.

Chief Justice Chapman ruled as follows:—Our statutes require that highways shall be made reasonably safe and convenient for travellers. But it has been decided that this requirement does not necessarily extend to the whole width of the highway as located. When sidewalks are not made, it is sufficient if there is a carriage-way of sufficient width, properly constructed, and protected by such railings as may be necessary. On each side of this way there may be ditches, but these are so necessary for the proper drainage of the carriage-way that they are held not to be defects, if properly constructed, though travellers may be liable to fall into them in the dark. Beyond the sidewalks, no provision is made for the care of the highway, except in places where sidewalks are made; and these are not for the benefit of carriages or teams. In the towns the owners of the adjoining lands, and in the cities the municipalities, are held to be under a duty to travel in the dark in order that they may avoid collisions with these objects. In the present case, it appears by the plaintiff's evidence that the road is located forty feet wide. It has sidewalks seven feet wide, by the curbstone, and railings, posts or trees, not indicated by ditches. The owner of land has erected three hitching-posts at considerable distances apart, between the sidewalk and the carriage-path, and about where the city authorities might properly have placed posts, trees or railings, or might have excavated a ditch, if they had thought it necessary. The posts have been permitted to remain there by the city authorities, and if they should be removed it is clear that the authorities might legally erect others in their place. It is not contended that these posts made the carriage-path too narrow; and it appeared by the plaintiff's evidence that there was no trouble about carriages passing in the daytime. But the plaintiff was travelling in his wagon in the night, when it was extremely dark, and not provided himself with a lantern, could not see, and drove against one of these posts. He contends that the post was a defect. But as it appears that the carriage-way was of ample width, and level and smooth and straight, and as there would have been no trouble in passing, except for the darkness, and the post was not in the carriage-path, and as all this appears by the plaintiff's evidence, the case is not a ground upon which it would be legally competent for the jury to find that the carriage-way was defective. Judgment for the defendants.

**LECTURE.**—Rev. Dr. March gave an interesting talk on "Modern Jerusalem" and other places, illustrated by Davies' stereopticon, at the Baptist vestry, on Monday evening. We give a few of the interesting facts which were brought out. The tower of Ivan Volki, at Moscow, was described as having 64 bells, arranged on different stories. Two bells at the top of the tower, are of silver. The one on the first story weighs 128,000 lbs. On Easter day the 64 bells are rung, chiming with those of three hundred other towers all over the city, filling the air with melody. One can ride from St. Petersburg to Warsaw, 700 miles, and from Warsaw to Vienna 500 miles, without seeing a single hill as high as Meeting-house Hill, except within the last hundred miles. Jerusalem is built on rubbish 20 feet deep. The houses in the Tyropoean valley stand 75 feet above the original surface of the ground. The entire circuit of the wall of Jerusalem being only 24 miles, one can walk around it, inside of the parapet, in less than an hour. The houses are built with mud bricks so that they literally "become an heap" under the influence of the sun and the rain. After the lecture on Jerusalem, Mr. Davies threw some views of statuary upon the screen, and, finally, some comic scenes, much to the satisfaction of the juveniles.

**WOBURN MUSICAL ASSOCIATION.**—This Association organized for the winter, at the meeting held on Monday evening, at the Congregational vestry, by the choice of the following officers:—G. M. Champney, President; P. E. Bancroft, Vice President; D. H. Richards, Jr., Secretary and Treasurer. The winter series of meetings will begin on Monday evening next, at 7.30 o'clock, at the Congregational vestry, with Wm. H. Strachauer, of Stoneham, as Musical Director. Mr. Strachauer gave lessons in Woburn about three years ago, and is well known as an excellent instructor in music. A fine opportunity is thus offered to all of our people who wish to acquire a good musical education.

**A GOOD BEGINNING.**—The Congregationalists were well represented, on New Year's morning, by the eighty or more early risers who went to the six o'clock prayer meeting. The exercises, conducted by the pastor, were very interesting. The meeting closed with the general and hearty exchange of New Year's congratulations and good wishes. All present doubtless felt well repaid for coming out at so early an hour.

Choice grades of coal now on hand at J. I. Munroe & Co.'s. Please give them a trial before purchasing. Also, all kinds of builders' materials in stock.

Hon. Caleb Cushing died at his home in Newburyport, Thursday night. He was nearly 79 years of age.

Chew Jackson's best sweet navy tobacco.

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

From Houghton, Osgood & Co., we have eight volumes of the Artists Biography series, which have proved such a success in the hands of Mr. M. F. Sweetser who has shown a peculiar fitness for the difficult position of an impartial and truthful biographer. To the list of those before noticed, we add the following:—Leonardo da Vinci, Fra Angelico, Van Dyck, Turner, Landseer, and Michael Angelo. The wide variety of experience of these men who led to prominent place in the history of art, shows the trials and numberless obstacles which lie in the path of the aspirant for success and fame in any branch of the profession here represented and the young student will find much to instruct and guide him in meeting the reverses which to a greater or less degree, delay the progress of all who aspire to the front rank. To the general reader these volumes will prove more attractive than many larger biographies and being published in uniform size at the low price of fifty cents each are within the reach of all, and make a good addition to any library.

Little Folks, Cassell, Petter & Galpin, London, P. S. New York, pp. 350, \$1.50.

From A. Williams & Co., of the Old Corner Bookstore, Boston we have a copy of this beautiful work for children. It is fully illustrated and the variety of its reading is surely large enough to meet the wants of all. In the list will be found Anecdotes about Pets, Amusements, Recreations, &c., Fanciful Rhymes, Music, Poetry, Our Sunday Afternoons, a collection of Bible Stories, Poets at things at home and abroad, Prize Competitions, Riddles, Puzzles, Serial Stories, Stories of Character and Adventure, Stories about Great Men and Women, Birds, Beasts and Fishes. While the book is adapted to the capacity of children we find none are too old to be interested and pleased by reading it.

**A SUPERB FAMILY BIBLE.**—One of the remarkable features of the book trade is the enormous sales of Bibles. The demand is chiefly for large Illustrated Family Bibles, for strange as it may seem, there are many families who do not possess such a Bible.

Prominent among the publishers who have recognized this demand is The National Publishing Company, of Philadelphia, Chicago, St. Louis and Dayton, to whose superb edition of the Sacred Scriptures we desire to call attention.

The binding of their magnificent Bibles first claims our attention. It is rich, beautiful, and substantial. As our readers well know, a Bible may be very shoddily bound, and yet put together so flimsily that it will come to pieces in a few years. Although covered with showy stamps and apparently well bound, the work may be done in such a loose and unsubstantial manner that with only ordinary handling it will crack and finally fall to pieces. This Bible is made upon a very different plan. Only the best materials are used in its manufacture, and all the work is done by the best of workmen, and the most highly improved machinery. Every stage of the work is carefully supervised. It would be impossible to devise a plan by which greater care could be given to the manufacture of Bibles, or by which the interests of subscribers could be more carefully guarded. The publishers have a high reputation to maintain, and they are determined to maintain it. They realize the fact that a family Bible may be subjected to very hard usage, and must be bound substantially as well as handsomely.

The additional matter is very rich and complete. The leading feature is a slightly abridged edition of Dr. Wm. Smith's Dictionary of the Bible. This is really a complete work in itself, and would make an octavo volume of over six hundred pages.

The most valuable feature is a History of all the existing Religious Denominations of the World, and the various sects, both ancient and modern. These accounts are clear, concise and comprehensive. The additional matter which accompanies the books of the Bible is very full and interesting. A large section is devoted to a collection of Scripture illustrations, consisting of a series of articles explaining and illustrating the Manners and Customs of the Period, Biblical Antiquities and Scenery. The Animal and Vegetable Kingdoms are described, as are also the trees, plants, flowers, etc., referred to in the Scriptures, each being the subject of spirited and life-like engravings. The Wanderings in the Wilderness, the Tabernacle and Temple are described with great minuteness of detail. These explanations and the maps and plans which accompany them are of great value to every reader of the Bible. A topographical sketch of Jerusalem is given, and the city and temple features in the Bible are also described. It is impossible to enumerate all the valuable features in a notice like this. They constitute a complete encyclopedia of Bible knowledge and present to the reader all the information and explanations he can desire. The work is literally a library in itself, and is published in both English and German.

It is magnificently illustrated. The larger plates consist of exquisite steel engravings and a number of superb designs by the greatest living artist, Gustave Dore. The additional matter contains over 2000 fine illustrations and maps. Nearly every place and object of interest mentioned in the Scriptures is shown in this collection. The Family Record is a beautifully lithographed; and facing it is a magnificent marriage certificate, a feature which makes this Bible a very appropriate and desirable wedding present. At the close of the volume is a handsome photograph album, with space for sixteen portraits, a novel and appropriate addition to a Family Bible.

The price is astonishingly low, and within the means of every family. We advise our readers to examine this great Bible. It is sold by subscription only, and Mr. T. A. B. Norris, who is the authorized agent for this section, is now canvassing for it.

**NEW STYLE.**—The horse cars commenced on Wednesday to run with only one person in charge, who drives the horses, and the fare collects itself. That is, the passenger places the fare in a receptacle provided for it, and the driver by a turn of the handle gathers it in. Thus far, the plan works very well.

**CONCERT AND DANCE.**—The National Band announce a promenade concert and dance in Armory Hall, for Friday evening, Jan. 10th. O'Connor's band and the Nationals furnish the music, and a good time may be expected.

**DRAMATIC.**—At St. John's Hall on New Year's night, the St. Charles Dramatic Club performed "The Drunkard's warning" and "Irish Post," to a crowded and appreciative house.

The Legislature of 1879 assembled Wednesday. President Cogswell was re-elected to preside over the deliberations of the Senators, and Hon. Levi C. Wade, of Newton was chosen Speaker of the House. Mr. Noyes of South Boston, made a good fight for the place, and gracefully acquiesced in the decision of the majority. Bro. Marden, of the Lowell Journal was re-elected clerk without opposition, and enters with a happy heart upon the duties of the position he has graced for the last five years. The Boston Journal has some sketches of our law makers, and we copy from them in whom voters in this vicinity have an interest.

**Councillor, District No. 6.** Hon. Joseph Alfred Harwood, of Littleton, takes his seat at the Board for a third consecutive term. He is a native of the Town where he now resides, and was born March 26, 1827, in the old homestead which stood on the spot where his present home is located. The homestead was burned a few years ago and has been replaced by a very elegant dwelling. Mr. Harwood was educated in the academies at Groton, Mass., and Exeter, N. H. He is a successful farmer, and is also engaged in a profitable manufacturing business as a member of the firm of J. A. & N. Harwood of Leominster, and 59 High St., Boston. A prominent citizen of this town for many years, he has held various town offices, including that of Postmaster. He was upon the military staff of Gov. Wm. B. Washburn and the personal staff of Lieut. Governor Talbot, and was a member of the Senate in 1875 and '76. In both the Senate and the Council he has been on important committees, and by his large experience will be enabled during the current year to exert a marked influence in the Council.

**Senator, Middlesex Sixth District.** Hon. Daniel Russell, Republican, of Melrose, is not at present engaged in business. He was born in Providence, R. I., July 16, 1824, and received his education in that city. In early life he served an apprenticeship in the business of carriage making, at which he worked in Providence for seven years. Subsequently he came to Boston and in 1853 became connected with the house of Isaac Fennell & Co., retiring in 1869 with a handsome competency. Taking up his residence in Melrose in 1864 he has long been a prominent citizen of that town, serving for three years on the Board of Selectmen, and as Chairman of that Board for two years. He is at present Chairman of the Commissioners of the Water Fund of Melrose. He is now to legislative duties.

**Representative, District 10.** John F. Berry, Republican, dealer in boots, shoes and clothing, of Stoneham, was born in Tamworth, N. H., May 22, 1840, and received a common school education. This is his first experience in public life.

**District 13.** Montessor S. Seelye, Democrat, retail dealer in hardware, was born in Bridgeport, Conn., August 19, 1838, and was educated at Warren Academy, Woburn. He has been Town Clerk of Woburn for five years past. During the war he served with the Fifth Regiment Massachusetts Volunteers, holding a commission as Second Lieutenant while that regiment was in service for 100 days. This is his first election to the Legislature.

**District 14.** Josiah Franklin Stone, Republican, of Winchester, is not actively engaged in business. He was born in Corinth, N. H., October 16, 1822, and was educated at Kimball Union Academy, Meriden, N. H. For 7 years he was Selectman and Overseer of the Poor in Winchester, was Assessor 8 years and Water Registrar 2 yrs.

**District 18.** Augustus E. Scott, Republican, lawyer, of Lexington, was born in Franklin, Mass., in 1830, and graduated at Tufts College. He is one of the Justices of the Middlesex Central District Court, but has not had any legislative experience.

**ASSAULT.**—On Friday evening of last week Patrick Huell and Robert Shannon employees at the chemical works, were walking home from North Woburn together when they quarrelled, pounding each other badly. A jug of cider which they were carrying probably supplied the stimulus. Huell was arrested that night, and locked up, and bailed, on Saturday, to appear before Justice Converse, on Monday. On account of the weakened condition of Shannon, whose neck was badly cut, the trial was postponed until Thursday. No stabbing was proved against the men but they were both fined for assault and battery.

**CONCERT.**—There was a fair attendance at the concert of the Highland Quartette Wednesday evening, and the entertainment gave very good satisfaction. The quartette sang "The Old Farmer," "Soldiers return," and "Parting." Miss Herrick gave "Santo Maria," and "Lea Primerara." Mr. Harris sang, "Palm Branches," "The Bell Ringer," and in the quintette, "Mr. Warren, the cornetist, gave "Amazon," and "The Silver Stream." Miss Vanzant sang "The Flower Girl," and "Magnetic Waltz." Mr. Lewis gave two selections. Mr. Jeffers sang two character songs.

**RUNAWAYS.**—On Tuesday evening a horse belonging to Mr. C. M. Strout, was frightened by the falling of a wagon seat upon him and ran, in the momentary absence of the owner. He was found, soon after, on Rag Rock avenue, having run from Fairmount street. One wheel was broken.

Mr. William Flagg's horse ran away on Main street, Monday evening. Fortunately no damage was done.

A rumor was in circulation on Sunday to the effect that twenty-three persons were drowned in Mystic Pond, including one man from North Woburn. We understand that the story was told by a boy, who thought in that way to divert the attention of his father who was about to punish him for going skating without permission.

**POSTAL IMPROVEMENT.**—Our Postmaster has supplied his post box with a push cart for easier carrying of the mails between the depot and the post office. Our citizens will now consider that Mr. Wyman has furnished them with a carte blanche to write all the letters they choose.

**EX-GOVERNOR STEARNS OF NEW HAMPSHIRE.**—He died in Concord last Sunday. His father was a resident of Woburn, some forty years ago, living on Salem street, and was killed by the cars at the Watering Station. Gov. Stearns is also said to have lived in Woburn a short time.


## A GLANCE AT THE WINN GALLERY IN WOBURN.

James Jackson Jarvis a well known art critic, writes as follows in regard to the Woburn Library and Art Gallery:—

The magnificent gift of the late Charles B. Winn to his native town of Woburn Mass., of a well-stocked library and a gallery of paintings in a handsome edifice built expressly to contain them, is an example which may be followed soon by others desirous of leaving good works behind them for the benefit of their townsmen, as the best of all monuments to their own exertions. Mr. Winn had inherited a fortune which enabled him to devote himself to self-culture and extensive travel, partly for health and partly for pleasure. He manifested no inclination for the frivolous, demoralizing occupations indulged in by most young men of plethoric purses. Instead, he showed a decided taste for fine art, particularly pictures. The collection which he bequeathed to Woburn was made up of works of living artists and evinced a desire to give his own exertions by a progressive cultivation of his taste, beginning as was natural, with the acquisition of landscapes and genre pictures. The average quality which first impresses an entirely untrained eye, and leads to its studying, in his will Mr. Winn would allude to the fact, requesting his trustees to do with the funds he provides, what he would do, if living, to improve the character of his gallery; to dispose of the poor pictures and provide better ones; to select a well-intentioned benefactor could not have been devised, and it redounds all the more to the young man that in the will he considers himself to be only the almoner of his father, by whose business sagacity the handsome fortune was acquired.

Besides calling renewed attention to the praiseworthy generosity by which Woburn becomes possessed of the Winn Library and Gallery, with a fund for its maintenance and increase, I would now show how other small towns may find good working material, capable of instructing the public taste and informing the public mind as regard the most essential matters of civilization in this department of knowledge and refinement. Briefly stated, the plan is to establish a little local art-centres, each with sufficient artistic and intellectual resources as to familiarize the neighborhood with those works which are best calculated to promote a correct taste, give pleasure to the people and to stimulate and direct the public taste in the direction among them to its most useful and productive development. The



**Boston and Lowell Railroad.**  
 On and after Jan. 6, 1879, passenger trains will leave Boston as follows:  
 Upper Railroads, 7, 8, A. M., 12 M., 2.30, 5.45, P. M.;  
 Lowell, 7, 7.45, 10, 11, A. M., 1.15, 2.30, 4, 4.45, 5.35, 6.15, 11.15, P. M.;  
 Lawrence, 7.45, 11, A. M., 2.55, 4.45, 6.15 P. M.;  
 Wilmington, 7.45, 10, 11, A. M., 2.55, 4, 4.45, 6.15, 11.15, P. M.;  
 Walcott, 7.45, 10, 11, A. M., 2.55, 4, 4.45, 6.15, 11.15, P. M.;  
 Walcott Hill, 7.45, 10, 11, A. M., 2.55, 4.45, 6.15, 11.15, P. M.;  
 Stoughton, 7.45, 10, 11, A. M., 12 M., 2.30, 4.45, 5.15, 6.35, 7.30, 11.30, P. M.;  
 Montvale, 7.45, 10, 11, A. M., 12 M., 2.30, 4.45, 5.15, 6.35, 7.30, 11.30, P. M.;  
 Woburn Centre, 6.45, 7.45, 8.00, 11.30, A. M., 12 M., 2.30, 4.00, 4.45, 5.15, 6.30, 7.30, 11.30, P. M.;  
 Winchester, 6.45, 7.45, 8.00, 11.30, 11.45, 11.50, 12.00, 12.15, 12.30, 12.45, 1.00, 1.15, 1.30, 1.45, 2.00, 2.15, 2.30, 2.45, 3.00, 3.15, 3.30, 3.45, 4.00, 4.15, 4.30, 4.45, 4.55, 5.00, 5.15, 5.30, 5.45, 5.55, 6.00, 6.15, 6.30, 6.45, 6.55, 7.00, 7.15, 7.30, 7.45, 7.55, 8.00, 8.15, 8.30, 8.45, 8.55, 9.00, 9.15, 9.30, 9.45, 9.55, 10.00, 10.15, 10.30, 10.45, 10.55, 11.00, 11.15, 11.30, 11.45, 11.55, 12.00, 12.15, 12.30, 12.45, 1.00, 1.15, 1.30, 1.45, 1.55, 2.00, 2.15, 2.30, 2.45, 2.55, 3.00, 3.15, 3.30, 3.45, 3.55, 4.00, 4.15, 4.30, 4.45, 4.55, 5.00, 5.15, 5.30, 5.45, 5.55, 6.00, 6.15, 6.30, 6.45, 6.55, 7.00, 7.15, 7.30, 7.45, 7.55, 8.00, 8.15, 8.30, 8.45, 8.55, 9.00, 9.15, 9.30, 9.45, 9.55, 10.00, 10.15, 10.30, 10.45, 10.55, 11.00, 11.15, 11.30, 11.45, 11.55, 12.00, 12.15, 12.30, 12.45, 1.00, 1.15, 1.30, 1.45, 1.55, 2.00, 2.15, 2.30, 2.45, 2.55, 3.00, 3.15, 3.30, 3.45, 3.55, 4.00, 4.15, 4.30, 4.45, 4.55, 5.00, 5.15, 5.30, 5.45, 5.55, 6.00, 6.15, 6.30, 6.45, 6.55, 7.00, 7.15, 7.30, 7.45, 7.55, 8.00, 8.15, 8.30, 8.45, 8.55, 9.00, 9.15, 9.30, 9.45, 9.55, 10.00, 10.15, 10.30, 10.45, 10.55, 11.00, 11.15, 11.30, 11.45, 11.55, 12.00, 12.15, 12.30, 12.45, 1.00, 1.15, 1.30, 1.45, 1.55, 2.00, 2.15, 2.30, 2.45, 2.55, 3.00, 3.15, 3.30, 3.45, 3.55, 4.00, 4.15, 4.30, 4.45, 4.55, 5.00, 5.15, 5.30, 5.45, 5.55, 6.00, 6.15, 6.30, 6.45, 6.55, 7.00, 7.15, 7.30, 7.45, 7.55, 8.00, 8.15, 8.30, 8.45, 8.55, 9.00, 9.15, 9.30, 9.45, 9.55, 10.00, 10.15, 10.30, 10.45, 10.55, 11.00, 11.15, 11.30, 11.45, 11.55, 12.00, 12.15, 12.30, 12.45, 1.00, 1.15, 1.30, 1.45, 1.55, 2.00, 2.15, 2.30, 2.45, 2.55, 3.00, 3.15, 3.30, 3.45, 3.55, 4.00, 4.15, 4.30, 4.45, 4.55, 5.00, 5.15, 5.30, 5.45, 5.55, 6.00, 6.15, 6.30, 6.45, 6.55, 7.00, 7.15, 7.30, 7.45, 7.55, 8.00, 8.15, 8.30, 8.45, 8.55, 9.00, 9.15, 9.30, 9.45, 9.55, 10.00, 10.15, 10.30, 10.45, 10.55, 11.00, 11.15, 11.30, 11.45, 11.55, 12.00, 12.15, 12.30, 12.45, 1.00, 1.15, 1.30, 1.45, 1.55, 2.00, 2.15, 2.30, 2.45, 2.55, 3.00, 3.15, 3.30, 3.45, 3.55, 4.00, 4.15, 4.30, 4.45, 4.55, 5.00, 5.15, 5.30, 5.45, 5.55, 6.00, 6.15, 6.30, 6.45, 6.55, 7.00, 7.15, 7.30, 7.45, 7.55, 8.00, 8.15, 8.30, 8.45, 8.55, 9.00, 9.15, 9.30, 9.45, 9.55, 10.00, 10.15, 10.30, 10.45, 10.55, 11.00, 11.15, 11.30, 11.45, 11.55, 12.00, 12.15, 12.30, 12.45, 1.00, 1.15, 1.30, 1.45, 1.55, 2.00, 2.15, 2.30, 2.45, 2.55, 3.00, 3.15, 3.30, 3.45, 3.55, 4.00, 4.15, 4.30, 4.45, 4.55, 5.00, 5.15, 5.30, 5.45, 5.55, 6.00, 6.15, 6.30, 6.45, 6.55, 7.00, 7.15, 7.30, 7.45, 7.55, 8.00, 8.15, 8.30, 8.45, 8.55, 9.00, 9.15, 9.30, 9.45, 9.55, 10.00, 10.15, 10.30, 10.45, 10.55, 11.00, 11.15, 11.30, 11.45, 11.55, 12.00, 12.15, 12.30, 12.45, 1.00, 1.15, 1.30, 1.45, 1.55, 2.00, 2.15, 2.30, 2.45, 2.55, 3.00, 3.15, 3.30, 3.45, 3.55, 4.00, 4.15, 4.30, 4.45, 4.55, 5.00, 5.15, 5.30, 5.45, 5.55, 6.00, 6.15, 6.30, 6.45, 6.55, 7.00, 7.15, 7.30, 7.45, 7.55, 8.00, 8.15, 8.30, 8.45, 8.55, 9.00, 9.15, 9.30, 9.45, 9.55, 10.00, 10.15, 10.30, 10.45, 10.55, 11.00, 11.15, 11.30, 11.45, 11.55, 12.00, 12.15, 12.30, 12.45, 1.00, 1.15, 1.30, 1.45, 1.55, 2.00, 2.15, 2.30, 2.45, 2.55, 3.00, 3.15, 3.30, 3.45, 3.55, 4.00, 4.15, 4.30, 4.45, 4.55, 5.00, 5.15, 5.30, 5.45, 5.55, 6.00, 6.15, 6.30, 6.45, 6.55, 7.00, 7.15, 7.30, 7.45, 7.55, 8.00, 8.15, 8.30, 8.45, 8.55, 9.00, 9.15, 9.30, 9.45, 9.55, 10.00, 10.15, 10.30, 10.45, 10.55, 11.00, 11.15, 11.30, 11.45, 11.55, 12.00, 12.15, 12.30, 12.45, 1.00, 1.15, 1.30, 1.45, 1.55, 2.00, 2.15, 2.30, 2.45, 2.55, 3.00, 3.15, 3.30, 3.45, 3.55, 4.00

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**P**URSUANT to the power of sale contained in a certain Mortgage Deed given by said Michael Ferrin, Stephen Ferrin, and Ann Ferrin to and for any and all persons having or claiming an interest in the premises and to the hereinafter described premises.

**P**URSUANT to the power of sale contained in a certain Mortgage Deed given by said Michael Ferrin, Stephen Ferrin, and Ann Ferrin, dated September 28, A. D. 1875, and recorded in the South District Registry of Deeds for the County of Middlesex, Mass., Lib. 1567, fol. 562, will be sold at public auction, to wit: on the 21st day of January next, it being in the year 1879, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, on the premises, a certain parcel of land situated in the town of Woburn, in said County, and bounded as follows, to wit: Beginning at a stake on Church street, at lan-

late of said Michael Ferrin, and land of Henry Bishop to a stake; thence northerly by land now or late of Daniel Fahey, to a stake at said Church street; thence westerly on and by said Church street, to the pole corner of said lot of said Henry Bishop; and the pole corner of said lot of said Henry Bishop conveyed to said Michael Ferrin by Daniel A. Leslie by deed dated April 9, 1849, and recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 554, Page 129, being the premises described in the said mortgage; and the premises with the same boundaries and premises conveyed to said Michael Ferrin, Stephen Ferrin and Ann Ferrin, and their several heirs, executors and administrators and assigns therein.

Terms, and statement of incumbrances thereon.

WM. WINN, Auctioneer,  
Woburn, Mass., December 28, 1878.

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## Journal Club Column

BRINGING THE LANDLORD IN DEBT.—“What do you charge for board?” asked a tall Green Mountain boy, as he walked up to the bar of a second-rate hotel in New York. “What do you ask a week for board and lodgings?”

“Five dollars.”

“Five dollars! that's too much; but I s'pose you'll allow for time I'm absent for dinner and supper?”

“Certainly; thirty-seven and a half cents each.”

Here the conversation ended, and the Yankee took up his quarters for two weeks. During this time he lodged and breakfasted at the hotel, but did not take either dinner or supper, saying his business detained him in another portion of the town. At the expiration of the two weeks he again walked up to the bar and said—

“S'pose we settle that account; I'm going in a few minutes.”

The landlord handed him his account: “Two weeks' board at five dollars—ten dollars.”

“Here, stranger,” said the Yankee, “this is wrong; you've made a mistake; you've not deducted the time I was absent from dinner and supper—14 days, 2 meals per day, 28 meals at 37 cents each—10 dollars and 50 cents. If you've not got the 50 cents that's due me, I'll take a drink and the balance in cigars.”

HEK MISTAKE.—In going down Michigan avenue on the car yesterday a woman partly rose up at a street corner, and one of the men across the aisle at once sprang up and pulled the bell. The woman pulled her shawl around her and sat down again, and after the car had waited quite a spell the man remarked:

“I rang the bell to let you off.”

“But I don't get off here,” she replied.

“Well, you rose as if to ring the bell, and I pulled it for you,” he continued. “The car has stopped and the driver expects some one to get out.”

“I didn't want the bell rung,” she answered.

“I see you didn't, now; but as long as you led me into the mistake, it is only right that you should get off. The driver is looking at you, and his car is losing time.”

The woman rose up and walked off without another word, and the man sat down and paid not the least attention to the amazed looks of the passengers. —*Detroit Free Press.*

He was a bachelor, had travelled extensively, and could speak any language, dead or alive. Hieroglyphics were nothing to him; but when he returned home the other day and talked to his sister's baby, and when it cried and was pacified by its mother saying: “Did its naughty warty uncle wundle come homey womey and scarey warty my little putsey wutey,” he just leaned over the back of the chair and wept.

“How much shall you charge for a bologna sausage that will reach from one of my ears to the other?” asked a soldier of a dealer. “Fifty cents,” was the reply. “I take the offer,” replied the soldier, “one of my ears was cut off in battle a thousand miles from here.” There was a compromise.

A charming young thing at a New York school examination, in reading her exercise before a large audience of parents, changed Keats' line so that it read, “A thing of beauty is a boy forever!” She is younger than she looks, but is expected shortly to be engaged.

Northern Vermont has a female dancer who wears an eleven foot. She is called “Queen of the footlights,” and when she dances the superstitious country folk for miles around say:—“There! Hendrick Hudson has got his old howling-alley again.”

“What ails you, sister Theresa? Why are you thus wild with woe?” he asked with deepest anxiety.—*Extract from novel.* She made no reply, but pointed silently to a bucketful of watermelon rinds under the kitchen table. The conundrum was answered.

“Why don't you get down and lead the horse? That is the way to keep warm,” said a gentleman to a boy one cold day. “No,” replied the American youth, “it is a b-b-borrowed horse, and I'll ride him if I f-f-freeze!”

This is the way the children obey in Rome, according to the *Sentinel*: Disturbed parent and noisy five-year-old.—“See here, sonny, what did your mother tell you?” “She told me not to jump.” “What makes you jump then?” “I didn't hear her.”

Said Brown to Jones: “I say, Jones, what's the difference between a ripe watermelon and a rotten head of cabbage?” “I give it up; can't tell.” Brown laughed softly as he said, “You'd be a nice man to send to buy a watermelon.”

“The sun rises in the east,” explained the teacher. “Yes, an there's auther rise in the west, too,” chimed in one of the smaller boys. “Well, what is it?” asked the schoolmaster. “Injuns!” shouted the urchin.

A timid Bostonian has married a lady whose weight verges closely upon two hundred pounds. “My dear,” says he to her, “shall I help you over the fence?” “No,” says she, “help the fence.”

“Have you cologne?” asked she. “No, ma'am,” replied the druggist, “I have no cents at all.” She said he didn't look as though he had.

South American proof readers die young. The last one succumbed to the description of a fight between the Unabimijiji and Amawazicizi tribes.

The photographer said, “If you would only be pleasant; now—smile a little.” The visitor smiles. “My dear sir, that will never do; it's too wide for the instrument.”

All the signers of the Declaration of Independence signed their names with quill pens except one—he signed his witherpoon.

Sixteen millions of dollars put into her new State House, and still the people of New York are not happy.

“Into the chaws of death,” said the man who fell among the teeth of a buzz saw.

## DEMARK'S WIFE.

Of course every one knows the mercantile house of Demark & Co. Singlemann and I were the Co., and Demark—well, of course, he was Demark.

Demark and Singlemann had roomed together when they were boys and young men. Then Demark got married, and Singlemann took the rooms he has now.

“Singlemann, old fellow,” I said, when we sat alone in the sitting-room after the store was closed Christmas eve—“I have a turkey which I want help on to-morrow. Come down to dinner.”

“Too late, my boy; I just promised Demark to go up with him to-morrow. His wife particularly requested it, and so I didn't like to refuse, you know.”

“Oh, of course not. Very nice little woman, Demark's wife is.”

“What?” said Singlemann, so fiercely and sharply that I was startled.

“I said Mrs. Demark was rather a fine lady!”

“Certainly! certainly!” said Singlemann, looking somewhat abashed. Then, after a pause, he said:

“I didn't exactly catch what you said at first.”

The fire was slowly smoldering in the grate, and the shutters were closed. I poked up the coals, and remarked that it looked a little like snow outside.

“I always feel a little queer and nervous on Christmas eve,” said Singlemann, evidently thinking about his abrupt ejaculation a few minutes before, and not heeding what I said; “you mustn't mind me.”

“What's the matter, Singlemann?” said I.

“Didn't I ever tell you about it?” he said.

“No.”

“If I hadn't acted like a fool,” he replied harshly, speaking more to himself than to me, “it might have been different now.”

I presumed that it would, and so didn't contradict him.

“I thought you knew how near I came to getting married once,” he said, with an attempt at a laugh. The laugh wouldn't come and so he took the poker from me and ventfully poked the fire.

“When I used to clerk here, you know, Demark and I roomed away out on Woodward avenue. It was thought to be nearly out in the interior of Michigan then, but it's different now. Every morning as I came down the avenue I met a young girl. There were no street cars then, and besides if there had been—well, we practiced economy, you know—that's why we boarded away out there in the country—but that girl—I didn't notice her very much at first, and Demark, he never noticed her at all. We both came down together. Demark was always thinking on business; he was—Have a cigar? Listening is dry work; smoke and make it dryer.”

“Why, Singlemann, you know I never smoke; go on.”

“I told you I was queer to-night. Did you ever notice how wrapped up Demark is in business? Business will be the conversation of the turkey to-morrow. I tell you young men nowadays—”

“How about that girl?”

“Oh, yes—she always dressed plainly, but you ought to have seen her. I tell you, John, young ladies nowadays think of nothing but dress, and yet with all their silks and feathers—”

“I know; Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like your Woodward avenue belle—in plain clothes.”

He poked the fire for nearly two minutes, and I began to fear that I had figuratively put my foot into it and lost my story.

“I think any one must have fallen in love with her, but I could never get Demark to see it. I never cared for any one before or since. I was completely—what's the use of talking of that. I met her every morning. She always looked straight ahead and never seemed to know that she passed the same two fellows every day. Where did she live? What did she do? One night in December as I came up late from the store I was astonished to see my young lady—I called her mine—standing at a desk in a counting-room. Her hat and cloak were flung on the desk beside her, and she was evidently just ready to leave. The loveliest little frown was on her brow, and the figures evidently wouldn't foot up right. The lamp-light shone on her fair face, and it never looked so handsome before. I stood before the window and gazed there in rapt admiration, and I may say, adoration. I tell you, John, I don't believe that people nowadays know what it is—”

“Well, did she come out?”

“Of course she did,” said Singlemann, a little crossly, “and equally of course I followed her at a distance and saw where she lived. She walked straight on and did not seem a bit afraid. She seemed to set her lips closely together, draw her cloak around her and walked swiftly to her destination. Several times I determined to speak to her, but had neither courage nor excuse. ‘Demark,’ said I, when I reached my room, ‘wake up, and I shoo!’”

“Singlemann, said I, ‘I am not Demark. There is no use in shaking me.’”

“I beg your pardon,” continued Singlemann, releasing his grip on my shoulder, “I don't think you care much about what I am saying, though. What interest can you have?”

“Now don't fly off at a tangent in that manner. Of course I want to know how it turned out. What did you say to Demark?”

“Nothing that night. You can't waken Demark when he once gets asleep. Why, one time when we were boarding down on Jefferson avenue a fire broke out about two o'clock in the morning, and I—”

“Well, about this girl?”

“Oh, yes; next morning I unfolded my plan to Demark. It was the day before Christmas. I told him all about my discovery of where she was employed. Now,” said I, “she's anxious to get the accounts straightened out before the end of the year.”

“Evidently,” says Demark.

“Well, very likely she'll be there late to-night; now we'll follow her—on the opposite side of the street and I on the same side she is, and you cross over and speak to her and try to make her take your arm, and then she'll scream and I'll rush up and rescue her, and of course, see her home and get acquainted.”

“Rather an ancient device,” I remarked. “Perhaps it is, now,” said Singlemann, in an irritated manner. “Young men of the present day are up to almost anything, but I never heard of it before; of course, it was silly—I guess I know that without being told of it, but nowadays people think—”

“No, they don't Singlemann; go on with what you were saying. Demark consented, of course!”

“No, he didn't; that is, not at first. He got indignant at having all the disgrace of the operation and none of the pleasure, but I explained to him that he didn't care a cent for the girl, while I was madly in love with her, and conjuring him by all the ties of friendship, he at last reluctantly consented. You see, Demark never cared anything about girls, or such as that; he was all business. I have often said to him, jokingly, of course, that I believed that if—”

“Singlemann—go on with that diabolical plot of yours, and never mind Demark. I know him well enough.”

“Of course you do. Well, all the way down to the store where she worked, Demark was saying what a mean thing it was for two young men to conspire to frighten the life out of a girl on the dark streets of a city. We got there at last, and she was at her desk. Ah! John, when I picture how she stood there—but that's no matter. I thought she would never come out—it seemed ages. I never could have stood it, only it kept all my attention getting Demark to stick to his promise, for he wanted to back out now that we were at the spot. You know Demark is the very soul of honor. Why, when Beat & Embelze failed you know, we needn't have paid a cent, for they had no—”

“Singlemann, do you remember that I know the whole particulars of that failure?”

“Certainly. That's a fact. I forgot that. Well, Demark wanted to go home again, and begged me to release him from his promise, but I wouldn't, and he stuck to his contract like a man—he always does, you know. Well, just as the city hall bell struck eleven—”

“Oh, oh! Singlemann—keep straight now. Why, man, the city hall was not built then.”

“That's so—I am telling a straight story for all that slip. Some bell struck eleven. I had my face pressed close against the pane, but where she could not see me, and as the hour was tolled she shut the heavy ledger with a bang that made me start, and I heard her say, ‘Only an hour till Christmas,’ and she smiled. John, she looked divinely—like an angel, only angels don't keep books, excepting the Recording Angel. But just then Demark began begging off again. She came out, and as before walked rapidly away.”

“Now, I whispered to Demark, ‘remember your promise.’”

“He crossed the street without a word, and I followed the girl. Demark acted his part like a man, or villain, rather. He crossed back again, and coming up to her said:

“Madam, allow me to see you home, and offered his arm.”

“My heart beat wildly, but I prepared for a rush on Demark.”

“She didn't scream—she hurriedly looked up and down the road and saw apparently she was alone with this man. I could see by the light of the lamp that her face was deadly pale, but in a calm voice (the sweetest voice I ever heard) she said:

“You may walk beside me if you will.”

“Demark would rather have taken my knock-down than that, and looked exceedingly sheepish as he walked along with her, and I followed behind not knowing what to do, as this was a totally unexpected turn in the affair.”

“Thus did the strange trio proceed for about a quarter of a mile, when suddenly a policeman and a lantern loomed up from a doorway he was examining. Like an arrow she sprang from Demark's side and grasped the astonished policeman by the arm with both hands.

“Sir, sir,” she cried, now in the wildest excitement, which showed how pent-up her fear had been before, “that man has insulted me, when he thought no one was near—arrest him,” and her eyes fairly blazed with scorn as she pointed at Demark.

“Madam,” said my unfortunate friend, “if you—”

“Don't speak to me, you—coward,” she replied contemptuously. Then suddenly without a word she turned and walked rapidly away.

The policeman placed his hand on Demark's shoulder. Demark had been standing there transfixed, with his eyes following the retreating figure of the girl. He seemed to wake up, and flung the hand of the policeman from his shoulder.

“Come my man, none o' that,” said the officer.

“Keep your hands from me,” cried Demark.

The policeman drew his club and grasped Demark again, and I sprang to the rescue of my friend, but somehow I ran against that club, and so if you want the details of the scuffle you must ask Demark or hunt up that policeman.

“Demark saw Christmas morning dawn through the bars of the lock-up.”

“I had an interview with him, and found him very much depressed. He didn't give a cent, he said about the arrest, but the meanness of the action was what hurt him. I proposed to see our employer and have him to go Demark's bail, or else have the affair hushed up, if possible; but Demark positively forbade any such proceeding; besides, it would inevitably result in the discharge of both of us.

“I left the cell as dejected as Demark was, and didn't know what to do.

“I resolved to do an act of justice, however, and accordingly went direct to the residence of the young lady, and rapped at the door—there was no bell.

“I had no sooner done so than I remembered that I didn't even know what name to ask for. However, the young lady herself opened the door and put an end to my embarrassment on this score, but increased my embarrassment on a thousand other scores.

“I told the whole story, putting the blame exactly where it belonged. She never said a word during the recital, but sat there with that straight-ahead look in her eyes, and I half doubted whether she paid any attention to what I said.

She bowed me out without a word and I went home more depressed than ever. After thinking the matter over I resolved to go to our employer and lay the whole case before him, in spite of what Demark had said, and by assuming the whole blame, as of course I ought to do, and accepting my discharge, he might get Demark out and keep him in his employ. It was no fun to lose a good place then, I can tell you; nowadays people change around more. There's that Smyth, who kept accounts for us last year. I hear he's in San Francisco, and I guess doing first rate. I told Smyth when he left that if—”

“Never mind Smyth,” said I; “did your employer get Demark out?”

“As I was saying, I started down to see him when I met Demark myself. ‘Why, how did you get out?’ I cried joyfully.”

“Oh,” said Demark, glum as an oyster, “Pierce, where that girl keeps books, came down, and the complaint was withdrawn.”

“That was all,” said Singlemann with a sigh.

“But the girl,” said I, “did you ever know what her name was? Did you ever see her again?”

“Well, yes,” said Singlemann, poking up the now dead fire. “She's Mrs. Demark. I take my Christmas dinner with them to-morrow.”

“That was all,” said Singlemann with a sigh.

“The Boy and the Chestnuts.—A tale of boy, who had in vain searched the Post office corridors for the nickle a careless hand occasionally dropped at the clerks' window, took his position before a chestnut stand, and eyed the fresh nuts a long time before drawing a deep sigh, groaning, ‘Oh, I wish I were rich!’ The chestnut vender made no reply, and the odor of the roasted nuts finally induced the boy to inquire, ‘Are chestnuts healthy?’ ‘No, but they are profitable of indigestion,’ was the reply. After a while the boy thought it time to remark: ‘Did you ever hear the story of the man who gave a poor boy a handful of chestnuts, and when the boy grew up and got rich he rewarded the old man with a diamond pin and a four-horse team?’ ‘No, never did, but I heard of the man who brought a poor boy to the edge of the grave by giving him a dozen chestnuts.’ The lad took a turn up and down, secured another sniff the pleasant odor, and then leaned over and whispered: ‘If I'll take the chances on the edge-of-the-grave-business will you the chances on the chestnuts?’ The vender thought he would.—*Detroit Free Press.*

The phlegmatic Persian Shah, who declined to go to the Derby because it was already known to him that one horse was faster than another horse, was a good deal like the distinguished Pasha whom Lamartine desired to be presented to when he was travelling in the East. “What does this man do?” said the Pasha to the French consul. “He makes books.” “Then,” said the Pasha, “his books are either about the customs tariff, which I know all about already, or else they are not about the customs tariff, and so don't concern me. In either case there is no need of my seeing him. Let him go in peace.”

HALE'S HONEY OF HOREHOUD & TAR FOR THE CURE OF Coughs, Colds, Influenza, Hoarseness, Difficult Breathing, and all Affections of the Throat, Bronchial Tubes, and Lungs, leading to Consumption.

This infallible remedy is composed of the HONEY of the plant Horehound, in chemical union with TAR-BALM, extracted from the LIME PRUNELLE of the forest tree ABIES BALSAMICA, or Balm of Gilead. The Honey of Horehound soothes and scatters all irritations and inflammations, and the Tar-Balm cleanses and heals the throat and air-passages leading to the lungs. FIVE additional ingredients keep the organs cool, moist, and in healthful action. Let no prejudice keep you from trying this great medicine of a famous Doctor, who has saved thousands of lives by it in his large private practice.

N.B.—The Tar Balm has no BAD TASTE or smell.

PRICE 50 CENTS AND \$1 PER BOTTLE. Great saving by buying large size.

“Pike's Toothache Drops” Cure in 1 Minute.

Sold by all Druggists. C. N. CRITTENTON, Prop., N.Y.

SAFETY AND SURE.

MR. H. R. STEVENS.—In 1872 your VEGETINE was recommended to me; and yielding to the persuasions of a friend, I consented to try it. At the time I was suffering from general debility and nervous prostration, superinduced by overwork and irregular habits. Its wonderful curative and restorative properties speedily affected my debilitated system from the first dose; and under its persistent use I rapidly recovered, gaining more than usual health and good feeling. Since then I have not hesitated to give VEGETINE my most unqualified endorsement as being a safe, pure, and powerful agent in preserving health, and restoring the wasted system to new life and energy. VEGETINE has saved me time, money, and as long as I live I never expect to find a better.

Yours truly, W. H. CLARK, 120 Monterey Street, Albany, Penn.

THE FOLLOWING LETTER FROM REV. G. W. MANFIELD, formerly pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church, Hyde Park, and at present settled in Lowell, must convince every one who reads his letter of the wonderful curative qualities of VEGETINE as a thorough cleanser and purifier of the blood.

HYDE PARK, MASS., Feb. 15, 1876. MR. H. R. STEVENS.—About ten years ago my health failed through the depleting effects of dyspepsia; nearly a year later I was attacked by typhoid fever in its worst form. It settled in my back, and took the form of a large deep-seated abscess, which was fifteen months in gathering. I had two surgical operations by the best skill in the State, but received no permanent cure. I suffered great pain at times, and was constantly weakened by a profuse discharge. I also lost much sleep on this account seven years, till May, 1874, when a friend recommended me to go to your office, and talk with you of the virtue of VEGETINE. I did so, and by your kindness passed through your laboratory, noting the ingredients, &c., by which your remedy is produced.

By taking I have gained some confidence in VEGETINE.

I commenced taking it soon after, but felt worse from its effects; still I persevered, and soon felt it was benefiting me in other respects. Yet I did not see the result I desired till I had taken it faithfully for a little more than a year, when the difficulty in the back was cured; and for nine months I have enjoyed the best of health.

I took VEGETINE faithfully, and it removed it level with the surface in a month. I think it should have been used of my many troubles sooner if I had known of it. During the past few weeks I had a scrofulous swelling as large as my fist gather on another part of my body.

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## IMPORTANT LETTER

From a Distinguished Physician.

NO single disease has entailed more suffering or protracted convalescence than Catarrh of the bladder. The source of this, or of any other disease of the urinary system, is the influence of the poison that distillates throughout the system, and settles in the bladder, and breaks up the most robust of constitutions. Ignored because but little understood by most physicians, it is properly assisted by quacks and charlatans, those suffering from it have little hope to be relieved of it this side of the grave. It is time, then, that the popular treatment of this terrible disease by remedies within the reach of all passed into hands at once competent and trustworthy. The new and hitherto untried method adopted by Dr. Sanford in the preparation of his famous Catarrh Remedy, has won the approval of the medical profession, and has been the means of curing thousands of cases, which had been considered incurable. I believe it likely to succeed when all the usual remedies fail, because it strikes at the root of the disease, viz., the catarrh of the bladder, while it heals the inflamed membrane by direct application to the renal passages. It is based on certain fixed facts, and is not a mere theory, but is a fact as it is, and in the great majority of cases, effect cures. It is a fact as it is, and in the great majority of cases, effect cures. It is a fact as it is, and in the great majority of cases, effect cures.

GEO. BEARD, M.D., Nonsuch Block, So. Framingham, Oct. 1, 1874.

SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE.

MAY safely claim to be one of the few popular remedies, who, in private,



# WOBURN JOURNAL.

VOL. XXIX.

WOBURN, MASS., SATURDAY, JANUARY 11, 1879.

NO. 2.

## We have received a large invoice of fine ENGLISH TOOTH BRUSHES,

Imported to our order; the goods are the same we have sold the past four years. We warrant every brush to give perfect satisfaction, and will replace them if they do not.

In order to introduce our DENTIFRICE to those who have not used it, we make this offer: We will, for three weeks, give a full sized bottle of Dentifrice to any purchaser of one of these brushes at the regular price of the brush, 40 cents.

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And dealers in  
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SPECIAL ATTENTION PAID TO  
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Hours from 11 to 3. Residence, WILMINGTON.

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**WILLIAM WINN,**  
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Sales of Real and Personal Estate attended to on reasonable terms. Orders left at the JOURNAL OFFICE, Woburn, promptly attended to.

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Office, 89 Court Street, - Boston.  
Orders left at H. F. Smith's Tea Store, 154 Main Street, Woburn, will receive prompt attention.

**Musical.**  
**Miss J. A. Campbell,**  
desires a few pupils on the  
**PIANO FORTE,**  
and will teach THEORY. Terms reasonable to suit the times. For particulars call at her residence, No. 70 Main Street, near Green St.

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BUILDING MOVERS, STONE MASONS,  
CELLAR BUILDERS, AND JOBBERS.  
OFFICE—Under Post-Office. Residence—Winn St.  
M. Ellis, Woburn; A. M. Ellis, Malden; John Soley, Chelsea.

**E. C. COLOMB,**  
TAILOR,  
Church Street, - Winchester.  
Having had many years experience as a Practical Tailor, in some of the best tailoring establishments in the country, he offers his services to the citizens of Winchester, and will guarantee satisfaction to all who may favor him with their custom.

**HALL TO LET.**  
Post 33, G. A. R., having recently leased the Hall No. 194 Main St., Woburn (Fox Building, it being the second Hall in size in town), and fitted up the same with two large and new and all modern conveniences, will let to responsible parties on reasonable terms. Inquire of Trustees, GEO. E. SIMMONS, N. Z. TABOR, J. L. PARKER.

**CHILDREN'S SHOES,**  
Wear twice as long with either the  
**SILVER**  
OR "A. S. T. & Co."

**BLACK TIP,**  
UPON THEM.

### Poetical Selection.

#### "WONDER WHO THEY'RE FOR."

My ma's been working very hard,  
And also very sly,  
And keeps her sewing out of sight  
Whenever I am nigh.  
I asked her once who made her stop  
Her work when I came in;  
She said she only stopped to get  
A needle, thread or pin.

The bureau drawer next to mine  
Is locked both night and day,  
And when she wants to open it  
She sends me off to play.  
I stole a peep one afternoon,  
Although it was not right;  
But, oh! the little things I saw  
Were such a pretty sight!

The cutest, nicest little clothes—  
Just big enough for doll;  
But then I know they're not for her—  
She needs them not at all.  
I know they're not for ma or pa,  
Nor me nor brother, "Her."  
For we can't wear such little clothes;  
I wonder who they're for.

### Selected Story.

#### MY RIDICULOUS FALL.

It makes my cheeks burn even now to think of it. But let me begin at the beginning. Laura was to be married the next week, and though she had meant to have her sewing and dressmaking all done and out of the way at least a fortnight beforehand, yet what with disappointment and delays and alterations, it so happened that the wedding dress itself was not quite finished, and there were sundry small purchases yet to be made. The dressmaker was only coming one more day, everything must be done by Saturday night, and here it was Friday morning and raining hard. Of course it wouldn't look well for Laura to be running round shopping at that late date, and I was pretty good at selecting and matching things.

"You will have to go, Lou," said mother, and I wasn't unwilling, for what girl, fresh from her school-days, doesn't think it rather a lark to go out in the rain?

"The first thing is the pearl colored satin to match my dress," said Laura, "I'll give you a bit of the silk. You'll probably find it at Arnold's. It must be just the right shade, you know. It's a shame to have to go over to New York for such a storm, but you're a perfect love to do it!"

"Don't forget the twist, and if it don't rain too hard, you had better get mother's cap, her gloves, and your kid boots—O, dear, how everything does crowd just at the last minute!"

I ran off to get ready. The sky was leaden, the rain fell steadily, and I could see great puddles down in the street below. Now I had just the loveliest new spring rig you ever saw, hat and all, but I didn't want it spoiled even if I was going to New York.

So I rummaged around and found an old gray suit of Laura's, plenty good enough for splash and mud, and with my old delftly wrapped in a veil, and with waterproof and umbrella, I felt quite ready to revel in the rain.

And away I went in the highest spirits, crossed the ferry, took a stage up to Arnold's and went in for the pearl colored satin. A clerk took my sample, and held it against one piece after another. "Would this do?" No, one was too dark, another was too light, and the others quite off the shade. I then started down Broadway, thinking I would step into every store till I found the right thing. Well, you never could have an idea how long it took me. I went into great stores and little stores, and O, how tired I did get of opening and shutting that umbrella! Again and again I was shown perfectly exquisite satins that seemed as if they must be just the thing, but when I laid my bit of silk beside them, either they killed it, or it killed them. I really began to despair, and it was such sloppy walking, and the crossings were dreadful. At last, just as I was giving up, and wondering what Laura would do, I went into a little store, I can't tell you how far down Broadway it was, and there was the satin of my dreams waiting for me, silvery, pearly, shimmering, the loveliest thing that ever left the looms, and a perfect match. It was really bliss to stand by and see it measured off. But when I came out of the store it was one o'clock. I had meant to be at home again by that time. I bought mother's gloves, and went away up town again to get my boots. As I tried them on, sitting before a mirror, I became conscious that my skirts were very muddy and dragged and my appearance generally forlorn.

"But who cares in the rain?" I thought, and was still at ease. As I left the store, I almost ran against Kate Blythe. She had been my dearest shunt at St. Mary's.

"You beauty!" I exclaimed, "what brought you to just this spot to meet me?" Well, she wasn't afraid of rain, and had been down to Brentano's for some German books, and now she was going to Millard's for lunch, and I must go with her.

We hurried along together full of glee, under one umbrella. Somebody stepped on my dress, passing by, and tore it, but I hardly minded it, and while we were waiting for our oyster stew, Kate pinned it on me. She herself looked as regal as ever in her dark, plain serge, and we did have good time sipping chocolate and exchanging confidences. She talked about a certain Earl Crawford, whom she seemed to see a good deal, and even had his photograph in her bag. And then of course I told her about Ned Blake, and how he had walked home with me from church every Sunday for a month. He is one of our neighbors, and everybody says he is perfectly elegant.

"Watch Laura well, so you will know how to behave at your own wedding!" said

Kate, with a mischievous laugh, as we rose from the table. When we came out on the street again it had stopped raining, and I ought to have gone straight home, but Kate begged me to go to Schan's with her, and it was too great a treat to say no. She does have the way of finding out the loveliest things! She bought a little picture there for me to take Laura as her wedding present. Then we went to look at books in a store, where they take off twenty per cent.—such bargains! And then Kate had an errand at Collamore's about getting some tiles baked that she had been painting.

"I'm just crazy!" I exclaimed, at last. "I ought to have been at home two hours ago. Good-bye, Kate, you splendid!"

"Good-bye, love," she said, hailing an up-town stage, "don't lose any of your bundles, and come see me as soon as the wedding's over."

It had now cleared off entirely, and the sun was bright and hot. It seemed as if numbers of ladies had been watching for the first ray in order to come out and do their shopping, there were so many elegant costumes already on the street. My big umbrella and old gray suit began to seem horribly out of place. I had not felt so when with Kate Blythe, for she gave me that moral support that a perfectly fitting Paris dress is said to do the best of women. But being near Stewart's, I thought I would just step in and select mamma's cap, and get home as quickly as possible. The sight of myself in the great mirrors as I passed up stairs embarrassed me, and I said half apologetically, to the clerk at the cap counter, that it was raining very hard when I left home. She surveyed me patronizingly, and said—

"Yes, I suppose it is pretty wet in the country."

After that, the only satisfaction left me was to show my perfect taste in caps, and I chose a lovely one, which carefully enclosed in a box made no inconsiderable addition to my packages, and the wet umbrella was more in the way than ever. However, I managed to stumble into a stage, and shaken, but unconquered, reached Debbrosses street in safety. Here the horse cars were suffering from detention, and I started to walk the rest of the way to the ferry, encumbered as I was, uncomfortably conscious that one of Kate's pins had come out, and that the unfortunate rent must be visible. There were some ladies coming along behind me, talking in well-bred voices, and I wondered if they were people I had ever met, and if they would know me.

I hurried a little faster, and—I am sure it was that fatal umbrella that made me do it—at the very mud-diest crossing I tripped and fell! Two or three of my bundles rolled away from me, and there I sat in the mud waiting for those people to get by, so I could scramble up without being laughed at. I had not counted on their benevolence!

The eldest, a handsome, dignified lady, stopped at once and said, "Are you hurt, my poor child?"

"A little," I answered, for the fall had bruised my wrist just a trifle, and I felt so unlovely and so mortified that two or three real tears rolled down my cheeks, and put a quiver in my voice. It was one of the queerest sensations of the affair that I was rather glad of the tears for it seemed easier to bear pity than the slightest suspicion of ridicule.

One of the younger ladies helped me to my feet, and the other exclaimed indignantly—

"I do think it's a shame to send girls around with so many bundles! I believe in shop-buys myself!"

"Nora," said a warning voice, and the gentleman who had been gathering up my bundles, now placed them in my hands with a bow, and giving his arm to "Nora," passed on at once. The others lingered.

"If we can do anything more," began one of them hesitatingly.

"Oh, no, indeed!" I said, with flaming cheeks.

"I shall reach home in a few minutes, thank you." So they also passed on to my great relief.

I walked more slowly this time, and happened to glance across the street, saw by my vexation, that of two gentlemen standing by a news-stall there, one was Ned Blake. He did not look at me. I was perfectly sure that he had seen me fall, and was ashamed to come to the rescue of such a forlorn-looking damsel. From that moment I detested him.

At last I reached the ferry-boat, and was thankful to see no one on board that I knew. Once landed on the other side, I sped homeward, and was welcomed like the returning prodigal. It was delightful to slip into a comfortable wrapper, and have a hot supper brought up to me, while I sat in an easy-chair by Laura's fire, and told my adventures, all except the fall. Mamma was charmed with her cap, the satin was pronounced perfect, everybody admired Kate's gift, and I was praised and petted for going out in the storm and doing wonders.

Suddenly the door-bell rang. Anyone might see who was expected, by the way Laura flew to the mirror and touched up her crimps.

"I am glad George doesn't want to see me!" I said, setting myself back to take my comfort with a new novel I had brought from the cheap store.

Laura went down, but in ten minutes she was back, flushed like a rose, and looking her prettiest. She wanted me and mamma to come right down to the parlor and be introduced to George's mother and sisters, who had just arrived from the western part of the State, in order to attend the wedding. They were stopping at Mrs. Delamater's on the next street, and had come at once to call on Laura.

"And they're just lovely!" said Laura

eagerly. "I shall have the two sweetest mothers in all the world! Lou, hurry and put on your black silk and come down. His sister Nora is just your style, and they are very easy to get acquainted with."

But that name "Nora," made me set my face like a flint.

"I'm not going down," I said determinedly, "I'm tired out, and I wouldn't stir to see the queen. Mother may go, but I shall stay right here by this fire and read my book."

Laura coaxed in vain and wondered at my obstinacy. But of course I wasn't going down to be recognized by those people. Why in the world must it be George's relations who happened along and picked me up! It was too provoking! I wished they had stayed in their western town.

Mother went down with Laura, and left me to get what comfort I could out of my book and my reflections. I wondered whether the gentleman who rescued my packages were George's brother or cousin, and if he would be at the wedding. I should have to meet every one of them then, but of course they would all be looking only at Laura.

I had to meet them before that, however. Mother invited the whole family to dine with us on Sunday, and there was no getting away from that.

But I dressed myself in my new black silk with the long train, which made me look very tall and slender, and I put my hair up in high in luvly puffs and little straying curls, and I knew I did not look in the least like a forlorn girl in an old hat and drab veil and muddy dress, that they might sometime have met somewhere.

I think I was a little haughty at first from sheer self-defence, but it was such a happy, cheerful dinner-party that I soon felt quite at ease, the more because I became fully certain that George's mother and sisters did not, and never would, have any suspicion that they had seen me before that day. Indeed it was probable that they had already forgotten the incident. So in high spirits I was getting to be great friends with Nora, when suddenly he came in.

Yes, the very gentleman, who had picked up my packages. George's favorite cousin, Miles Raymond. There was something in his glance at the moment he was presented to me that sent the hot blood to my cheeks, but immediately after his manner became so indifferent as almost to assure me that I was not recognized. Now if it had been Laura—she always knows just how to behave—but the only thing I could think of was to grow freezingly haughty again, like a silly school-girl who dreads nothing so much as a possible mortification.

However he did not seem to notice, and after a moment he turned away to Laura, beginning a merry conversation, while I went over to a window and stood half behind a curtain. George crossed the room on purpose to whisper softly, "Come, be setting your cap, little sister!" and I wanted to box his ears.

For this was one of the aggravating things about it. George had been talking all winter about his cousin, Miles Raymond, and what a fine fellow he was, how handsome, how true hearted, and "just the one for you, Lou," till in spite of myself I had felt a decided interest in this young Lochinvar, coming out of the west, which the moderate flirtation with Ned Blake had not at all interfered with.

And here it was all spoiled by that stupid fall in the mud! Not for all the world would I have him know that I was that forlorn, dragged girl who sat on a crossing and cried, and who they all thought was a shopping girl overloaded with bundles. And dreading his keen eyes, I forewore his friendship.

He did not trouble me. We next met at Laura's wedding, and though he was my special attendant, and his manner towards me was simply perfection, still we seemed as much strangers to each other as before. When the carriage came for the bridal pair, he went down the steps with me to toss one of mamma's old slippers after them for luck.

"Let me throw it, Miss Louise," he said innocently, "you might fall."

I swept him an indignant glance, as much as to say I had never fallen yet, and never meant to, and threw the slipper with such zeal that it lodged quite on top of the carriage and rode for as much as a block.

During the next month George's mother and sisters remained with Mrs. Delamater, who was a sort of relation. Miles Raymond called on his cousins often, but never on me, which was quite proper, as I had not invited him to. Nora often ran around to spend an evening with me, and on such occasions would say—

"I tried to get Miles to come with me, but he was playing chess with Sarah Delamater."

Now Sarah Delamater was one of those plain, quiet girls, who don't make any sensation, but first thing you know, are well enough, but now I began to have a feeling towards her such as I had experienced before—not jealousy, that would have been too absurd,—but it did annoy me that she should be spreading her net for the unwary Lochinvar. Chess indeed!

So when it happened one day, just after receiving an entertaining letter from George and Laura, that I met Nora and her cousin on the street, I invited them very politely to call that evening and hear the news. They came, yes, both of them, and it was the first time he had stepped into our house since the wedding.

I blessed George and Laura for their merry nonsense, it drove away all stiffness in the very beginning, and I think we had a pleasant evening, even though we did not sit down to a pecky old chessboard once.

But I ought not to make that little fling

about the chess, for what do you think, the Delamaters invited me to their house to tea, only three days after that, and when I had spoken to the ladies and hugged Nora, I suddenly espied a grave, handsome gentleman standing by the mantelpiece, whom they introduced to me as the Rev. Mr. Lyle.

"Engaged to Sarah," murmured Nora in my ear, "it's just out."

Subsequently he invited me to a game of chess, while Sarah, to whom he was evidently devoted, was busied in the dining room, and very pleasant and polite I found him. The chess table had been set aside in a little curtained alcove, and just as we were fairly in the midst of the game, Miles Raymond entered the parlor, and without noticing us, sat down by the fire with Kate and Nora.

"Too bad," said Nora, who was always full of mischief. "Too bad Louise couldn't come! It will spoil your evening!"

"Why should that spoil my evening?" he asked quietly.

"Why, you know you admire her above all things," she said, unmindful of Kate's "Hush, Nora!"

"Of course I admire her," said he falling into the net at his feet. "She is stylish, coquettish, and rather pretty, but for all that, little cousin, there's another face in the world I admire more."

"O, Miles!" said Nora in a surprised voice, "Are you in love? Who is it?"

"Can't tell you," he said lightly, "I never saw her face but once, and that was in a crowded city street. A sweet, troubled little face, with pink cheeks, parted lips, and tearful blue eyes. She fairly haunts me, I wish I could see her this evening!"

"How romantic!" exclaimed Nora whose fun had not turned the way she expected. "By the way, Miles, speaking of romance did you bring that novel you promised?"

"Yes and left it in my coat pocket down in the hall," he said instantly rising to go for it.

I had made three miserably unlucky moves while the conversation was going on, and a checkmate was imminent.

"I give up the game," I said hurriedly, and rushed out to the girls. "Don't mention your lives that I was here all the time," I entreated, "I'll go find Sarah and come in with her presently. Please!"

So when Sarah in a few minutes came in with the tea, I brought the biscuit, and was her demure handmaid during all the repast. Mr. Lyle had kindly put away all the chessmen and made no allusions and the girls behaved beautifully, so Miles Raymond had no way of knowing that henceforth I, as well as he, would be haunted by that sweet face of an unknown girl.

I staid till ten, and when I rose to leave at last, he rose too to accompany me.

"Why, it rains!" he exclaimed, as he opened the door and looked out on the street. But Mr. Delamater's big umbrella was at our service, and we sallied forth untroubled. I must own I liked walking with Miles Raymond, he was just the right height, and his arm was such a strong one to lean on. It rained hard, but we laughed and talked under the umbrella. Already the house was in sight, but we had yet to cross the street, and it looked so muddy that I drew my hand from my escort's arm in order to hold my black silk up safely.

Was it fate? In the middle of that street, I slipped and fell, and as he hastily bent to assist me, the gas light opposite streaming full upon us, I saw the quick enlightenment in his face.

"So it was you all the time!" he exclaimed, "I half guessed it, and now I am sure!"

I suppose I did look the same as he saw me first, my cheeks were hot enough certainly, and there were tears in my eyes, foolish ones to be sure, but my mind had dwelt so much on that ridiculous tumble in Debbrosses street, that this repetition of it was rather overcoming.

"Why, I have been looking for you ever since!" he said, as we mounted the steps and entered the door. "May I not tell you? I was in love with that young girl, and half in love with you, and now I find you the same, there is no help for it, my whole heart is yours. Won't you take it and keep it, darling?"

Could I help it? In less than a week a lovely engagement ring shone upon my finger, and George brought Laura home just in time to help me with my wedding trousseau as I had helped her with her's.—*Portland Transcript.*

Many years ago there lived in Braintree a certain man, a parishioner of the late Dr. Stors, and one day he called upon the venerable doctor and said,—"Doctor, I have called to have a little talk with you. I have sat under your preaching for a great while, as you know, and I feel that the time has come when I ought to tell you that I should get much more good from your sermons if you did not use such highfown language."

"Very well, very well," said the good old doctor, "I thank you for your kindness, for if there is any one thing which I aim at in the writing of my sermons, it is to be explicit."

"There it is again," exclaimed the parishioner,—"EXPLICIT, now who in the world knows what that means?" If that Braintree man is still living, he is perhaps the only citizen of the Commonwealth who won't be able to understand Governor Talbot's address.

When a boy is born in North Germany the father calls him to his side and says: "My son dere ish dree professions in dish country von, of vich you must choose. You moost be von cheese maker, you moost haf von beer shaloon, or you moost fiddle."

### THE OLD TRIBUNE CLOCK.

How it made Orange Judd Rich—An experience in advertising told by a very successful advertiser.

The account in Saturday's *Tribune* of its new clock, with the appearance of a false story that just now met my eye for the hundredth or thousandth time lends me to send you a true account of an incident in my business experience, of great interest to me, and probably usefully suggestive to others. The old *Tribune* clock was an important factor in the transaction.

Some twenty years ago, having just succeeded from the editorial chair to the proprietorship of the *American Agriculturist*, I decided to ascertain by trial whether advertising would not do as well for a good thing as for humbugs. Though having a small working capital, I resolved to do what was then a rather large thing, viz., to take forty lines under "Special Notices," all in one advertisement. Being unexpectedly delayed, I reached the *Tribune* office at 3 P. M., with the advertisement still to write, while an engagement in the country required me to take the 4 o'clock boat from Fulton slip. Securing forty lines space at the head of the first column, I went to the little desk on the southwest side of the office, over which had stood the old clock for many years. I intended to write rapidly a variety of matter during thirty minutes, and in the next twenty minutes pick out the strong points and condense to the forty line. Keeping my eye on the clock occasionally, I wrote on "letter-backs" furnished at the desk, and pasted them together, until I had four feet or more of copy to condense from. I turned to the clerk asked if I could have a line or two more than forty. "Yes," he said, "you have the first place; take all the space you want. Chancing to notice the City Hall clock, it pointed to ten minutes of four. The old clock had stopped at twenty minutes past three, unnoticed by me. I attempted to draw the pencil through some portions of the manuscript, and in despair threw the whole at the clerk with an order to insert it, and ran for the boat, to save a nine-mile night walk.

The matter troubled me all night, as an over-hasty thing, and I feared to see the *Tribune* and the probable bill. Starting before daylight the next morning, I bought the first copy in the hands of a newsboy, and counted 196 lines—a terrible dose for a literary man, new in business, and with a small capital. Hastening to the *Tribune* office I paid the bill, and slowly and sadly went down to my second-story office, fully resolved to act more deliberately in the future.

The result: The bold advertisement, conspicuously inserted, attracted the attention of the multitude coming in on the morning trains. Over 100 dropped in and subscribed on their way to business; others sent in messengers, and others called on their way to a noon lunch. At three P. M. I had received 226 subscribers from that one advertisement, and more came next day by mail. I repeated the dose in the *Tribune* and other papers. This experience taught me that if I wanted to move a crowd with a big rock, I would hurl it at them, and not throw it out in bits of pebble or sand. From that day to this I have never been afraid to advertise largely and boldly—the only limit being the time I could devote to preparing good, truthful advertisements and to selecting good mediums—the latter a work of no little difficulty. My success in business has been abundantly satisfactory to myself and, I trust, to my patrons, also. My rule has been: Find customers by free advertising, and then keep them by supplying good articles and by fair dealings; and whatever of success I have had has been largely due to the old *Tribune* clock, which stopped so quietly and at the proper time for me.

ORANGE JUDD.

New York, Aug. 3, 1875.

BURDETTE AS A FISHERMAN.—In a letter from Lake Minnetonka to the *Hawkeye*, Robert J. Burdette describes an incident as follows:—

I am not a skilful fisherman. I told the boys that I could do a little plain fishing, but I didn't want to be set down for anything with any kind of fluting, embroidery, knife-pleating, or anything of that kind about it. I fished from the shore, by the side of a veteran fisher, Mr. A. K. Dunlap of Titusville. He knows every fish in the lake by name. He can tell by the movement of the line what kind of a fish is at your hook.

"It's a pickerel," shouted Mr. Dunlap, in intense excitement. "A big fellow. Take out your lines!" he yelled to the rest of them. "Give him plenty of room! Play him!" he shrieked at me. "Let him run! Keep your line taut! Don't give him an inch of slack! Look out! Don't let him do that again! Let him run! Now bring him in this— Look out! Don't let him do that again!"

By this time I was so excited I was on the point of throwing down the pole and rushing out in the lake, intending to run the fish down and kick him to death. I screamed to Mr. Dunlap:

"You take the pole and land him, I never can!"

He refused. He turned and hurried his own pole, lance fashion into the woods.

"Here!" he shouted, rushing down the bank about twenty feet below me, stooping down and spreading out his arms: "Here! Now! Bring him here through the shoal water! I'll get him! Careful, now! Careful. Steady! Ah—"

And flip, flap, I had him on shore. He was a beauty. A little sunfish about three and a half inches long.

Camilla Urso once struck a wrong note. How could Camilla err so?—*25.*



## Woburn Journal.

John L. Parker, Editor and Proprietor.  
PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY,  
At No. 204 Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

Subscription, \$2.00 a year, payable in advance. Single copies, 5 cents.  
Reading notices, 25 cents a line. Special notices, 15 cents a line. Religious notices, 10 cents a line. Religious notices, 10 cents a line.  
The figures printed on the subscription card are paid. If any error is observed, please notify the office at once.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 11, 1879.

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## THE GOVERNOR'S MESSAGE.

The message of our new and honored Governor is brief, clear and outspoken. As to retrenchment he understands that economy must prevail just now in State matters as well as among individuals and that the "pay as you go" policy should prevail at all times. The State debt he mentions as very large—\$33,000,000—but half of it is made up of railroad investments which ought to yield a good return hereafter, and nearly a third of it was for war expenses. Arrangements have been made by which the State debt will be gradually diminished without burdening the people. As to the taxes, the reduction lately has been striking. The State Tax was a million dollars less last year than in 1875, a fall of one-half, and the gross taxes, State and Municipal, were seven million less last year than in 1874. The excessive municipal and county expenditure he says constitutes the real burden of taxation. That swells the State tax of 63.7 cents on a thousand up to \$12.54.

The Governor evidently begins in beginning the retrenchment at the top of the ladder, and makes the popular proposal that his own salary be cut down, thus taking exception to the provisions of the Constitution as to reducing the salary of the Executive while in office. At the same time Gov. Talbot throws out the suggestion that a State is no more likely than a corporation, or individual to obtain intelligent and careful service without paying proper salaries for it. The Legislature becomes unnecessarily expensive to the people by its protracted sessions. The expense for printing, attendance and incidentals is thereby greatly increased. This evil can be remedied, according to the message, by shortening the hearings before committees and requiring a more prompt presentation of petitions. The courts, also, have been devourers of salaries—twice as much having been spent on them in 1877 as in 1861. The Governor respects the dignity of the Supreme Court too much to propose reductions there, but he would draw in the expenses of the lower courts. The cost of legislation and the fees exacted in these courts have been excessive.

Our disabled soldiers who have been receiving not more than six dollars a month are nobly championed by the Governor. He strongly condemns the statute of 1878 which allows those who are simply poor and indigent though not disabled, to claim full support from the State.

Still ringing the changes in the popular tune of retrenchment, the Governor advises the consolidation of the Boards and Bureaus of Health, Lunacy, and Charity. He considers that sanitary neglect has so much to do with disease, lunacy, and poverty, that these three departments really belong together and can be best cared for by one Board. Such a Board could also give the most intelligent discussion on cases of sane persons illegally detained in lunatic hospitals.

The four prison boards and bureaus the Governor would reduce to one Board of five members, two of them women.

The State detective force he considers useless and would have the people rely on local officers, paid by local authorities. The Savings banks he says, are generally working clear of their embarrassments. Depositors are making up their minds to accept a lower rate of interest, while these banks are petitioning for a reduction of the tax on them, the Governor thinks that they can better bear the tax than the people. As to vice and crime and ignorant ballots in our cities, Gov. Talbot relies on a large and intelligent population as a natural and sufficient offset. The school fund is not too large, he thinks, and should not be diminished in favor of special institutions. An intelligent Governor understands that it is simply "robbing Peter to pay Paul." Gov. Talbot urges that every dollar of the school fund be made to tell to the advantage of our children. As to the Hoosac Tunnel, Troy & Greenfield Railroad, the Governor thinks it should be managed by a private corporation composed of persons specially chosen for their fitness and experience. As now managed, by the Governor and his Council, Gov. Talbot thinks it cannot be made to yield a proper return for nearly \$18,000,000 which the State has invested in the enterprise. No adequate returns he thinks will be reaped by the Commonwealth from this heavy venture until the road, divorced from the public treasury takes its place in a strong, wealthy, energetic through line to the Mississippi or the Sierra Nevada. The Governor recommends some interesting amendments to the Constitution. He would have the question of biennial state elections with a legislative session in alternate years laid before the people. He would change the present method of classifying towns for the choice of representatives. The tax rate for 1879, he thinks need not be more than \$500,000 and possibly as low as \$300,000 the rate of 1861.

A very excellent Praise Meeting and Bible Reading, was held in the Methodist church on Sunday evening. It is the intention to hold them on the first Sunday evening in each month during the winter.

**SLEIGHING AT LAST.**—Joy has come to the livery stablemen, and all those who own good teams, for the storm of Thursday favored us with snow enough, evenly distributed, to make excellent sleighing.

**Will "A Veteran" please give us his address?**

**THROWN OFF.**—On Tuesday afternoon Herbert Gleason started for Reading on horseback, with a horse belonging to Mr. P. E. Bancroft. The horse had been used but little of late, and was somewhat frisky and balky. In passing through School street, North Woburn, the horse wanted to stop, when Gleason touched him with a whip, and immediately the horse sprang, throwing Gleason to the ground. The horse ran into W. B. Erwin's yard, and the boy started up and tried to follow, but fell back. Mr. Erwin took him into his house, from whence he was brought to his home in the Centre. The injury done was serious. Both bones of one leg were broken above the ankle and the knee was badly injured, probably by a severe twist, as Gleason says that his foot caught in the stirrup so that he was dragged along.

**Waterman Brown, of Nashua, N. H.,** called to see us on Wednesday. He has been discharged from his position at Nashua, President White, of the Nashua R. R. declaring that no one who worked for the Boston & Lowell previous to its union with the Nashua, could continue in the employ of the latter, after the separation. Wat. says he was among the Woburn Branch having been run for 35 years. He says he was on the first train, with J. B. Tay and Oliver Tay, and that it was run on the 30th of Dec. 1844. He allows that Eli Cooper ran the engine, but dissents from the veteran in the matter of dates. Mr. Brown though discharged from the Nashua road, is not out of railroad, having secured a situation on the B. & L. R. R. at Lowell, and he will continue to reside in Nashua.

Since he was here we have inquired of a prominent official of the road, and he says the time named by Mr. Brown is correct, according to the records of the corporation.

**I. O. of O. F.**—Last Monday evening the following officers were installed in Crystal Fount Lodge—

N. G.—F. D. Merrill,  
F. G.—W. H. Matthews,  
R. S.—A. P. Barrett,  
Tr.—O. M. Brooks,  
P. S.—Elisha F. Haywood,  
W.—Nathaniel Jenkins,  
C.—C. E. Cooper,  
J. G.—L. B. West,  
O. G.—Cyrus Lamb,  
R. S. N. G.—G. Minot Buchanan,  
L. S. N. G.—Alexander Murdock,  
R. S. V. G.—Williston Fish,  
L. S. V. G.—Henry Carter,  
R. S. S.—G. E. Waters,  
L. S. S.—Samuel Skelton.

A collation was served at Hammond's after the exercises.

**WEDDING.**—The marriage of John W. Johnson, Esq., son of John Johnson, Esq., with Miss Caroline G. Grammer, daughter of Col. W. T. Grammer, at the residence of the latter, on Tuesday evening, was a brilliant affair. Rev. W. S. Barnes performed the marriage ceremony, which was witnessed by a large company of the relatives of the happy pair. The presents were numerous and valuable, including a case of silver spoons from the High School Class of '75. Mr. and Mrs. Johnson left town the same evening for a wedding tour which will include the national capital.

**PHALANX BALL.**—The Phalanx give their 44th Annual Ball, Friday evening, Jan. 31, 1879, in Lyceum Hall. The hall will be elegantly decorated for the occasion by Col. Beals, of Boston. Edmonds' Band furnishing the music. The rooms in the Bank Block retained last year by the company for the convenience of their guests, will be in use this, and no efforts will be spared to make the coming Phalanx Ball equal, if not superior to any of the brilliant parties for which this company is famous.

**THE LEGISLATURE.**—We notice that in the legislative appointments made last Monday, Mr. M. S. Socley, of Woburn, was placed on the Joint Standing Committee on Public Lands, Mr. J. F. Stone, of Winchester, on the Joint Standing Committee on Banks and Banking, and Hon. Daniel Russell, of Melrose, Senator from this District, on the Joint Standing Committee on Insurance.

**A NUISANCE.**—Residents of High street, complain that a fellow is in the habit of sneaking around their houses evenings, peering into windows, and throwing gravel against the panes to frighten the lady occupants of the rooms. Vigorous measures are talked of, to rid the neighborhood of the nuisance.

**UNCLE TOM.**—Anthony & Parsons' company played Uncle Tom's Cabin, on Thursday night, to a very fair house considering the stormy weather. Several of the actors were in Wilkinson's company when they were here last year. The acting was very good.

**MEDICAL.**—The Middlesex East District Medical Society met Wednesday evening at Dr. Clough's. The doctor, as might be expected, entertained the society very handsomely.

**GOOD THING.**—The late train from Woburn has been restored to its old place on the time table, and now leaves for Boston at 9:15, and on Wednesday an hour later.

**Beware of fresh pork.** A physician in Woburn showed us a worm an inch long, which he had discovered in some fresh pork purchased at one of the markets.

**FALL.**—On Friday of last week, Patrick Holland, of Broad street, fell in Cummings' tannery at North Woburn, and broke the tibia bone of his left leg.

**The petty, narrow-minded conduct** of the City Council of Cork in relation to Gen. Grant is condemned by all intelligent, sensible Irishmen.

**FROZEN.**—Patrick Clancey, of Hovey St., froze one of his ears last week Friday, and thawed it out so suddenly that it is in a bad state.

**By making a specialty of Teas and Coffees,** Smith is enabled to give his customers the best the market affords.

**COASTING ACCIDENT.**—On Tuesday afternoon, Joseph C. DeNoyer was coasting on Warren street, when he fell off his sled and Bart Cummings' double-runner sled ran into him, causing considerable laceration of the flesh, so that the boy will be laid up for some days. Such an accident might easily result fatally if the coming sled were going at full speed.

Warren street is notorious as a dangerous sliding place for the boys. Every time that a boy dashes down the hill into the Main street, a double risk is run—a risk both to the slider and to any persons who may be walking or riding by on Main St. Rather than to run such a constant risk, of life and limb the boys had better be forbidden to coast in such a place. Other places that are less dangerous, can be found. Coasting is a delightful pastime to boys and girls, and we all enjoy seeing the ruddy and merry faces of the coasters, as they come dashing down the hill, but we do not want to put their own young lives or the lives of older people in unnecessary danger.

**MONTHLY CONCERT.**—The missionary concert of the Congregational Church took place last Sunday evening. An address was given by Dr. A. C. Thompson, who was a delegate of the American Board, with Dr. Clarke, to the recent meeting of the Evangelical Alliance in London. Dr. Thompson made some interesting statements. The American Board have reduced to writing 26 languages which had never been so reduced before, and they have used in their work 46 languages which have never before been used by civilized people. The Board receives one million dollars yearly in contributions. There are Feejeean ministers in Feejeean pulpits who know the taste of human flesh, so rapid has been the work of Christianization in those islands. Never before have the facilities for carrying on the missionary work been so great. Never has the work been carried on with such energy as now. Dr. Hamlin, formerly president of Robert College in Constantinople, also made an interesting address.

**The Legislature of Connecticut** is said to contain more than the customary percentage of able men. Prominent among the members of the Senate is Col. William H. Haywood, of Colchester, who was born in Woburn, June 22, 1843. His father lived at East Woburn, and was interested with Goodyear in the manufacture of rubber. Gov. Jewell, also a former resident of Woburn, appears to stand the best chance for election as U. S. Senator.

**ENTERTAINMENT.**—A very enjoyable private entertainment was given at Mr. S. Henry Dow's, on Thursday evening. The Heights Social Club, from Arlington, played a burlesque of "Romeo and Juliet," which was very laughable and highly enjoyed. The singing of comic and other pieces was thrown in between the acts. A choice supper under the direction of Mr. Lee Hammond, closed the pleasant evening.

**THE WEEK OF PRAYER.**—Union meetings have been held this week, at the Methodist, Congregationalist, and Baptist churches, on Monday, Wednesday and Friday evenings respectively. The attendance and interest were both very good. The Baptist people held two services on Monday, at 10:30 A. M., and at 2 P. M. A noonday prayer meeting, lasting a half hour, was held each day at the Congregationalist vestry.

**CHURCH STATISTICS.**—Rev. Dr. March read some interesting statistics of the past year, concerning his church, last Sunday morning, from which we glean the following:—Deaths 12, dismissions 3, suspensions 2, baptism 8, admissions 25, resident members 436, non-resident 104, total 540, Sunday School 520, charitable contributions \$2,005.13, reduction of the debt \$1,641.35, raised for parish expenses \$4,800, total \$8,446.48.

**THE CONGRESSIONAL LIBRARY.**—Librarian Spofford's annual report shows that the Congressional Library now contains, in round numbers, 352,000 volumes and 120,000 pamphlets. The prospects for a new library building are good, and it will probably be erected on Judiciary square, although property holders on Capital Hill have several sites which they offer at high prices.

**MORMONISM.**—Delegate Cannon of Utah is much exercised over the recent decision of the Supreme Court against polygamous marriages. He is urging the Administration to consider the decision as prospective, and not applicable to present marriages. He claims that many Mormons are conscientious believers in their church and the sacredness of their marriage relations, and that to sever these ties would create untold misery.

**PARDONS IN 1878.**—A communication was received in the Senate, Thursday, from the Governor stating that in 1878 there were 73 pardons granted, of which fourteen were to criminals in State Prison, 50 in houses of correction, six in jails, two in the Reformatory Prison for Women, and one in the House of Industry. In 21 cases sickness was the cause for pardon, and in eight of these cases death ensued within a few weeks.

**INSTALLATION.**—The installation of Rev. Dr. March, as pastor of the 1st Congregational Church, Woburn, will take place on Wednesday, Jan. 22. The Council will meet in the afternoon, and the installation will occur in the evening. Several of Dr. March's college classmates will take part in the exercises.

**THE LIBRARY.**—The work on the new catalogue is progressing rapidly, and Mr. Champney hopes to open the Library to the public by the first of February, or soon after.

**Adjutant General Cunningham,** who has held the office since the retirement of Schouler, has been removed. The name of his successor has not transpired.

**CONCERT AND DANCE.**—The National Band give a concert and dance at Armory Hall, this Friday evening.

**SOCIABLE.**—The next Unitarian Sociable will be held in Armory Hall, Jan. 17.

**A DUKEDOM IN DANGER.**—There is a rumor in London that the title and estates of the dukedom of Bedford, England, which includes the Woburn Abbey and Park, will be claimed by a person professing to be the eldest son, by a private marriage, of the eighth duke, who died, ostensibly unmarried, in May, 1872, and was then succeeded by his cousin, Francis Charles Hastings Russell, eldest son of Lord George William Russell, and grandson of John, sixth duke of Bedford. The present duke is an older brother of Lord Arthur Russell, M. P., well known in this country, and of Lord Ido Russell, now British ambassador at Berlin. Thirty years ago he married the eldest daughter of the fifth Earl of Delaware, and by her has four children, the eldest of whom, George William, called by courtesy Marquis of Tavistock, was married only the other day. A successful lawsuit brought by a new claimant would make a tremendous tempest in the social teapot of London aristocratic life, for the fortune of the ducal house of Bedford is one of the largest held in the peerage. Much of it came into the family through the plundering of the church in the sixteenth century, when John Russell, of Berwick, in Dorsetshire, got himself into the royal favor under Henry VII, and contrived to keep in that wholesome sunshine through the reign of Henry VIII, Edward VI and Queen Mary, being created Earl of Bedford by Edward VI, and made a Knight of the Garter by Mary. The earldom became a dukedom under William III in 1694. The family own an immense estate in the metropolis, which has increased in value greatly during the last half century.

**TRAMP LODGERS.**—All the station houses in Philadelphia, except the Central, are fitted up with accommodations for lodgers. In one of the better patronized stations, over 13,000 persons were lodged last year. The officers of that city say that a better class than usual, is applying for lodgings this winter. They appear to be generally working men and neither vagrants nor drunks. An *Inquirer* reporter visiting one of these stations, last week, found the lodgers huddled together, with their heads as close to the heater as possible, and their feet drawn up. "We're gettin' a mighty good coolin' here to-night," said one of these fellows, a lanky chap of about thirty years whose appearance showed him to be a regular "bum." "What kind of weather is it out?" he asked of the turnkey. "A little frost," was the reply. "Well, either this 'ere heater's a humbug, or us taxpayers 'er been swindled on the coal," remarked the prostrate vagrant, as he wiggled himself closer in toward the register, and drew his tattered coat more closely about his shoulders.

**The Upright Piano** is surely supplanting the square in this country. The tone is considered superior by most musicians, and when strongly made, so that it will remain well in tune, it is superior in all other respects. Mr. Geo. Woods, the ingenious Organ builder, of Cambridge, Mass., who was formerly a piano maker, has patented a new frame for the upright, which secures for it a great degree of strength and solidity, and at the same time improves the quality of tone. It is claimed that the Pianos made on this principle will remain in tune longer than the squares, and the improvement is attracting much attention among musicians.

**THE MASSACHUSETTS MARSHALSHIP.**—United States Attorney-General Devens has received a petition signed by Judge Lowell, Hon. George P. Sanger, and a large number of the leading members of the Suffolk Bar, also by several prominent Government officials and members of Congress, asking for the reappointment of Colonel Roland G. Usher as United States Marshal for the Massachusetts District. Of course no immediate action will be taken thereon, as the appointment will not be made until next March, and the petition has been placed on file for consideration.

**SERVICES.**—The Y. M. C. A. will hold a service of song with addresses, in the Congregational Church, next Wednesday evening. Messrs. Henry M. Moore, and Rev. M. R. Deming, of Boston, very interesting speakers, will address the meeting. The male quartette and the orchestra of the Y. M. C. A. of Boston, will furnish music, and a stereopticon will be used for throwing the words of the hymns upon the wall, where all can see.

**"CURFEW SHALL NOT RING TO-NIGHT."** The old custom of ringing morning and evening bells in several churches in Boston, has been discontinued by order of the Police Commissioners on the score of economy. The noon and nine o'clock bells were discontinued in Woburn some time ago for the same reason.

**Washington** said to Lafayette once at a dinner-table: "We need two bodies in our Legislative branch; we want this hot tea-cup to represent the popular feeling. The House of Representatives should be close to the people's firesides. But we need the Senate as the saucer to cool the tea-cup a little."

**Some newspapers** in two or three notoriously lawless Southern States are in the habit of excusing murderers and desperadoes who infest them by instancing the bloody deeds of the Molly Maguires in Pennsylvania. But sixteen leaders among the murderous miners have been hung since 1876.

**UNITARIAN SUNDAY SCHOOL.**—The following officers of the Unitarian Sunday School were elected on Sunday:—Superintendent, Rev. W. S. Barnes; Assistants, John W. Johnson, H. M. Aldrich; Secretary, Helen Johnson; Treasurer, D. H. Richards, Jr.

**Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup** is a purely vegetable compound, innocent in nature and wonderful in effect. For children it is invaluable, curing Croup, Whooping Cough, etc., in a few hours. Price 25 cents per bottle, or five bottles for \$1.00.

**Choice grades of coal** now on hand at J. I. Munroe & Co.'s. Please give us a trial before purchasing. Also, all kinds of builders' materials in stock.

## WEDDING RECEPTION.

Among the weddings that took place in this town on New Year's day was the marriage of Mr. Emory F. Chaffee, of Somerville, with the firm of Smith, Donahue & Smith, wholesale druggists, of Boston, to Miss Belle G. Carter, the well known pianist of Woburn. The ceremony was performed at the house of the Rev. Mr. Mills, after which a reception was held at the residence of Mr. J. R. Grove, corner of Court and Pleasant streets, which was attended by a number of the immediate relatives of the bride and groom. The numerous and elegant presents received, showed the high esteem and popular favor with which the couple were regarded by their many friends and acquaintances. Among the presents most admired, was an elegant neck chain, composed of links of Roman gold, fastened by polished gold stars, with locket to match, richly studded with pearls, a gift of the groom; a handsome French clock, composed of bronze and nickel, from Mrs. S. J. Chaffee, mother of the bridegroom; a silver tea service, presented by friends in Charlestown; a very handsome silver gold banded fruit basket, by G. H. Savage, Charlestown; a pair of beautiful silver mugs, gold lined, and cake basket, from Mr. F. Ramsey, of Charlestown; a pair of napkin rings and berry spoon, gold lined, F. T. Ramsey, Somerville; a pair of silver and cut glass vases, C. F. Angell, Boston; jewelry casket, Cora L. Whittemore, Malden; frosted silver card basket, Mrs. H. C. Gray, Malden; furnished glove box, a case of fruit spoons, and a knife rest, Mrs. G. H. Rowell, Somerville; an elegant solid silver sugar spoon, gold lined, Miss Jennie and Gertrude Richardson, Woburn; toilet set, Miss A. Dobson, Woburn; beautiful case solid silver nut picks, Miss Ella F. Goodwin, Somerville; handsome silver pickle castor, Mr. C. F. Hayes, Woburn; silver and glass flower vase, Miss S. A. Banks, Woburn; a silver gilt trimmed clock, Mr. C. E. Sutherland, Woburn; silver gold lined butter dish and castor, from friends in Somerville; silver butter dish, Mr. F. L. Ramsey, Charlestown; case of silver mustard spoons and a silver gold lined sugar spoon, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Grove; silver bud vase, Miss Belle Deveroux, Boston Highlands; case solid silver salt spoons, Mrs. W. E. Odiorne, Somerville; a black walnut and ebony music rack, Mrs. Smith, Woburn; silver and gilt fruit dish, Mrs. C. H. Carter, Winchester; case of salt spoons, G. D. Ramsey, Charlestown; a silver and frosted glass bud vase, Miss Belle Spinney, Woburn; a bud vase, Bonnie and Mamie Haggins, Woburn; a pair silver gold banded bud vases, Miss Annie Calnan, Woburn; a number of presents came too late to be mentioned with the rest.

## Communication.

BURLINGTON, JAN. 8, 1879.

**To the Editor of Woburn Journal.**—If attention has been called to an article in your issue of the 4th inst. headed "Liability of the Town," in which you cite the case of Taunton, with the ruling of Judge Chapman, as a comparison of the supposed case of John B. Taylor and the town of Woburn. As I understand the matter there is a wide difference in the cases. In the case of Macomber, the collision was caused by *extreme darkness* and consequent inability to see the post, and the road was straight. In the case of Taylor, the night was sufficiently light to see an ordinary object at a sufficient distance to avoid a collision. Had the post been of an ordinary or reasonable height above the surface of the road, it could have been seen and easily avoided, but it being only *thirteen inches* above the ground would require extraordinary care to avoid it even in the daytime, it being on a turn or corner. A person not acquainted with its locality, with extraordinary care in driving would be as likely to come in contact with it as to clear it, in a night clear enough to see all ordinary objects, the post not being of sufficient height to be seen by the driver of a team, and consequently not reasonably safe for travellers.

J. S. R.

## Communication.

To the Editor of the Woburn Journal.

Will you please insert in your paper the following correction of the item which appeared last week, in relation to the action of the Unitarian Parish on Mr. Barnes' resignation:—

Mr. Barnes' resignation was accepted by the Parish on Thursday evening, December 26, and not on Tuesday evening, December 31, as reported. The vote was not unanimous. The resolutions were unanimously adopted December 31.

JOHN W. JOHNSON,  
Clerk of the First Unitarian Parish in Woburn.

**SLANDER.**—Anybody can soil the reputation of an individual, however pure and chaste, by uttering a suspicion that the individual's enemies will believe and his friends never hear of. A puff of the idle wind can take a million of the seeds of a thistle, and do a work of mischief which the husbandman must labor long to undo, the floating particles being too fine to be seen, and too light to be stopped. Such are the seeds of slander, so easily sown, so difficult to be gathered up, and yet so pernicious in their fruit. The slanderer knows that many a mind will catch up the plague and become poisoned by the insinuation, without ever seeking the antidote, and the mischief is done. —*Marlboro Times*.

**BOSTON HARBOR.**—The detention of vessels at Philadelphia and Baltimore by reason of the accumulation of ice in those harbors has again called renewed attention to the superiority of the port of Boston as a shipping point in the winter season. Boston harbor has been entirely free from ice, and all kinds of vessels have arrived and departed without the slightest obstruction to navigation. In view of this fact shippers of Western produce have recently expressed their appreciation of the superior facilities of this port.

**Mothers,** do not let your darlings suffer with the Whooping Cough, if you have a remedy so near at hand. Use Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup, and the little sufferers will soon find relief. Price, 25 cents.

## Winchester.

**MAYOR PRINCE'S COUNTRY HOME.**—An admirer of Mayor Prince writes as follows of his home in Winchester:—

"He owns a *bijou* country residence at Winchester, a property purchased soon after his marriage to Miss Helen Henry, of Philadelphia, in 1848. It is a most delightful little place, built on the brow of a commanding oak knoll. The house has been altered by its owner since its purchase, and the gothic gables and windows, in brown painted wood, are due to his love of tasteful surroundings. No better site could have been chosen in this pleasant vicinity. The house fronts south. The dining room to your right, on entering, faces toward a frame of tall pines that close the distance and the village from you. The knoll is fringed with oaks and birches, and washing its sloping base is the blue waters of Wedge Pond. The parlor windows look out upon this charming sheet of water, and when the roses blow the breezes that drift dreamily over the lake, sing of woods, and flowers in western fields, and of the sunsets. And if, perchance, you are boating, you may drift idly on the placid surface, and note the long shadows chase each other over the mirror, or catch the gleam of the diamond drops, where some impetuous pickered leaps forth, dashed from his seeming laziness. Return to the house, and from its inviting corners you can watch the moonlight rise and flood the lake with its silver. They call it Lake Wedgemere lake, though the sturdy town dwellers resent the refining of their old name, and stick stoutly by Wedge Pond. And, later, the winds that blow over the lake will sing you to sleep. This is the country home of our Mayor, and when he is here it is lively with the merry laughter of his invited guests. He entertains well and often. But now it is tempest, cold and forlorn. Unbroken drifts cover the driveway and whirl against the door. The trees are leafless, and the statue of Melpomene stands dead on the lawn, embraced by bitter wind and gusts of snow. The frozen Wedgemere is, though cold, very beautiful, and as the sun goes to its western couch his last rays are buried in the pink and purples of a New England winter sunset.

Union meetings have been in progress in the churches this week, at the Baptist on Wednesday, at the Congregationalist on Thursday, and at the Methodist on Friday.

**MASONIC INSTALLATION.**—Wednesday evening the following officers were installed in Wm. Parkman Lodge, in the presence of a large number of the lady friends of the Lodge, and resident Masonic brethren. The beautiful ceremonies were performed in a very impressive manner, by R. W. Past Grand Master William Parkman:—

W. M.—Thos. S. Spurr,  
S. W.—N. F. Marble,  
J. W.—George S. Littlefield,  
Sec.—Leone S. Quimby,  
Treas.—George F. Parker,  
Chaplain.—Rev. Geo. Cooke,  
Marshal.—C. H. Dunham,  
S. D.—John D. Twombly,  
J. D.—J. H. Dwinell,  
S. S.—E. H. Stone,  
J. S.—E. F. Robinson,  
I. S.—John L. Parker,  
Tyler.—R. A. Hawes.

At the close of the ceremonies, the Lodge and its guests repaired to Lyceum Hall, and partook of an excellent collation prepared by Hammond, of Woburn, after which the Medford Band Orchestra were brought to the front, and the floor was surrendered to the dancers, who closed the evening in an enjoyable manner.

**GOOD WILL CLUB.**—There was a concert and readings at the Unitarian church, Winchester, by the Good Will Club, assisted by Mr. Frank L. Crowell, organist of Park St. church, Boston, and Mr. Walter K. Fobes, Professor of Elocution, on Tuesday evening. The programme consisted of an Organ Prelude by Mr. Crowell; Duet, "I would that my love," Miss Gale and Miss Matthews; Reading by Mr. F. W. Fobes; Piano Solo, "Norwegian Cradle Song," Impromptu, Op. 90, No. 4, Miss Ella C. Stone; Songs, "Der letzte Gruss," "Mein Herz thut dich auf," Mr. Crowell; Reading by Mr. W. K. Fobes; Piano Solo, "In Gruen," "Aufschwung," Mr. Crowell; Song, "Pur Dieciest," Mrs. S. C. Bailey; Reading by Mr. Fobes; Duet, "Come with me," Miss Gale and Mr. Crowell; Song, "The Rose Bush," Miss Matthews; Reading, Mr. W. K. Fobes; Organ Solo, Mr. Crowell.

**KNIGHTS OF HONOR.**—The following officers were installed on Thursday evening by Deputy Grand Dictator Woodbury, of Boston:—Past Dictator, Henry C. Miller; Dictator, I. S. Palmer; Vice Dictator, W. V. Smalley; Assistant Dictator, Geo. H. Eustace; Reporter, Henry F. Clark; Financial Reporter, C. L. Harrington; Treasurer, C. O. Billings; Guide, T. H. Sinson; Chaplain, T. Whitney; Guardian, E. M. Low; Sentinel, S. Gove; Trustees, C. H. Dunham, H. C. Miller, C. O. Billings; Representative to Grand Lodge, William H. Bailey; Alternate, H. C. Miller. At the conclusion of the ceremonies, a collation was served.

**ANNUAL ELECTION.**—The Congregational Parish held their annual election of officers last Monday evening. The officers elected are as follows:—S. S. Superintendent, C. E. Sweat; Assistant Superintendent, James W. Skillings; Directors of Sunday School, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Taylor, Charles E. Redfern; Deacon (re-elected for four years), Thomas Shepherd; Treasurer, Charles E. Redfern; Standing Committee, S. A. Holt, M. A. Herriek; Auditor, D. W. Kimball. Action on the pastorate was postponed until the next meeting, which was appointed for next Monday evening.

**LESSON HELPS.**—Our attention was recently called to a series of twelve artistic cartoons displayed in the Methodist vestry. They were drawn by Mr. W. F. Fitch, the Superintendent of the Sunday School, and have been in use the past three months to illustrate the weekly lessons. We understand that Mr. Fitch produces a new cartoon each Sunday, which adds much to the interest in the lessons, and greatly aids in impressing it on the minds of the scholars.

**STOLEN RIDE.**—Mr. Young, of Porter & Young, machinists of Woburn, while at work at Bacon's felt factory, left his horse tied outside. On coming out, the horse was nowhere to be seen. He returned to Woburn and notified the owner, G. F. Jones, and a search was instituted, resulting in finding the team at Ayer's stable, where it had been put up by some who had found it near Rymme's Corner. Probably some one stole a ride, and then turned the horse loose.

**TAILORING.**—The tailoring establishment of Mr. E. C. Colomb, on Church street, is well worthy of patronage. Mr. Colomb is an experienced tradesman, gives his person-

al attention to his customers, and we are glad to learn that he is being well patronized. Don't go off to Boston for clothes until you have given him a trial.

## Wilmington.

**F. & M. CLUB.**—The meeting of the Farmers and Mechanics Club on the 4th inst. was well attended. After the reading and acceptance of the report of the previous meeting, the election of officers for the present year was proceeded with. The president, H. Allen Sheldon, who has held the office ever since the society was organized was unanimously re-elected, also the present secretary, Othniel Eames. Two new vice-presidents were elected, C. F. Harris and J. A. Shepard, while the third vice-president Ed. Nichols was re-elected. The Executive Committee is as follows:—Dr. Henry Hiller, Ed. A. Carter, James E. Kelley, George Thompson Eames and Henry Sheldon; Treasurer, Henry Sheldon. The former treasurer, Mr. Otis C. Buck was unanimously elected but declined the office. A vote of thanks was passed to him for his faithful service and honorable conduct, also a vote of thanks and \$10 to the secretary. The next meeting will take place Jan. 18, at 7.30 P. M. No subject will be discussed, as Mrs. Dr. Frances B. Hiller has consented to give a lecture at that meeting. The title is, "A social upon Butter-making and the Mysteries of the Dairy." Every one is cordially invited to be present, free of charge.

**ICE.**—The Union Ice Co. have at work a large gang of men and teams, clearing away the snow from Silver Lake. The ice is at present about 11 inches in thickness and cutting will be commenced as soon as the ice is 14 inches thick, which will be, if the cold continues, in a few days.

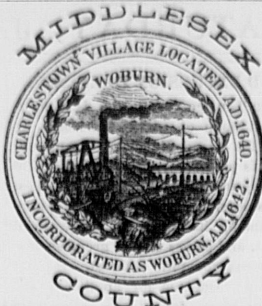












## English TOOTH BRUSHES,

Imported to our order, the goods are the same we have sold the past four years. We warrant every brush to give perfect satisfaction, and will replace them if they do not.

In order to introduce our DENTIFRICE to those who have not used it, we make this offer: We will, for three weeks, give a full sized bottle of Dentifrice to any purchaser of one of these brushes at the regular price of the brush, 40 cents.

**WILLIAM W. HILL, Apothecary,**  
OPPOSITE THE COMMON.

### Florist.

**S. W. Twombly & Sons,**  
FLORISTS,  
And dealers in  
ANTIQUE POTTERY,  
161 Tremont street,  
BOSTON, 2 MASS.

### Professional Cards.

**J. P. WOODMAN, M. D.,**  
Physician and Surgeon,  
OFFICE:  
Cor. of Pleasant & Bennett Sts.,  
Opp. the New Public Library Building.  
Office Hours—2 and 7 P. M.  
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**JOHN C. MAGUIRE,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
192 MAIN STREET,  
WOBURN, MASS.  
Office Hours from 8 to 12 A. M., 1 to 5 and 7 to 9 P. M.

**George H. Conn,**  
INSURANCE AGENT,  
NO. 159 MAIN STREET,  
WOBURN, MASS.

**CHARLES D. ADAMS,**  
Attorney and Counsellor-at-Law,  
No. 54 Devonshire street, Boston.  
No. 159 Main street, Woburn.  
Office (At Boston, 10 A. M., to 4 P. M.;  
at Woburn, 8 to 9 A. M., 5 to 6, 7 to 9 P. M.)

**A. B. COFFIN,**  
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,  
No. 4 NILES BLOCK, BOSTON.  
Entrance from Court Street and 33 Scho. Street.  
**DR. O. P. ROGERS,**  
DENTIST,  
139 1/2 Main Street, 145 Woburn, Mass.  
**HENRY HILLER, M. D.,**  
24 TREMONT ROW, BOSTON, MASS.  
SPECIAL ATTENTION PAID TO  
THROAT AND LUNG DISEASES.  
Hours from 11 to 3. Residence, WILMINGTON.

**Auctioneers.**  
**WILLIAM WINN,**  
AUCTIONEER,  
BURLINGTON, MASS.  
Sales of Real and Personal Estate attended to on reasonable terms. Orders left at the JOURNAL Office, Woburn, promptly attended to.

**E. PRIOR,**  
AUCTIONEER,  
Office, 89 Court Street, Boston.  
Orders left at H. F. Smith's Tea Store, 154 Main street, Woburn, will receive prompt attention.

**Musical.**  
**Miss J. A. Campbell,**  
desires a few pupils on the  
**PIANO FORTE,**  
and will also teach THEORY. Terms reasonable to suit the times. For particulars call at her residence, No. 70 Main Street, near Green St.

**CENTRAL HOUSE**  
Livery, Hack & Boarding  
STABLE,  
212 MAIN STREET, WOBURN,  
G. F. JONES, Proprietor

**M. ELLIS & Co.,**  
BUILDING MOVERS, STONE MASONS,  
CELLAR BUILDERS, AND JOBBERS,  
OFFICE—Under Post Office. Residence—Wim St.  
M. Ellis, Woburn; A. M. Ellis, Malden; John So-  
ley, Chelsea.

**E. C. COLOMB,**  
TAILOR,  
Church Street, Winchester.  
Having had many years experience as a Practical Tailor, in some of the best tailoring establishments in the country, he offers his services to the citizens of Winchester, and will guarantee satisfaction to all who may favor him with their custom.

**HALL TO LET.**  
Post 53, G. A. R., having recently leased the Hall No. 194 Main St., Woburn (Fox Building), it being the second Hall in size in town, and fitted up with the same with two large ante rooms and all modern conveniences, will let it to responsible parties on reasonable terms. Inquire of Trustees, JOHN L. PARKER, NEWELL Z. TABOR, T. MARVIN PARKER.

**CHILDREN'S SHOES,**  
Wear twice as long with either the  
**SILVER**  
OR "A. S. T. & Co."  
**BLACK TIP,**  
UPON THEM.

### Poetical Selection.

#### DON'T STOP MY PAPER.

Don't stop my paper, printer,  
Don't strike my name off, yet;  
You know the times are stringent,  
And dollars hard to get;  
But tug a little harder  
Is what I mean to do,  
And scrape the dimes together,  
Enough for me and you.

I can't afford to drop it;  
I find it doesn't pay  
To do without a paper  
However others may.  
I hate to ask my neighbors  
To give me theirs on loan;  
They don't just say, but mean it,  
Why don't you have your own?

You can't tell how we miss it,  
If it, by any fate,  
Should happen not to reach us,  
Or comes a little late;  
Then all is in a hubbub,  
And things go all awry,  
And, printer if your married  
You know the reason why,

I cannot do without it,  
It is no use to try,  
For other people take it,  
And printer so must I.  
I, too, must keep me posted,  
And know what is going on,  
Or feel, and be accounted  
A foggy simpleton.

Then take it kindly, printer,  
If pay be somewhat slow,  
For cash is not so plenty,  
And wants not few, you know.  
But I must have my paper,  
Cost what it may to me,  
I'd rather do my sugar,  
And do without my tea.

So, printer, don't you stop it,  
Unless you want my frown,  
For here's the years subscription,  
And credit it right down,  
And send the paper promptly  
And let it bring us weekly  
Its welcome benison.

### Selected Story.

#### MY ADOPTED CHILD.

"Is that Oldtown church yonder, if you please, sir?"

A girl spoke to me. I turned and looked at her. There were women of sixteen and children of sixteen. This one was a child. She wore the scantiest of cotton dresses, belted at the waist, a pair of leather boots, and a white apron. In her hand she carried a sun-bonnet, and her hair cropped close like a boy's, curled in black rings about her head. The face was a baby face in sweetness and innocence, the little brown hands the hands of toil. No young lady this, yet there was nothing coarse or vulgar about her unless it was her hands.

"That is Oldtown church, my dear?" I said, "are you going there?"

"Yes sir, to see the wedding. Are you?" I was, more fool I, though I did not say so to this child. The bride for whom the bells were ringing was to be mine once—would have been but for the accident which had crippled me and changed her heart. She had done nothing treacherously, but I saw the truth and set her free. She took her freedom gladly, and we were two. She had quite forgotten me, no doubt. I believed then I never could forget her.

I knew exactly how she would look in snowy silk and lace and coronet of pearls. I had dreamed of her in bridal robes so often.

I nodded to the little thing beside me, trudging over the meadow path with the tall grass almost to her waist, and looking at me so wistfully.

"I never saw a wedding," she said.

"No, sir. Grandfather said I might come. He didn't care himself. It's a long walk, too, from the tavern, and he's very old."

"Does your grandfather keep the tavern?" I asked.

"No, sir—I wish he did," said the child. "He has only his fiddle, and people half the time don't care for those. What else can he do, though? To-night there's a dance, and he's to play for them. That's why we stopped."

A poor fiddler's untaught grandchild—as decent poverty could be—yet her presence somehow cheered me. Half-child, half-woman, and all a child at heart. Innocent, beautiful, and kindly, I encouraged her to linger at my side. I said to her:

"I will show you a place where you can see the bride well. It is in the gallery. Will you like that?"

"I don't know," she said. "I haven't often been to church. We pray together in lonely places, grandfather and I. Will you be there, sir?"

"Yes."

"I know I should like it."

"Come with me, then," I said, and she followed.

I had meant to hide myself in the gallery, and see my lost love married quite unseen. This companion had not been in my role at all. But I liked it. No friend, no relation, not my own sister would I have beside me; but this elfish thing was too innocent to fear. I led the way up the dark old stairs, and toward a spot quite sheltered from general view. Then I sat down and she stood leaning over the balustrade.

The church was full of bonnets. Here and there only a masculine head. The minister was in his seat reading in a position taken for effect. He was a handsome man, and he knew it perfectly well.

Girls whispered and giggled, matrons fanned themselves, and men yawned. Soon the soft roll of carriages on the gravel path

was heard, and the bridal party entered. I saw her at last—Alletta.

"Is that the bride?" half sobbed the girl's voice at my side. "Is it a real lady? She looks like wax. Oh, how beautiful! Look! Look!"

She touched me with her little brown hand, and looked at me, her eyes sparkling.

"Did you ever see her before?" she asked.

"Is she like that in everyday clothes? Oh, how pretty! how pretty!"

Men have no right to weep. I put my head down upon the cushion of the pew and hid my eyes. I felt the child creep close beside me.

"Poor man, he's tired!" I heard her whisper, and she put her little hand out and patted me softly by stealth.

Soon I looked down into the church again, and saw Grant Stanton kiss his bride.

"Is it all over?" asked the girl.

"Yes, child," I said, "all over."

"Then I must go," she said. "Thank you for being so kind to me, sir. Good-bye."

"Good-bye," I said, and her little leather shoes pattered over the aisle and down the stairs, and I had seen, as I thought, the last of her. When she was gone I missed her strangely.

I went home when the church was quite empty. It had not been as hard to bear as I had feared, and oddly enough I found myself thinking of that child's little gipsy head and those beautiful long fringed eyes. I wondered at myself at myself, but it was so.

"I should like to see the child again," I said; and as I spoke, I espied a crowd about a tavern door upon the road.

It was a poor place, and poor, rough people made up the group. But it was plainly no common quarrel or drinking bout which had brought them here, for their faces were all grave and their voices suppressed. I crossed the road.

"What has happened, friend?" I asked of a tinker near by.

"Only a blind fiddler dropped dead," he said. "But there's a gal there wild about it."

And then I passed him and went in. An old man lay upon the floor and across his body a girl had flung herself. I knew the gipsy hair and the brown neck, the scant cotton dress, and sun-bonnet, flung with a handful of wild flowers upon the floor; and I bent over her, touching her little despairing head.

"My child," I said, "he is happier than we are."

And she looked up.

"He was all I had," she said; "all, all!" So had I thought when Alletta gave me back our betrothal ring. My heart ached for her. I said no other word, but led her to an inner room, while two men bore the dead man up stairs; she wept wildly, but my presence seemed to comfort her.

After a while she drew closer to me, and sitting on a low stool, leaned her forehead on my knee. Soon my hand rested on it, and in an hour she had sobbed herself to sleep.

I said a few words to the landlady when I arose to leave, and she promised to attend to my orders, enforced by the contents of my pocket-book.

"The girl shan't go until I hear from you, sir," she said. "Indeed, I don't know where she would go. She seems friendless; and such a child for her age! Thank you, sir."

And I went my way again, thinking not of Alletta, but of the dead fiddler's grandchild—the sun-browned girl, so simple and ignorant, so friendless and alone.

I was young yet—not five and twenty—a bachelor, and likely to be one my life long. I had no proper home to take her to, and no friend to aid me. At last in my extremity, I thought of Betty—old Betty, who had once been my nurse, and who loved me as she might her own son—and in the gloaming I made my way to her poor home.

I found her trimming her vines in the bit of garden-ground, and had my usual kiss across the garden fence even before the garden gate was opened.

"I've been thinking of you," she said. "I knew you was you as soon as I heard some one coming. Tisn't every young gentleman would weary himself coming to see an old lady like me. Sit down, honey, and rest."

"I came to ask a favor, Betty."

"Just name it, Master Bertie."

"Will you take a boarder, Betty?"

"Bless me! In my two rooms?"

"Only a child, Betty."

"A child! Master Albert!"

I told her of the fiddler's death, and of the girl.

"I have money enough," I said, "but no female relatives. I can only come to you. You always were kind-hearted from a boy," she said. "I'll take the little girl, Master Bertie."

Then she put both hands on my shoulders.

"You haven't fretted have you?" she asked.

"Fretted! Why?" I asked.

"Nay, why indeed?" said old Betty. "Better fish in the sea than ever we caught yet." Then in a moment she added, "I've been to see the wedding."

I felt my face flush.

"Shall I bring the girl to-morrow after her grandfather's funeral?" I asked.

"When you please," said Betty. "But, Master Albert, what do you mean to do with her? You are doing all this in a hurry. Just think a bit."

"I am going to adopt the child," I said.

"It will make me happy to have a young thing to care for,"

Betty laughed.

"You'll have young things of your own,

please God some day," she said. "Why, at your age, life is before you."

"I shall never marry, Betty, I said.

She caught my fingers in a close grasp with her horny, hard-working hand.

"I wish you were back again a baby on my knee, Master Bertie," she said. "I'd like to sing you to sleep as I did then. Ah! it's a grief to us old women to see the young we've nursed grow up so tall and old, with their troubles so shut up in their own hearts that we can't comfort them. Going? Well, then, good-night! I'm ready for anything that will cheer you, Master Bertie. I ought to say Master Albert always now, I suppose, but the old times do come back so!"

I left her leaning over the gate looking wistfully at me, knowing as a mother might have known the grief which I had buried in my heart. And if her words had given me pain, it was like some ointment which makes the wound smart in its very healing. It was something to be loved so well, even by the old nurse.

Late the next day I led my young charge from her grandfather's grave to Betty's cottage. She kept my hand upon the road as a child might. I had no thought but that she was one, until old Betty's cry of "Goodness, Master Bertie, I thought you said a young girl!" startled me into consciousness.

"It doesn't matter, does it, Betty?" I asked.

"Take off your bonnet," she said, a little grimly. "I want to look at you. What is your name?"

The girl obeyed. "I'm only Nellie Hay," she said, and stood to be looked at. Betty looked sternly at first, then pityingly.

"La, no! Master Bertie, it don't matter," she said. "I don't see any harm in her. There's a peg behind the door, child. You can hang your bonnet on that." And I left the two together.

Not long, though; every day found some new errand to take me to the cottage. I put on elderly airs, and gave advice. I had her sent to school, and went through grave examinations on Saturday afternoons. I told old Betty that when I was a man of middle age I should take my little daughter home, and she could keep house for us. And I began to fancy very soon, that there could be no such happiness as that a parent felt.

The girl was growing tall, and was true, and I was only ten years older than she was; but when she checked her light tread to keep pace with me, when the childish laugh bubbled and rippled at something which could only make me smile, I felt that years are not the only things which age us.

I was working hard at my profession, too. I had hand and heart full. In a year I found that I could pass Alletta on her husband's arm without a pang. In a year more I wondered whether she had really changed, or whether I fancied black curls more than I did golden bands, for I found myself thinking my little daughter much the prettier.

In the sultry summer evenings I used to leave red tape and parchment and go out to Betty's cottage to have tea with my adopted child. Then while she polished up the cups, Nellie Hay and I used to walk down to the river-side. Tall as she was growing, I had a way of holding her hand still; and we had such pleasant talks! such odd, unworldly chatter! These walks and simple tea-drinkings rested the brain, wearied with law business, quarrels and quibbles, and stratagems more than I can tell.

The rough hands had grown softer now, the waist taper, the bust full. The sweep of women's robes, the tread of women's light-shod feet, had taken the place of clumping leather boots and scant cotton skirts.

I knew this, but Nellie was a child to me all the same. Was I not by adoption her father? Had not my early grief and the staff on which I leaned, aged me before my time? Of course she always would be young to me; and why I felt so angry if by chance some gay young farmer chatted with her over the fence, or some neighbor saw her home from church, I could not tell.

"An old man's temper," I said, and sighed like a young one.

So three years passed. At the end of that time Alletta's husband died. They had quarrelled, and she had made him wofully jealous, it was said, and all his property, save a mere pension, was willed to strangers.

One day a lady in black walked into my office. When she lifted her veil I saw Alletta Stanton's face, closer to me than it had been since we parted. My heart gave no wild throbs. I felt as though she were a mere stranger.

Courteously and quite calmly I heard her business. She intended to contest the will and needed advice. I gave her what I could. I referred her to a brother lawyer as the one who would best espouse her cause. As for myself, I told her truly that my time was too much occupied to undertake anything more, and I wished her success.

She looked at me wistfully, with her great blue eyes full of tears as she rose to go.

"It was cruel of him," she said, "cruel to leave me so poor, but he was never kind, never—not in the honey-moon even."

"I regret to hear it," I said.

"I could expect nothing more," she said, "I did not love him—I never loved but one—and that one—"

She paused and looked at me.

"That one I love still."

And Heaven knows no feeling of revenge or petty triumph was in my heart when I looked in Alletta Stanton's eyes as if I did not understand her, and courteously bowed her out.

"Did I ever care for woman?" I thought, "or is it all a dream?"

I took my adopted child to the theatre that night and we saw the Lady of Lyon together. It was her first play-going experience, and

she enjoyed it immensely. She wore a white dress and bonnet and the corals drops I had fastened a few days before in her pretty little ears. I could not help looking into her eyes and touching her hand with mine.

When I left her I kissed her.

"Good-night, my child," I said.

And she answered "good-night," with a cheek dyed on the instant deeper scarlet, and ran away as Betty came out to chat with me.

From that night I dated an odd change. My adopted child seemed shy of letting me keep her hand—shy even of chatting as she did. She was graver, more womanly. I fancied she did not care for me as she did. Perhaps some of those farmers who leaned over the gate at sunset, some of those young fellows who so often escorted her home from church, had won her from me. I grew a little moody. I found myself in brown studies when I should have been at work. At last I determined to discover whether I was really to lose my child, and went down to the cottage. I found her there sitting at work with Betty.

After all, it was no easy task. I could not do it as I had hoped. I tried jesting, and spoke of one and of the other young fellows near. "We shall have Nellie stolen from us, I suppose," I said. "There is nothing so easy lost from a family as a pretty daughter. But who is to have you, Nellie?"

She looked at me as children look before they burst into tears—her chin quivering, her throat swelling—then she dropped her work, and stole from the room without answering me.

"What ails the child, Betty?" I asked, "have I offended her?"

Old Betty stood before me sturdily and stern—a look in her face that I had never yet seen there.

"Master Albert," she said, "whatever she was when she came here, Nellie is no child now. Oh, Master Albert, I can't believe you've done it on purpose. You couldn't—such a sweet, innocent thing—her gone. All I can say is go away, or let her do, and may be the wound would heal. I ought to have spoken in time. I was an old fool. Oh, how could you, Master Albert? How could you?"

"What have I done?" I cried. "I would rather die than harm her."

"And yet you have made her love you," said Betty sternly. "You who knew you would never love her. You have been very selfish, Master Albert."

A new light dawned upon me, a radiance brilliant beyond my hopes.

"Betty," said I, "you are dreaming. She must think me old enough to be a grandfather, with my long face and bald crown, and this crutch. I've had one dream broken; don't set me dreaming again for heaven's sake."

Old Betty looked at me, then caught my face in both her hands and kissed me.

"Master Bertie," said she, "I shan't tell you a word more, go and find out what you want to know for yourself. You silly, handsome, good-for-nothing fellow."

I found my child under the grape-vine, her face was wet with tears. I sat down by her, and put my arm about her waist.

"Nellie," said I, "don't shrink from me. I am your true friend. Your friend what ever answer you may give me now. I am older than you. I am not vain enough to think myself a young girl's beau-ideal. But I do love you dearly, Nellie. Can you love me enough to be my wife? If you cannot, if another claims your heart, do not say yes from gratitude. Tell me the truth, and still retain a father's, a brother's affection, Nellie."

I bent over her, and my life seemed in her keeping. Until that moment I had not known myself. I loved her madly—I felt it now—better, far better than in my youth I had loved Alletta Stanton.

"Nellie," I said, "Nellie, and a brown hand was laid of its own accord in mine, and beneath my gaze the dark eyes did not dare to lift themselves, but hid their sweetness on my breast. Nellie was mine."

I sat with her beating heart so near my own, and thought it all over. I remember the child in her cotton gown standing in the gallery of the church on the wedding day. I remembered the child whom I had taught, the girl with whom I had passed so many happy hours. I felt that this living life, sprang phoenix-like, from the ashes of the dead, was the purest feeling of my life.

So my old fancy of keeping house with my child came true at last; only when she crossed the threshold of my home with me I called her my wife. And the touch of the brown hand brings comfort with it; still her sweet voice is better to me than all the music in the world; and as in my youth I fancied myself old, surely in my age I shall believe myself young, for while we are loving and being loved, youth can never die, and while we live Nellie and I must love each other.

As far as two thirds of the guests are concerned, you might just as well print the bill of fare of a fashionable hotel in Hindoo as in the broken-jointed English and French now in vogue. Not one in a dozen can tell whether they are masticating "Macaroni a la mure-room, do la-boot-tops," or chewing away on a lot of chicken livers left over from yesterday's dinner.

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## Woburn Journal.

John L. Parker, Editor and Proprietor.  
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"WE COMMAND."—Last Monday, an officer of the Massachusetts Children's Protective Society, visited Woburn and placed a mandamus from the Supreme Court, in the hands of Sheriff Collamore, who served it upon the Treasurer, and Selectmen, under the provisions of Chapter 217 of the Acts of 1878, which are as follows:—

SECTION 1. It shall be the duty of every city and town in this Commonwealth of five thousand inhabitants or more, to take action under the first section of chapter two hundred and eighty-three of the acts of the year eighteen hundred and sixty-six, concerning the care and education of neglected children.

SECTION 2. The officers and duly appointed agents of the Massachusetts Children's Protective Society, in addition to the persons appointed under the second section of said chapter, are hereby authorized to make complaints in cases of violations of the ordinances or by-laws therein referred to.

The law in question as passed in 1866 and amended in 1867 is as follows:—

SECTION 1. Each of the several cities and towns in this Commonwealth is hereby authorized and empowered to make all needful provisions and arrangements concerning children under sixteen years of age, who by reason of the neglect, crime, drunkenness or other vices of parents, or from orphanage, are suffered to be growing up without salutary parental control and education, or in circumstances exposing them to lead idle and dissolute lives; and may also make all such by-laws and ordinances respecting such children, as shall be deemed most conducive to their welfare and good order of such city or town; provided, that said by-laws and ordinances shall be approved by the Superior Court, or, in vacation by a justice thereof, and shall not be repugnant to the laws of the Commonwealth.

It seems that the cause of this state of affairs arose from the discovery that the Town had no by-law under which a neglected child could be disposed of. A boy was found wandering about neglected, with no covering for his feet, and in a pitiable condition. Officer Mitchell of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children took notice of the affair, and Judge Converse decided that while under our By-Laws a truant or an idle, evil disposed boy might be reached, an unfortunate and neglected one could not. The Agent of the Society came town and had an interview with the Judge, and arrived at the same conclusion. As the Town had neglected a plain duty, the mandamus was issued. That the Town has done something will be seen when we remind the readers of the *Journal* that at the annual town meeting April 2, 1877, a committee of five, consisting of Horace Collamore, Mark Allen, George M. Champney, E. W. Hudson, and John Johnson, were chosen to revise the By-Laws and report at future meeting. This committee has not reported, and the Town suffers by their neglect.

The mandamus was issued by Judge Otis P. Lord, of the Supreme Judicial Court, and the writ is made returnable at Boston, on Monday, the 27th inst.

PHALANX BALL.—The invitations to the Phalanx Ball are out this week. They were printed at the *Journal* job office, and are considered the neatest ever furnished for the Phalanx. The envelopes are a new pattern, and quite unique. The tickets to the floor are placed at the same price as in former years, \$1.50, and to the Gallery, 50 cts. All arrangements are now completed, and the number of tickets sold thus far, would seem to indicate a large and brilliant party.

PASTOR'S RECEPTION.—The tenth annual reception of this people by Rev. W. S. Barnes, was given at his residence, 288 Main street, on Wednesday evening. There was a very large attendance, and the expressions of kindly regard were frequent and hearty. The rooms were redolent with the odor of flowers, a lunch was served by the young ladies of the society, and the entire affair was highly gratifying to the participants.

FIFTH REGIMENT.—The 5th Regiment are contemplating a trip to New Haven, Conn. sometime in June. The subject has been referred to the different companies in the Regiment, for approval, and final action will be taken at the next regular meeting of the officers of the Regiment. They will be the guests of the 2d Regiment, Conn. National Guards.

ITEM.—The good sleighing of the past few days has been well improved. On Wednesday we had a call from Mr. H. N. Hastings, of the Lynn City Item, who braved the cold weather to visit his old friends in Woburn. The sleighing was so fine and the team so good, that the temperature had no perceptible effect on the pleasure of the ride.

That was a very unusual gathering in Tremont Temple, last Friday evening. Bayard Taylor's beloved memory was honored with the presence and affectionate words of men of such rare genius as Emerson, Holmes and others. Dr. Holmes read a poem by Longfellow on Bayard Taylor, and others made addresses.

Edward King, the brilliant journalist, is shooting snowbirds, trailing a sparkling series of letters behind him for the benefit of readers of the *Woburn Journal*. Edward King's letters have something delightful about them which insure a host of readers. King is a word-painter of inexhaustible resources.

A TRULY COLONEL.—The *Herald's* well known passion for colonels has been gratified by Gov. Talbot, who has appointed Mr. R. M. Pulsifer as one of his aides-de-camp, with the title of Colonel.

## Young Men's Christian Association.

On Wednesday evening, the work of the Woburn Young Men's Christian Association was fittingly inaugurated by a large gathering of Boston and Woburn friends, in the Congregational Church. Both the numbers present and the general interest manifested may reasonably be taken as evidence that many Woburn people wish the new organization long life and success. The services were opened by the President of the Woburn Association, Mr. A. W. Palmer, who read the 92d Psalm. Rev. Mr. Mills followed in prayer. The male chorus of the Boston Association then sang "Gallilee," after which Mr. Palmer introduced Rev. M. J. Deming, secretary of the Boston association, who conducted a twenty minute prayer meeting. The lights were lowered and the music, by means of a stereopticon, thrown upon a great screen which hung before the organ.

"The sweet by and by," "Wonderful words of life," "My Redeemer," and other pieces were sung. Mr. Henry M. Moore, of Boston, was then introduced, and made a very earnest and inspiring address.

It is always my earnest desire and effort, he said, to be loyal to the church of Christ, and hence I love the Christian Association. I believe that it is born of the best blood of the church, and that God raised it up because we needed a more aggressive Christianity. The times have greatly advanced in every respect. It used to take a week to go to Niagara Falls; now we can take breakfast in New York and supper at Niagara Falls. We never before enjoyed such privileges as to-day. And never was the call so urgent to be faithful and zealous of God's work as now. I hear, and with pleasure, of new churches and free seats, but the complaint comes that while the doors are open the seats are not filled. Why is it so? The trouble is that we sit down and wait, instead of going out into the highways and hedges and drawing them in. We do better in our business. After laying in a stock of goods, instead of sitting down we send samples all over the country. There is the reason why our many prayers though good and powerful if united to works, are not answered. We need the practical spirit of the little girl who had lost her doll, and said to her mother, "I'll get right down here and pray; while I pray, you hunt." The Young Men's Christian Associations have done much to bring about a spirit of unity among the churches. If they had done nothing else, that would be enough to make their existence a blessing. We want to keep the denominational lines pretty low. Again these associations have done a great work in stirring up the lay element of our churches into Christian activity. Mr. Whipple, the evangelist, left a salary of \$6,000 a year to give his whole time to Christian work. To-day I could introduce you to twenty-five men in New England who, a short time ago, could not speak in a religious meeting, but are now mighty in all Christian words and deeds. Now as to our modes of working, we have twenty-four business men who give their attention to the proper classification of the work all over the country. We hold that men can deal best with those of the same occupation—a lawyer with a lawyer, a doctor with a doctor, and so on. We are working in the South. We are organizing associations among the Germans out West to counteract, as much as possible, the desecration of the Sabbath and the frequenting of beer gardens. Along our 80,000 miles of railroad are 800,000 railroad employees who have no religious advantages. We are trying to reach them by organizing railroad associations, which will furnish reading rooms where employees can run in when off duty. When I was in Cincinnati, they wanted to send me on the gospel train to St. Louis. I went and we had a grand meeting. You will find some of the grandest characters among those railroad men. Get acquainted with them and see for yourself. The "gospel train" was the result of a meeting held in a round-house, when the conductor, the engineer, two brakemen and the newsboy of the train were converted. There are 60,000 young men in our institutions of learning; 35,000 of them are unconverted. But 8,000 young Christians in these schools have banded themselves together in efforts to save the 35,000. We are working also among the 60,000 commercial travellers of the country. I believe that these commercial travellers, if converted, would be the greatest power next to the ordained ministry, in the country, for the salvation of men. As to our State work ten years ago, when I was converted, the churches around New England were depleted greatly, and conversions were few. The question was anxiously asked: "How can we reach the masses?" It was decided to hold frequent meetings. For 75 days that year, meetings were held daily in this State. Business men gave solid days to the work. The next year 101 days were given to the great work, but there were no business failures among the Christian men in consequence. New Hampshire called for similar meetings the next year, and then Vermont. In Vermont a committee of thirteen Christian men was appointed. They said: "We don't know anything about it." The only answer was: "God will help you." They began the work and probably never had such rich returns followed Christian work as in that year. One church doubled its membership of 183 members. The other states of New England soon followed the good example. This year Rhode Island has gone to work. One man in this state gives 60 solid days in the year to these efforts; others give 20 or 30. You say you can't do anything; but you must go, not to preach, but simply to tell the story of the Cross. In a little congregation in Connecticut, where the pastor said it would be useless to expect any great interest, thirty-three arose for prayers, on invitation, and the pastor was overjoyed with the unexpected result. In 1877 we visited 61 towns in this State, with a result of 2,000 conversions, and so on throughout New England. 7,000 in all were converted in those meetings that year. The work given amounted to 15 years work of one man. Your work is waiting you. Enter upon it armed with the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God.

The chorus now sang, "Ye must be born again," after which Rev. Mr. Pomfret expressed his hearty sympathy with anything which promotes earnest and aggressive Christianity. He said, I am not a man-

worshipper, but if there are any in whose presence I would stand with uncovered head, they are those who, with singleness of aim, regardless of temporal consequences, have consecrated themselves to the Master's work. I have seen this Association's work going on in other towns every winter, and I feel convinced that there is nothing which the church of God needs so much to-day as this spirit of aggressive Christianity. This earnest work deepens and intensifies a man's nature. We see the good effects of it in Mr. Moore. I am often asked here in Woburn: "Do you think the young men will succeed in accomplishing much?" They have an open field before them, but what they need much more is the earnest sympathy and hearty co-operation of all.

"Clothed in Jesus' Righteousness," was now sung by the chorus. Dr. March then said a few words. There is something true and good to believe and to do. Let not the young men grow tired of their work and return home to pray simply. Prayer is necessary and powerful, but praying and working must go together. Let them go forward, powerful, successful, and joyous, in all Christian work, and let us all do work of which we shall not be ashamed in the light of the heavenly land. The chorus now sang "God is Love." Rev. Mr. Mills, then said some earnest words. We sing of a "Land of rest," but too many Christians prefer to take their rest now. This pleasant meeting should be simply a prelude to labor and consecration. We should never let our colors touch the ground. "Zeal for Christ," is the best motto for this Christian Association. Mr. Mills spoke of the stirring scenes in revival work in which he had taken part in Vermont. Let the prayer meeting, the House of God, and the service of Christ, be first and foremost in our minds whatever other engagements we may have. Rev. M. J. Deming was now called upon but said that he would make his remarks at the convention to be held in Woburn, about a month hence. At the close of the services in the church the speakers, officers, and friends from Boston were given a bountiful collation, provided by some of the Woburn friends. At this gathering the following letter from Rev. Mr. Barnes was read:—

My dear Mr. Flint:—Please accept my thanks for your invitation to the Association meeting of this evening. I regret my inability to accept it. Let me, however, I trust it will not be considered an impropriety, take advantage of writing to one officially connected with the Young Men's Christian Association, to say that as the work which I began in Woburn ten years ago this evening, is near its end. I can think of no more fitting way than this to thank the young people of the churches represented in your Union, for the courteous—I might almost say, affectionate—regard which they have uniformly given me since I came to know them. And may I also say with the freedom of a parting word, that I am glad of your organization, and believe in its future. The concentration of many powers in the obedience of Christ is wise and lovely. I know of a Temperance Society which took for its motto the words, "For their sakes." Surely that is a grand lesson for young men to learn that the glory of our selfhood is to minister to others for whom Christ died. He who has been lovingly called "the chief of servants," teaches us that greatness in His kingdom is determined by the disciple's self-surrender to the will of God in ways of true and loving service of his neighbor. Hence I take the freedom to record my hearty trust that you and your associates may find in your new brotherhood more and more the opportunity of divine service among the young men of Woburn, and that for long years you may be one of God's methods of purity and righteousness and of the very spirit of Him who, though he was rich, yet "emptied himself" of all, to be our good. With sincere esteem I remain, dear friend,

Truly yours,  
W. S. BARNES.

Woburn, Jan. 15th, 1879.  
The State Committee of the Y. M. C. A. have decided to work in Woburn the first week in February.

THE NEW ADJUTANT-GENERAL.—Governor Talbot has appointed to the position of Adjutant General, with the rank of Major General, Lieutenant Colonel A. Hun Berry, of Boston, who has been Assistant Inspector General on the staff of Gov. Rice. He was born in Lynn in 1843, but for a year or two past has been a resident of Boston. He is a draughtsman and teacher of drawing, having recently been a teacher of drawing in the schools of Newton. His record in the militia is, private and First Sergeant of Co. I, 8th Regiment, in 1862; promoted to First Lieutenant and Adjutant, 15th of July, 1864; Major, 3d of August, 1874, discharged 28th of April, 1876; appointed Assistant Adjutant General, 6th of May, 1876, discharged 26th of December, 1876; reappointed January 8th, 1877, and discharged by the order which disbanded Gov. Rice's staff. His war record is as follows:—First Sergeant, Company I, 8th Regiment Massachusetts Volunteers, September 15, 1862; Second Lieutenant, 6th of May, 1863; First Lieutenant, 30th of May, 1863; discharged, 7th August, 1863. First Lieutenant of Eleventh Unattached Company, 10th May, 1864; discharged 15th August, 1864; Adjutant 8th Regiment, 10th August, 1864; discharged, 10th November, 1864. His service was largely in guarding prisoners and he saw but little actual service in the field. It is understood that Col. Berry is well acquainted with the tactics and is familiar with the rules and regulations of the militia.

SELECTMEN'S MEETING.—The second regular meeting was held on Thursday evening, Messrs Sampson, Cummings, Wyman and Spear absent. In the matter of the mandamus against the Town, the chairman was authorized to present a statement of the action of the Town to the Supreme Court, through G. W. Norris, Esq., counsel. A vote was passed to grant the Selectmen's room to the Phalanx, on the occasion of their ball on the 31st inst.

THE ICE CROP.—The ice was never better—clear as crystal and a foot thick on the average. Four of the Ice Co.'s houses were filled, a few days ago, in two days; that is less time than ever before. Last year the same work was done in two and a half days. R. Pickering & Co., at their new house, corner of Beacon and Sturges streets, have secured over three thousand tons of ice.

WORK.—Ladies will please read Miss Elkins' announcement under the heading of "work."

## A GRAND EXCURSION TO EUROPE.

Dr. Eben Tourjee, of Boston, is conferring a great boon on many Americans by arranging his grand European excursion, whereby it is possible to visit the Old World economically and in a manner to gain the best advantages possible of an extended round of travel among its museums, educational institutions, and places of the greatest historic and most romantic interest. He has just issued a prospectus for another grand tour to take place during the summer of 1879. He presents many attractions not included in last year's tour, it being found that much more advantageous arrangements could be made than during the Exposition year, when hotels and avenues of travel were naturally more crowded. The route is more extended and varied, and a longer time will be occupied in travelling. Several countries will be visited that were not included in last year's tour. There will be two separate tours, but the excursionists will be together in one of the largest and most elegant steamers of the Anchor Line, leaving New York June 28th. Lectures, readings, and other entertainments are to be given, under the supervision of O. B. Bruce (formerly Superintendent of Public Instruction at Binghamton, N. Y.), and concerts under the direction of Carl Zerrahn, during the ocean transit. The main tour will lie from Glasgow through the lake region of Scotland, with visits to Stirling Castle, Edinburgh, etc.; through England with stops at Coventry, Kenilworth Castle, Stratford-on-Avon, and nearly a week in London; Holland, with visits to Rotterdam, the Hague, Leyden, Haarlem and Amsterdam (a journey can be made through Belgium instead of Holland if preferred); to Cologne, up the Rhine, and to Biebrich, Wiesbaden, Frankfurt-on-the-main, Heidelberg, Stuttgart, Ulm, Augsburg, Munich, and other cities of Germany; through the romantic Austrian Tyrol and over the Alps by the Brenner Pass to Italy; thence to all the principal Italian cities, including Verona, Padua, Venice, Bologna, Florence, Rome, Naples (with excursions to Pompeii and Mount Vesuvius), Pisa, Genoa, Milan, etc., and also visit to the beautiful Italian lakes with a trip on Lake Maggiore; over the Alps again by the Simplon Pass into Switzerland, down the Valley of the Rhone to Martigny; thence over the Tete Noire Pass to Chamonix and Mont Blanc, and afterwards to Geneva, the Castle of Chillon, Lausanne, Fribourg, Bern, Thun, Interlaken, Lauterbrunnen, Grindelwald, the Falls of the Giessbach, Alpnach (over the Brunig Pass), Lucerne, the summit of the Pigi, Fluelen, back to Lucerne, and thence to Basle; through France to Paris, with a halt of nearly a week in the French capital, and thence back to London via Rouen, Dieppe and Newhaven. From London the excursionists will go either direct to Glasgow, or through Ireland to Londonderry to take the steamer.

The other tour goes over much of the same route but leaves out the Austrian Tyrol and Italy. In traversing the High Alps, too, it goes over a part of the St. Gothard road, and crosses the Furka Pass as well as the Tete Noire Pass. The price of tickets for the two tours are respectively \$500 and \$400. Dr. Tourjee has issued a pamphlet which he will send to any applicant.

INSTALLATION OF DR. MARCH.—The installation of Rev. Daniel March, D. D., will take place on Wednesday Evening, Jan. 22. The neighboring churches are invited, and the following clergymen, classmates of Dr. March in Yale College, will take part in the Installation service: Rev. H. M. Dexter, D. D., of Boston; Rev. J. M. Hoppin, D. D., of Yale College; Rev. Jonathan Edwards, of Granville; Rev. W. S. Leavitt, D. D., of Northampton; Rev. Daniel P. Noyes, of Wilmington; Rev. A. Houghton, of Berlin; Rev. Alexander McKenzie, D. D., of Cambridge; will preach on Thursday Evening, and Rev. Reuben Thomas, D. D., of Brookline, will preach on Friday Evening. Other clergymen will take part, and there will be appropriate music by Choir and Orchestra. The services will begin each evening, at half past seven o'clock. All are invited.

THE WEATHER.—Our very changeable weather puts to naught all calculation, except that of "Old Probs" or of those who study the weather reports daily. Tuesday was a model day for sleighing. The temperature—49° at noon—was about that of a spring day, and a thaw had begun. Sleighers were making the most of it not expecting such a day. But the powers of the air went to work, in their cool, quiet way, and by the next morning the thermometer had gone down to 6° or less; and at noon it was only 7° or 8°. The ice cutters will hail the change with pleasure and all others who derive either pleasure or profit from such snapping weather.

MONTHLY CONCERT.—The Congregational Sunday School held their monthly concert last Sunday evening, the orchestra conducting the music. Sketches of the lessons for the year were given by Messrs. Dodge, Davis, Esq., spoke, very stirring, in behalf of the pastor's Bible class, and the pastor made a closing address, in which he called upon the little ones to repeat some of the mottoes on the New Year cards which he had given them.

ANNUAL MEETING.—The annual meeting of the stock holders of the First National Bank was held on Tuesday evening. The following officers were elected:—President, E. D. Hayden; Vice President, John Johnson; Directors, E. D. Hayden, John Johnson, E. N. Blake, W. T. Grammer, J. M. Harlow, Jacob Brown, G. Place, E. L. Shaw, of Woburn, and Charles Brown, of Stoneham; Cashier, Joseph R. Green; Teller, George A. Day.

LOSS.—Mr. John H. Cummings lost a well trained English-setter dog last Tuesday noon. The noon train from Boston was coming to a standstill, at the Highlands, when Mr. Cummings' dog appeared on the track, just ahead of the engine. Before he could obey his master's call the cow-catcher caught him and he was thrown under his wheels.

Chew Jackson's best sweet navy tobacco.

## OPENING OF THE LIBRARY.

THAT our citizens have quite a literary side to them, like the inhabitants of New England towns generally, is evident from the jealous impatience with which they wait for the opening of their new library—as all are proud to call it. But the amount of labor involved in the preparation of sixteen thousand volumes for issue is not generally understood. Before the transfer of the books into the new building, eight thousand volumes—a library in themselves—made up of recent purchases, had accumulated in the rooms in the Bank Building. This rendered a new catalogue a necessity, before the entire collection could be thrown open to the public. A card catalogue, on quite a complete system, was begun in 1877, and worked upon for several months. Afterward, in order to hurry up matters, a book catalogue on a simpler plan, was begun last Fall. The classification of so many books, though after the simplest method, has been a work of much labor and attention to details. The titles have been written out on separate cards for the printer's use in setting up the book catalogue. When he returns the proof of each department it is compared title by title, with the books as they stand on the shelves and corrections are made. The corrected proof is then sent back to the printer, and a second proof is prepared and corrected as before, only more carefully. In addition to this labor the books have all been re-labelled, inside and out, and some hundreds of old labels, bearing the coats of arms and the autographs of persons of some note, have been carefully removed and re-placed elsewhere—to make room for the new labels. Mr. Champney thinks that, from first to last, every book of the sixteen thousand must be handled ten times, before the new library can be ready for the public. Sometimes a question arises as to the name of an author, which is answered only after considerable search. Allowing a half minute, on the average, for the handling of each book, the time consumed would amount to between five and six months. Hence if our worthy workers at the Winn Library open a few weeks hence, we may consider that they have not been a very unreasonably long time about it.

EXCURSION.—The Sunday School and Choir of St. Charles Church, availed themselves on Tuesday of the superior condition both of the sleighing and of the weather, by a grand excursion to Lowell. The happy excursionists, ninety-one in number, filled several barges. There was a little breakdown, just beyond Billerica, which necessitated the transfer of one barge load to a new conveyance. It was a rare day and the children appeared to be having a delightful time from first to last. A supper at St. John's Institute on the return of the excursionists in the evening, well rounded off the holiday.

Geo. P. Rowell & Co.'s American Newspaper Directory, for January, 1879, has made its appearance. The total number of periodical publications in the United States is 8,793 against 8,340 one year ago. There are 13 more daily and 307 more weekly newspapers than were reported in the edition for January, 1878. The total increase in the United States of all sorts is 363. The Centennial year, 1876, has been the only one within the period covered by the eleven annual issues of the Directory in which the number of publications has not increased.

MAN INJURED.—Last Saturday evening Mr. John Hughes, who lives on Conn street, heard a disturbance among his fowls, and going out found a man in the shed. The man not responding to his challenge, Hughes struck the intruder several severe blows on the head. A neighbor attracted by the noise, came on the scene and told Hughes that it was Johnny O'Brien who he was beating, when he desisted, and the young man was aided to reach his father's house. Hughes has been troubled by hen thieves, and is quite vigilant when any noise is made near his henhouse.

SHOE & LEATHER TRADE.—At the annual meeting of the N. E. Shoe & Leather Association held in Boston, on Wednesday, Hon. John Cummings was elected one of the Vice Presidents, and a member of the Committee on Credits; Lemuel Higbee, and Alexander Moseley were elected Directors. L. B. Harrington a member of the Committee of Arbitration. The report of the Treasurer, Mr. Daniel W. Wilcox, showed that the receipts during the year had been \$10,126.85, and the expenditures \$9,184.37, leaving a balance on hand of \$942.48.

PLEASANT SURPRISE.—Last Thursday evening, several friends of Dr. DeNoyer, presented him with a call and several presents, among them being a magnificent pair of seal skin gloves. A pleasant evening was spent, and at a late hour the Doctor's friends returned, feeling satisfied that he appreciated their friendship.

SHAWMUT BANK.—The Shawmut National Bank, of Boston, have elected the following officers:—John Cummings, Barnabas Davis, D. Waldo Salisbury, Prentiss W. Scudder, Leonard B. Harrington, Silas Potter, Horatio J. Gilbert, Charles C. Bills, Edward D. Hayden.

DRY GOODS.—All who like a large stock to select from, with the assurance of finding the latest styles and best quality, should read the new advertisement of Amos Cummings, where great bargains are offered.

How is it?—Last Saturday evening, a debating society at West Medford considered the subject—"Is the Mystic Valley Railroad (as projected), for the best interest of West Medford?"

Choice grades of coal now on hand at J. I. Munroe & Co.'s. Please give them a trial before purchasing. Also, all kinds of builders' materials in stock.

POLICE COURT.—James Welsh, drunk; \$3 and costs. Simon Joyce and Charles O'Connell, truancy; placed on probation until Feb. 18.

If you would please yourself and family, be sure and buy your Tea and Coffee at Smith's.

## Communication.

## HAZING.

MR. EDITOR:—Under the above title in your last issue, I saw one of the most outrageous impositions on common sense which it has been my fortune to meet. I have been connected with Harvard nearly four years, and I, or any student who has not had the wool pulled over his eyes till he can't see, will maintain that the abuses described are unknown and unheard of here. The writer of the passage referred to, was either troubled with nightmare, or his credulousness has made him the victim of a string of yarns told for his especial benefit. The gullibility of some people is beyond human comprehension. He says that outsiders hear very little of what goes on inside the college walls. The fact is, people are on the watch to learn everything that transpires in a community composed of the future flower of the nation. Strange that one poor little freshman is so well acquainted with practices which transcend in barbarism the trouble at Princeton College and Williston Seminary! Heathenish initiations, hazing, or anything like hazing, has been unknown here for the last six or eight years.

Cambridge, Jan. 14, 1879.

GOVERNOR'S STAFF.—Gov. Talbot has appointed the following staff:—Maj. Gen. A. Hun Berry of Boston, Adjutant General; Col. Isaac F. Kingsbury of Newton, Assistant Adjutant General; Col. Herbert E. Hill of Somerville, Assistant Adjutant General; Brig. Gen. Cornelius G. Attwood of Boston, Inspector General; Col. Edward G. Stevens of Clinton, Assistant Inspector General; Col. Frederick Mason of Taunton, Assistant Inspector General; Brig. Gen. Wilmon W. Blackmar of Boston, Judge Advocate General; Col. Henry G. Parker of Boston, Assistant Quartermaster General; Brig. Gen. William J. Dale of North Andover, Surgeon General; Col. Solomon Lincoln of Salem, Col. R. M. Pulsifer of Newton, Col. T. S. Johnson of Worcester, Col. S. Warriner of Springfield, Aids-de-Camp. Col. Parker is the editor of the *Saturday Evening Gazette*, and Col. Pulsifer is one of the proprietors of the *Boston Herald*.

G. A. R.—The monthly entertainment of Post 33, was given Thursday evening, in spite of the stormy weather. The programme consisted of a recitation, "Persevere," by John L. Parker; an original poem, "Evolution," by Dr. John Clough; an Ethiopian stump speech by Richard Plunkett; reading "Jimmy and the Owl," by Elmore A. Pierce; reading "The Last Banquet," by Thomas H. Hill; Jugglery with brass balls, knives and bottles, Lewis K. Swan, together with tricks by his trained dog Billy; song and dance by Richard Plunkett. The storm interfered with the length of the programme, four numbers being omitted on account of the absence of the performers, and also with the size of the audience, but the entertainment was enjoyed by those present.

MYSTIC VALLEY RAILROAD.—The annual meeting of the Boston & Mystic Valley Railroad Company was held in Boston on Wednesday. The stockholders voted that the directors be appointed a committee to examine the by-laws with a view of their revision, and report at an adjourned meeting two weeks hence. The board of directors postponed the election of officers to the same date, and appointed a committee of three to consider improvements in the by-laws and report to the adjourned meeting.

SLEIGHING.—In addition to the numerous private sleighrides that have been enjoyed this week, there have been several public ones. The trip to Lowell, spoken of elsewhere, and a trip to Georgetown to call on Father McClure, formerly of Woburn. Several others were projected for Thursday, but the fierce storm which raged all day, disarranged the programme. About eight inches of snow fell on that day, which gives us an abundance of snow, and when settled down will make good sleighing.

PARISH MEETING.—The annual meeting of the First Parish was called for Thursday evening. The severe weather prevented the attendance of more than a dozen persons. Mr. F. A. Flint was chosen Moderator, and the meeting was adjourned, without transacting any business, to meet two weeks from that evening, Feb. 3.

Charles G. Came, who has been an editorial writer on the *Boston Journal* for the past twenty-one years, died at Boston Highlands, on Thursday. Mr. Came was an easy, versatile and vigorous writer, possessing an ample store of information on a variety of subjects.

Few are aware of the importance of checking a cough or common cold in its first stage. That which in the beginning would yield to a mild remedy, if neglected, soon preys upon the Lungs. Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup affords instant relief. Price, 25 cents.

NEW HEADQUARTERS.—The new Republican headquarters will be formally opened this Saturday evening, at 8 o'clock. The rooms have been conveniently fitted for the purpose intended, and are at 180 Main street, the rooms formerly occupied by the Town Library.

E. D. West & Co.—The advertisement of the firm informs our readers where they can always find a full supply of the best fish and oysters at the lowest prices. By close attention to business and prompt delivery they merit a liberal patronage.

The Hackney man knows how it is:—Oh, the snow shovel, the useful snow shovel, Welcome alike at the palace and hovel! Scrapping out paths at the first dawn of light, Hattling across the bleak sidewalks at night!

Martin Bergin, the nineteenth Mollie Maguire to suffer the extreme penalty of the law, was executed in Pottsville, Penn. on Thursday.

The Woburn Dispensary will hereafter be open for the treatment of charity cases, from 9 to 10 A. M. only.

## West Woburn.

SLEIGHING.—Hose 3 went on a sleighride to the Milldam, last Saturday, and took supper at Gilman's dining rooms in Boston. Several other members of the Fire Department were with them, and as might be expected, all had a good time.

## Hurlington.

SLEIGHING.—Tuesday evening Messrs Charles and Edward Walker invited a few friends to a sleigh ride. The participants were merry souls, and a jolly time was the result. Before leaving town the party were entertained at Pine Hill Cottage by its felicitous proprietor. The crack of the whip sounded and we were all aboard for the Malden road. Crisp wit and punning jokes were indulged in. Apples and peanuts discussed. The old fashioned bells produced sweet music. "Harnden" was present with his violin, but *How 'ard* it seemed for him to exchange bow for bow. Over the tandem team Ed reined supreme, and "Grandfather's Clock," denoted "in the morning" when safely landed at the Navy. The ride was appreciated by all. Our feelings Wood have Ben nettled had our humorous visitor insisted on our remaining at home.

## Winchester.

G. A. R.—The installation of officers took place on Tuesday evening. A large number were present, including many comrades from Woburn. The new officers are as follows:—Geo. A. Hall, Commander; Admiral H. K. Thatcher, Senior Vice Commander; Sumner Carr, Junior Vice Commander; Dr. Winsor, Surgeon; Edwin Robinson, Chaplain; H. Parker, Jr., Quartermaster; S. C. Small, Adjutant; Michael Lyons, Officer of the Day; J. D. Callahan, Officer of the Guard. The Quarter-master Sergeant and Sergeant-Major have not been appointed yet. The Inspector of this district, Commander Howard of Post 57, was present. After the ceremony a rich repast was enjoyed by the members, during which, Past Commander S. C. Small gave a short but interesting historical address, in which he reviewed the past of the Post, and spoke of the prospects of the future. Commander Hall made an address of welcome to the members of the Woburn Post. After the supper there was an adjournment to the main hall above, where T. V. Sullivan, of Woburn, presided over a musical entertainment. B. F. Story, of Woburn, sang "Grandfather's Clock," "Marching '73 Georgia," and other pieces, giving much satisfaction.

CHURCH MEETING.—A meeting of the Congregational church was held on Monday evening, when it was decided to recommend to the Parish the settlement of Mr. Dickinson, of Andover Seminary. The Parish hold a meeting two weeks from next Monday evening.

SUPPER.—The Ladies' Christian Union gave a supper to the members of the Reform Club, on Thursday evening.

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Peterson's, for February. This long lived favorite magazine, sustains its well earned reputation and the wonder is how so much can be furnished at such a low price. The stories and novelties in this magazine are conceded to be the best published in any work of the kind, which its splendid engravings, fashion plates and patterns, gain the admiration of all who see them. Its instruction in fancy work, games and various amusements are alone worth the subscription price, with the improvement in financial and business affairs which marks the new year, we look for a large addition to the circulation of this leader in literature and wish it might be found in every home.

THE GOLDEN RULE.—The January number of the *Golden Rule* which has been changed from a weekly to a monthly has been received. This new candidate for public favor containing seventy-six pages, will be welcomed by the many admirers of the *Golden Rule* in the weekly form, and probably the change will be acceptable to all. It claims to be intended for the people, and not for a selected literary, artistic, or scientific class, but a magazine for the household and all its members. The January number opens with the first chapter of a new Adirondack story by the editor, whose former tastes of that wonderful region have been read with delight, by thousands. Among the illustrations are excellent portraits of the editor and Bayard Taylor; a sermon by Mr. Murray, and various contributions from prominent writers, help to make it a very acceptable family magazine



edition. The series of illustrated papers on "Old Flemish Masters" is concluded, to be followed next month by a paper on Rembrandt, the first of a similar series on the Dutch Masters. A very interesting biographical sketch of the late Rear Admiral Paulding—who was the last surviving officer engaged in the famous fight on Lake Champlain—is contributed by Commander R. W. Meade, U. S. N. Probably the most popular thing in the Number is Will Carleton's humorous and pathetic poem, "Our Travelled Parson," with three exceedingly happy illustrations by Abbey. The promised letters written by Mendelssohn to Madame Moscheles (edited by the latter), occupy over sixteen pages of the Magazine, one of which is given to a hitherto unpublished letter by the great composer, of which both the words and music are given. This song is itself worth the price of the Number. The letters are now published for the first time, and every line is precious to thousands of readers. Nothing could now be more timely than John Estlin Cooke's story, "Moonshiners"—the scene of which is laid in the mountains of Western Virginia, with two brilliant illustrations by Reinhardt. Mrs. Rebecca Harding Davis contributes a strong short tale, "A Story of the Plague." A new serial novel by Miss Muloch, entitled "Young Mrs. Jardine," is begun in this Number, and promise to be as interesting as the best of her previous stories. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps contributes a "Song," and Helen W. Ludlow a beautiful poem, entitled "A Picture and a Parable." In addition to the wonderful variety of literary and artistic attractions, we have in the five editorial departments a rich store of instruction and entertainment. Mr. Curtis, in the *Editor's Easy Chair*, gives us some novel glimpses of Old New York, and discusses the Gambetta duel, the Tell legends, and Mrs. Whitman's poems. The *Literary Record* occupies seven pages, giving a comprehensive review of recent books. The *Scientific and Historical Records* add their usual quota of useful information, and the *Drafter* is excellent. Horton tells it.

SHOE AND LEATHER REPORTER ALMANAC AND TRADE DIRECTORY FOR 1879.—The list of contents of this work, shows it to be of great value to all interested in the Shoe and Leather business, and the general reader will find in it much valuable information. Among the contents, are articles on the price of boots and shoes in England. The shoe product of France; French prohibition of leather goods; European Patent Leathers; Shoemakers' wages in England and France; Trade Directory of Leading Cities; Continental Dealers in American leather and hides, and a variety of other information of value to all who would keep informed in regard to this important branch of our national industry. Published at the office of the *Shoe and Leather Reporter*, No. 17 Spruce Street, New York.

THE BEST OF FAMILY BIBLES.—The Secretary of the American Bible Society recently remarked that in spite of the great number of Bibles annually sold in the United States, there are not half enough Bibles published. There are thousands of homes in our broad land in which not a single copy of the Sacred Scriptures is to be found.

Approaching this great need, the National Publishing Company of Philadelphia, Chicago, St. Louis and Dayton have issued one of the most attractive and superb editions of the Bible ever published, and with the liberality that has characterized all their enterprises have issued it in the most elegant styles of binding, and at prices which bring it within the reach of every family.

To the text of the Bible is added a series of remarkable and unusually attractive features, which render this edition invaluable to every Christian household. Foremost among these is Dr. Smith's Dictionary of the Bible, which is admitted by all denominations to be the best Bible Dictionary ever published. We have next a series of succinct and carefully prepared accounts of the various religious denominations of the world, their history and teachings. The Life of the Saviour and the Lives of the Apostles are brought forward prominently, and in such a manner as to be of great service to every reader of the New Testament. The Wanderings in the Wilderness, and the Tabernacle and Temple are critically and admirably described. A series of Scripture illustrations affords comprehensive explanations of the Manners and Customs of the Ancients, of Biblical Antiquities, Secenery, Natural History, etc. The City of Jerusalem is also described with great minuteness. Then follow a large number of chronological and other valuable tables, designed to promote and facilitate the study of the Sacred Scriptures. These tables are so numerous that we have not space to name them.

The book is magnificently illustrated with superb engravings by the great artist, Gustave Dore, and with a large number of exquisite steel engravings. Of course in a family Bible much depends upon the illustrations, and the publishers of this volume have embellished their Bible with a taste and liberality that deserve the highest praise. The additional matter contains over 2,000 beautiful engravings, executed in the highest style of the art. These engravings are genuine works of art, and were made at a cost of over \$30,000. The great number and high character of these engravings make this the most valuable art publication of the century.

The Family Record and Marriage Certificate are beautiful specimens of lithography and at the close of the volume is a handsome Photograph Album, with room for sixteen portraits, a very desirable feature in a work of this kind. Every intelligent person knows that the excellence of the binding of a book depends upon its neatness and durability. A Bible may be very showily bound, and yet put together so flimsily that it will come to pieces in a few years. Although covered with showy stappings, and apparently well bound, the work may be done in such a loose and unsatisfactory manner that with only ordinary handling the Bible will crack and finally fall to pieces. This Bible is made upon a very different plan. Only the best materials are used in its manufacture, and all the work is done by the best of workmen and the most highly improved machinery. Every stage of the work is carefully supervised. It would be impossible to devise a system by which greater care could be

given to the manufacture of a book, or by which the interests of subscribers could be more carefully guarded. The publishers realize the fact that a family Bible may be subjected to very hard usage, and must be bound substantially as well as handsomely. They are published in German also. We cordially commend this magnificent Bible to our readers. It is a shame that any Christian household should be without a Family Bible, and we commend this one as the most complete and the cheapest in the market. It is sold by subscription only, and Mr. T. A. B. Norris, who is the authorized agent for this section, is now canvassing for it.

A well known gentleman of this town had occasion to travel westward a week or two ago, while the snow embargo was in force on the railroads. As the train stopped in the vicinity of Niagara Falls, the gentleman alighted, and, finding that he had plenty of time, went to take a look at the ice gorge in the river. Returning to the depot, he entered the cars, which soon started off. He had ridden but a short distance when the conductor informed him that he was on the wrong train. The train was stopped, and a gentleman passing in a sleigh was asked to take our friend back to the depot, a distance of about two and a half miles. As the sleigh neared the depot the driver stopped his horse, with the remark, "that it was about time to collect the fare." His price was asked, and when again seated in the right car our townsman reflected that if he paid \$15 for every two and a half miles he rode he would soon become bankrupt, even if he was watchful.—*Waltham Record.*

Workingmen in Gunston, Va., have circumvented the hard times in a novel and successful way. A co-operative association furnishes its members with constant employment at fair wages, and they board in one large family house, and thereby reduce the cost of living about one-half. They have a large farm and garden, and are employed raising food, making clothing, erecting buildings, making roads and fences, cutting fuel and in house-keeping for themselves, producing with their own labor nearly all that is required to supply their wants and make them comfortable, with a considerable surplus, which they sell. Each member is required to save a considerable part of his wages. None of them have been idle a day during the past nine months.

A HORSE WITH AN EAR FOR MUSIC.—Deacon Elijah F. Woodward, father of Deacon Ebenezer Woodward, just deceased, was—says Rev. Dr. Furber, so regular in his attendance at the Friday evening meetings of the Old First Church, Newton Centre, that his horse, who had taken him there for many years, seemed to become familiar with the tune, "Old Hundred," to which the closing doxology was always sung, and immediately led the shed and moved to the door of the chapel, ready to receive the good old Deacon.—*Newton Journal.*

A lady in town having just finished sewing and fitting a hat carpet and spread it ready for putting down exclaimed: "There, now all the rest is plain sailing." A little eight year old standing near, who is evidently familiar with river parlance replied, "No it isn't mother, you have got to tack." That boy should be employed to make puns for some of the dailies.—*Medford Chronicle.*

"Do hogs pay?" asks an agricultural correspondent. We know of some that don't. They subscribe for a paper, read it a few years for nothing, and then send it back to the publishers, inscribed "Refused." Such hogs that pay nobody if they can help it.—*Wakefield Citizen.*

Ten tons of artificial ice are now being turned out daily in Jacksonville, Fla.

In spite of fannels, coughs and colds will make a lodgment in the system. But they are not tenants at will. You can dispossess them with Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar, in less time than it takes a sheriff to execute a writ. Sold by all druggists. Price's Kothache Drops cure in 1 minute.

**Married.**  
In San Francisco, Cal., Dec. 31st, by Rev. R. L. Harford, Mr. John R. Sims and Miss Laura J. Webster, all of Woburn. In Woburn, Jan. 14, by Rev. Owen Street, D. D., at the residence of the bride's mother, Mr. Arthur H. Clier and Miss Addie A. Mead, daughter of the late Artemus Mead.

**SAVE YOUR MONEY.**  
You need not buy expensive Fancy Boxes to get nice STATIONERY, as you can get all the nicer kinds by the quart at Dodge's Drug Store. Please call in and examine, so as to be prepared for your next purchase.  
G. S. DODGE, Apothecary.  
165 Main Street, near Bank Block.

**Died.**  
Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notices 10 cents a line.  
In Winchester, Jan. 12, Mrs. Almira Johnson, aged 80 years, 4 months.  
In Woburn, Jan. 13, Mr. Frederick Cook, aged 69 years, 1 month.  
In Woburn, Jan. 14, Patrick J. McGrath, of Lexington, aged 20 years, 6 months, and 15 days.  
In Woburn, Jan. 12, Miss Edna A. Walker, of Freeburg, Mo., aged 22 years, and 3 months.  
In Cedar Grove, R. I., Jan. 11th, Matilda Severs, formerly of Burlington, Mass., aged 75 years.

**WORK**  
In private families, wanted by a thorough and competent seamstress and dress maker. Work by day \$1.00. Work taken at shop as usual, shop open every Friday and Saturday.  
Miss C. G. ELKINS.  
Corner Pleasant & No. Warren Sts., WOBURN, MASS.

**NEW FISH MARKET.**  
198 MAIN ST., OPP. P. O.  
E. D. WEST & CO.  
All kinds of Fresh and Salt Fish, Oysters, Clams, and Lobsters in their season.  
Orders opened every day at the market.  
Orders called for and goods delivered in any part of the town.

**ICE. ICE.**  
The subscribers have just stored over  
**3000 TONS OF ICE**  
of a very superior quality, from the waters of Horn Pond, especially for Woburn and Winchester trade. No pains will be spared to give  
**ENTIRE SATISFACTION.**  
**R. PICKERING & CO.,**  
Ice Houses cor. of Beacon and Sturgis Sts., WOBURN.  
Office, 2 Wade Block, over Savings Bank.

# 1851. 1879.

## THE Woburn JOURNAL.

With the beginning of the new year the Journal will commence its  
**29th VOLUME.**

For more than a quarter of a century it has been a welcome visitor to the homes of Woburn, and of those in other places to whom the memory of the old town is dear. It has in the past taken a lively interest in all

**LOCAL AFFAIRS,**  
and will in the future keep up with the times, by urging and encouraging progress in every direction that will add to the wealth, importance or influence of the town.

The Journal is essentially a news-paper, and first of all it will continue to give

**ALL THE WOBURN NEWS,**  
together with that of surrounding towns, as it has been demonstrated that the people desire to have and will sustain, a paper which is a journal of the news about affairs in which they have a personal interest.

**THE STORIES**  
which are given each week constitute a feature of the paper and have always met with favor. Connected with the paper is an experienced book reviewer and his

**LITERARY NOTICES**  
have been highly commended, and they will be continued during the coming year. Our

**CORRESPONDENTS**  
are scattered all over the world, and contributions from their pens have added much to the interest of the Journal. Communications on any topic are invited, and

**ANY ONE**  
can secure the insertion of a letter in the Journal provided it is written in proper terms, and the writer's name given as a guarantee of good faith, on any subject, without regard to the position of the paper on that subject. Believing that there is nothing like discussion to bring out truth and that truth never fears the fullest scrutiny, it is the policy of the Journal to encourage discussion, and while it will continue to

**FEARLESSLY ADVOCATE**  
all such principles and measures as it deems important and essential to the public welfare, it will concede space upon its platform to any who see fit to differ, and admit that in argument as well as in other things test fittest shall survive.

Believing that whatever helps the Town helps the individual citizen, the Journal will always be found jealously guarding the honor of the Town against assaults and defamers, and earnestly seconding any efforts for public improvement or growth. The Journal will continue to be a live newspaper treating of

**LIVING ISSUES**  
With an independent pen, giving its readers the best selections from

**CURRENT LITERATURE**  
in the shape of stories, original and selected, sketches, paragraphs, &c., together with all the news, and discussions of current topics. The above has made and will maintain it as the

**Popular Newspaper of the Town**  
and this fact should assure the business men that it is the best

**ADVERTISING MEDIUM**  
they can possibly have. There is no better way to reach the people than through the newspaper, which is welcomed and read by every member of every family to which the paper goes.

**SUBSCRIPTION \$2 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.**  
**JOHN L. PARKER, PUBLISHER,**  
204 Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

**NEW GOODS**  
FOR  
**WINTER WEAR**  
AT VERY LOW PRICES,  
JUST RECEIVED BY  
**G. R. GAGE & Co., Merchant Tailors,**  
171 Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

**OVERCOATS**  
**MARKED DOWN**  
AT  
**CUSHING & BUCK'S**  
Those in want of an OVERCOAT, can find it here at wholesale prices the remainder of the Winter.

Also, a good line of CLOTHING of all kinds, GENTS' FURNISHINGS, HATS, CAPS, UMBRELLAS, CANES, &c.  
**ALL AT LOW PRICES.**  
**TROY LAUNDRY AGENCY.**

**174 MAIN ST., opp. Bank Building. CUSHING & BUCK.**  
**JOSEPH B. McDONALD & Co.,**  
DEALERS IN

**Lumber and Hay.**  
No. 111 MAIN STREET, WOBURN.

**Don't know**  
of any way better calculated to gladden the hearts of our lady friends, than to present them with one of those Light Running  
**"DOMESTIC SEWING MACHINES,"**  
which has attained the highest degree of excellence. It combines, with its remarkable simplicity and ease of running, great quietness of operation, with a wonderful range of work, self-adapting to light or heavy fabrics with equal perfection. Don't fail to examine it.

FOR SALE BY  
**A. GRANT,**  
**Merchant Tailor**  
AND DEALER IN  
**Gent's Furnishing Goods,**  
White Shirts made to order. Shirt Patterns cut from measure.

**169 Main Street, Woburn, Mass.**  
THE undersigned has been duly appointed assignee of the estate of George W. Kimball, of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, an insolvent debtor. The second meeting of the creditors of said debtor will be held at a Court of Insolvency, at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the twenty-seventh day of February next, at nine o'clock, in the forenoon, at which meeting creditors may be present and prove their claims.  
JOSEPH B. McDONALD, Assignee.

**MUSIC FOR 1879.**  
**Mason's Pianoforte Techniques!**  
By WM. MASON and W. S. B. MATHEWS. Price \$2.50. The most distinguished appearance for a number of years among books containing material for practice. Contains 200 Technical Exercises that can be expanded to many thousands. Also admirable explanations and treatises on Automatic Playing. It should be understood that it is not a book for beginners, but one to be used after, or in connection with such excellent instructors as RICHARDSON'S NEW METHOD, (33.25), MASON & HODLEY'S SYSTEM FOR BEGINNERS, (33.25), GRIEZE'S NEW ENGLAND CONSERVATORY METHOD, (33.25).

**MUSICAL RECORD, Popular Weekly Paper, \$2 a year.**  
**Clarke's Harmonic School for the Organ.** (33.00). By WM. H. CLARKE. A wonderful original and good Method for learning both to play and compose Voluntaries and Interludes. Also a splendid general instruction book for the Church Organ, (Reed or Pipe). Very popular books for the Reed Organ, (32.50), the EMERSON METHOD FOR REED ORGANS, (32.50), GRIEZE'S SCHOOL FOR PARLOR ORGAN, (32.50), and ROOT'S SCHOOL FOR CABINET ORGAN, (32.50).

**WANTED.**  
The public to know that S. T. Taylor's System of Dress cutting received the highest award at the Mechanics' Fair, exhibited and tested by MISS H. L. BUBBICK, and taught at  
**ROOM 8, 6 HAMILTON PLACE, BOSTON.**  
S. T. Taylor, established in 1870. OLD EST. MOST RELIABLE house in New England. Systems at regular prices.

**HAMBURG**  
WE SHALL OPEN TO-DAY A SUPERIOR ASSORTMENT OF  
**HAMBURG EDGINGS.**  
**Bargains at 5, 10, 12 & 25 cts.**  
**C. A. SMITH & SON.**  
177 MAIN STREET, WOBURN.

**PHOTOGRAPHER.**  
Mr. Turner IS NOT on Hanover Street, as represented, but IS AT  
**No. 6 WINTER STREET,**  
Finest and Best Studio in the State.  
Satisfaction guaranteed in every particular. Call and examine specimens.

**J. W. TURNER,**  
**No. 6 Winter Street, Boston.**  
C. WEBSTER JEFFERY, operator, late principal operator with Balch.  
**JOSEPH B. McDONALD,**  
DEALER IN

**COAL, WOOD, Charcoal,**  
Cement, Plaster, Lime.  
**No. 111 Main Street, Woburn.**

**EXTRAORDINARY CLOSING-OUT SALE**  
AT  
**CUMMINGS'.**

TO MAKE ROOM FOR OUR SPRING STOCK WHICH WE INTEND SHALL BE UNUSUALLY LARGE AND ATTRACTIVE, WE OFFER THE FOLLOWING REAL BARGAINS.

WATERPROOF, cost 87c and 91c, for 50 cts.  
MANCHESTER CASHMERE, cost 21c and 22c, for 15 cts.  
TABLE LINEN AND DAMASK, cost 75c & 87c, for 50 cts.  
FLANNELS, cost 10c and 12c, for 8 cts.  
DRESS CAMBRICS, cost 15c to 20c, for 8 to 10 cts.  
LINING CAMBRICS, the best, for 5 cts.  
SELICIA, the best, for 8 to 9 cts.  
PURE IRISH SHIRT FRONTS, fine and perfect, for 10 cts.  
Nothing like it for the PRICE.  
FINE CROCHET EDGING, 12 yard pieces, 13 cts.  
FINE CROCHET EDGING, wide, per yard, 2 and 3 cts.  
LIMERICK LACE, more desirable than Hamburgs, 12 yard pieces, 25 cts.

A few more  
**TRIMMED HATS AND BONNETS**  
(30 or 40) left, at one-half or less than cost.

In fact almost our entire stock at the above non-competitive prices. We sell

**LESLIE'S PATTERNS;**  
they are really the most reliable, and by far the cheapest in the market. We keep MATERIAL for making  
**POINT AND HONITAN LACE**  
so desirable at this time.

**WORSTEDS.**  
We assure you that WHITNEY'S is decidedly the best, in every respect. We challenge comparison. Price 12 cts. All colors.  
We keep WHITNEY'S importation of fine  
**SAXONY YARNS,**  
(Several grades.) There is but a limited demand for these finer yarns. EXAMINE THEM.  
**THESE INDUCEMENTS ARE MADE IN GOOD FAITH.**  
**WE SOLICIT INSPECTION.**

**ANNUAL CLOSING-OUT SALE.**  
Our regular Closing-out Sale of Goods previous to the commencement of the Spring trade, will commence  
**MONDAY, January 13, 1879, and continue for 30 days.**  
Our stock of  
**Fancy and Staple Dry Goods, Fancy Goods,**  
and all articles kept by us, was never so well assorted as at the present time, and at no previous sale have we ever made arrangements to offer such SPLENDID INDUCEMENTS as we shall offer at this time.

**TO HOUSEKEEPERS**  
In particular, who desire to purchase  
**Table Linen, Napkins, Towels, Bed Spreads, Blankets, &c.,**  
either for immediate or future use, we shall offer ATTRACTIVE PRICES to induce them to purchase during this sale. In  
**DRESS GOODS,**  
either SILKS, VELVETS, BLACK or COLORED CASHMERE, or the cheaper materials for ordinary wear, we shall make prices such as we have never made before, and we confidently believe they will be lower than ever before made in this town. In  
**DOMESTIC GOODS**  
we shall offer our entire line at a very small margin from the original cost. Prices on COTTONS, PRINTS, and all domestic goods, were never so low as now. And we believe that the prices we shall make on them will be lower than they can be bought in the future, of us, or any one. This mark down will include our entire stock.

**CORSETS, Underwear, Hosiery, Gloves, Ribbons, Laces, Woolen Goods, Embroideries and Dress Trimmings** of every description, with the single exception of a few leading staple articles which will afford no margin for reduction, but which will be found always the lowest in the market.

We call especial attention to our stock of  
**Hamburg Edges and Insertions**  
from one cent a yard upwards, and to our  
**FIVE-CENT COUNTER,**  
which is already a great success.

We also would announce to our customers that we have a fine assortment of desirable styles of Chinese and Japanese Stamping for Embroidery, also ordinary Stamping, for which we shall be pleased to receive their orders.  
As only a few leading articles can be mentioned in this Advertisement, we cordially invite everyone to visit our store during this sale, and inspect the WONDERFUL BARGAINS we shall show in every DEPARTMENT.

**JOHN P. FERNALD,**  
185 Main St. (Lyceum Hall Building),  
WOBURN, MASS.

**ESTABLISHED 1846.**  
**MARSTON'S DINING ROOMS.**  
FOR  
**LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,**  
23 & 27 Brattle Street, Boston.  
ROOMS TO LET by the DAY or WEEK.

**RYLE'S DIETETIC SALERATUS**  
PUREST-BEST-CHEAPEST!  
SOLD BY ALL GROCERS.  
JAMES RYLE, NEW YORK.

**SUCCESSFUL FOLKS.**  
Matthew Hale Smith's New Book.  
1000 prominent persons—men and women—awarded 250,000. Steel portraits of A. T. Stewart, V. Vanderbilt, and Andrew Carnegie. Sensation of the season. Now is the time for AGENTS to secure territory. Address for agency Geo. M. Smith & Co., 32 Hawley St., Boston, Mass.

**SWEET Chewing JACKSON'S BEST NAVY Tobacco**  
Awarded highest prize at Centennial Exposition for best chewing tobacco and snuff, and highest award of merit for quality and flavor. The best tobacco ever made. See our list of agents and prices. Free to C. A. JACKSON & Co., Mpls., Minnesota, Va.

**\$7 A DAY to Agents** canvassing for the Fire side Visitor. Terms and outfit free. Address P. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Maine.  
25 Chromo Cards, 50c, Cupids, Motives, Flowers, no alike, with name, Geo. Nassau Card Co. Nassau, N. Y.  
30 Fancy cards, Chromo, Snowflakes, &c.; no 2 alike, with name, 10 cts. J. Munkier & Co., Nassau, N. Y.  
40 MIXED CARDS, with name 10 cts. Agents outfit 10 cts. L. JONES & Co., Nassau, N. Y.

**To Advertisers.**  
Send for our latest List of Local Newspapers. Sent free on application. Address GEO. F. ROWELL & Co., 10 Spruce St., N. Y.



## Journal Club Column

Literary answers are sometimes quite witty. "Will you kindly put my fork into a potato?" asked a young lady of her table neighbor. "With pleasure," he responded; and piercing the potato, coolly left the fork extended from it. Again, we hear of a very polite and impressive gentleman who said to a youth in the street: "Boy, may I inquire where Robinson's drug store is?" "Certainly, sir," replied the boy, very respectfully. "Well, sir," said the gentleman, after waiting a while, "where is it?" "I have not the least idea," said the urchin. There was another boy who was accosted by an ascetic middle-aged lady with, "Boy, I want to go to D— street." "Well, ma'am," said the boy, "why don't you go there, then?"

Sometimes this wit degenerates into punning, as when Flora pointed pensively to the heavy masses of clouds in the sky, saying: "I wonder where these masses of clouds are going?" And her brother replied: "I think they are going to thunder." Also the following dialogue: "Hulloa, there! how do you sell your wood?" "By the cord." "How long has it been cut?" "Four feet." "I mean how long has it been since you cut it?" "No longer than it is now." And also, when Patrick O'Flynn was seen with his collar and bosom sadly begrimed, and was indignantly asked by an officer: "Patrick O'Flynn! how long do you wear a shirt?" "Twenty-eight inches, sir," he replied, with an air of inimitable drollery.

When a newly married widower passed a crowd who were standing on Fifth street, last week, one of the party remarked: "He waited a long time before he hitched on to his second wife, didn't he?"

"How long ago did his first wife die?" queried a subdued-looking stranger, who was standing near.

The party figured that it had been about four years.

"Too soon, too soon," mused the stranger; "if my wife should die I'd never get married again."

The moisture gathered in the stranger's eyes engulfed the crowd in a sea of sympathy, and when he bent his head and they saw the marks of a rolling pin behind her ear, and observed that several tufts of hair were missing from his scalp, they knew he meant what he said.—Fulton Times.

A lady was the mother of a bright little boy about three years old. The whooping cough prevailed in the neighborhood, and the mother became very much alarmed lest the little fellow had been put to bed and to sleep, a jackass was driven past the house, and when just opposite the building he set up his he-haw, he-haw. With a shriek the little fellow was out of his bed, and screaming at the top of his voice:—"The whooping is coming, mamma; the whooping cough is coming." He didn't catch it that time.

A man will sit up nights for a week, and do an enormous amount of thinking in the day time, and after penning his thoughts on a paper and rewriting them about half a dozen times, will burst into an editorial room about a half hour before going to press with "I don't know whether you can make it out or not, it was a little point that I hadn't seen noticed, and I just thought I'd scratch it off. Get it in this issue!"

Somewhere on the Cincinnati "Saturday Night" perpetrates the following: A policeman, who had offered his hand to a young woman and been refused, arrested her and took her to the station house. "What is the charge against this woman?" asked the Lieutenant. "Resisting an offer, sir," was the reply. She was discharged and so was the officer.

During a dense fog a Mississippi steamboat took landing. A traveller, anxious to go ahead, came to the unperturbed manager of the wheel, and asked why they stopped. "Too much fog. Can't see the river." "But you can see the stars overhead." "Yes," replied the urbane pilot, "but until the bull busts we ain't going that way." The passenger went to bed.

It was in a New Jersey Sunday-school. The superintendent approaches a youth of color, who was present for the first time, and inquired his name, for the purpose of placing it on the roll. The good man tried in vain to preserve his dignity when the answer was returned, "Well, massa calls me Cap'n, but my maiden name is Moses."

An editor wrote a leading article on the fair sex, in the course of which he said: "Girls of seventeen or eighteen are fond of beaux." When the paper was issued, he was rather shocked to discover that an unfortunate error had made him say: "Girls of seventeen or eighteen are fond of beaux."

"Man and wife are all one, are they?" said she. "Yes: what of it?" said he suspiciously. "Why, in that case," said his wife, "I came home awfully tight last night, and felt terribly ashamed of myself this morning." He said never a word.

Careful housewife, lifting shoe from soup tureen:

"La! who'd a thought baby's shoe would turn up in the soup. But I knew it wasn't lost. I never lost anything."

"Did you do nothing to resuscitate the body?" was recently asked a witness at a coroner's inquest. "Yes, sir, we searched the pockets," was the reply.

"Do you drink?" asked a lady of a pedler. He dropped his pack, and remarked "Yell, I shud lieve mit you as any other mans."

Extract from a romance: "With one hand he held her beautiful golden head above the chilling waves, and with the other called loudly for assistance."

"Nothing but leaves," said Eve, pleasantly, when Adam praised the taste shown in her new polonaise.

A punster challenged a sick man's vote at a city election on the ground that he was an ill legal voter.

"The 'tune the old cow died on,' is one much spoken of; but no one claims to know the key. It was beef flat.

PRAYING FOR THE PRESS.—The list of topics for "the week of prayer," which has just closed, included an unusual feature. For the first time since this plan of opening the year with a season of concerted prayer for specific objects was begun, the committee having in charge the selection of subjects included "the press" as one of the objects to be prayed for. On Friday the very large number of churches of the evangelical denominations throughout the country which observe this annual custom, must have united in petitions in behalf of the press, that its great influence may be exerted in the right direction and that those connected with it may have the Divine blessing upon their labors.

We cannot believe that those whose vocation it chances to be to express their own opinions and mould those of their readers through the agency of type and paper, will be indifferent to this manifestation of interest and sympathy on the part of the Christian community, or will treat it with levity. Journalism is a profession which has peculiar temptations and peculiar responsibilities, and there are a few departments of labor in which a broad and enlightened conscience is more needed, or in which the absence of conscience is more seriously felt. Not only the secular press, but journals and magazines of all classes, and the wide range of books as well as included in the scope of the petitions which the churches have offered. The printed page—be it of paper, magazine or book—is the silent but almost omnipresent teacher of the mind and morals. Its influence is as subtle as it is pervasive, and it is exerted in a wrong direction, its power to injure and debase is almost incalculable.

The churches have taken of late quite generally to discussing the scope and power of the press, and the plans which suggest themselves for Christianizing and elevating it. A good many ideas which have been developed in this connection are crude and impracticable enough, and spring from an entire misapprehension of the conditions of the problem. The secular press is not to be transformed by a sudden wrench into a religious press. The work of the daily newspaper is not in the field of theology or ethics, but among current news and opinion. The experiment of running a daily newspaper on a distinctly religious or sectarian basis was never yet a success, and some papers, started with that intent, have not survived their first issue. No daily paper can live in which the readers can detect some ism or doxy between the lines. But what the Christian community may well pray for, and what, if it chooses, it has a right to demand and chance to secure, is that the secular press shall put itself on the side of good morals and right living, and that it shall not cater to low and depraved tastes. And after the Christian community has prayed for this object, it can go to work to answer its own prayers by discountenancing and strenuously opposing the circulation of journals whose tendency is obviously in the wrong direction. The papers which feast on crime and horrors, which serve up domestic scandals with every sensational accompaniment of detail and headline, and which delight in anonymous slanders and innuendoes and assaults on character—these papers are pretty clearly known, and their character is understood. The good Christian people who were praying for the press on Friday, are there any of them who are in the habit, in a quiet way, of buying and reading these very papers? Then there are the flashy, illustrated papers for youth, villainous sheets which tread closely on the obscene, and the novels of love and intrigue which are multiplied by ten thousand—are the churches awake to the work they have to do in counteracting or suppressing them? It is a good thing that the churches have begun to discuss these matters; it is a better thing that they have taken to praying over them; it will be best of all when they follow up their prayers with well-directed work.

LOVE AND BALD HEADS.—No one who looks down from a gallery in a church, upon a devout and God-like congregation, can fail to notice how prone the Christian is to the loss of his hair. Piety and baldness seem to go together, that the head of the believer might be a shining light, a city on the hill. And yet if one goes to a Godless theatre, the same thing is observable. Worldliness is as bad as piety. The bloated capitalist and the horny-handed son of toil are equally liable to bareheadedness on the top of the head. And this, too, in the face of the fact that proud science has long wrestled with this problem, and inventions innumerable announce themselves as causing a luxuriant growth of hair. Baldheadedness, however, does not impair a man's value in the ordinary affairs of life. He can buy or sell, insure, run a bank, or accept an office, with not enough hair on his head to make a first-class eyebrow; but when it comes to making love to a girl it is very much in the way. There is a great deal of capillary attraction in love. Girls adore a handsome suit of glossy hair. It is lovely. And when a lover comes to woo her with the top of his head shining like a greased pumpkin, he is at a disadvantage. Just as the words that glow and the thoughts that burn begin to awaken in her bosom a sympathetic thrill, she may happen to notice two or three flies promiscuously over her penological organs—and all is over. Girls are so frivolous. She immediately becomes more interested in those flies than in all his lovely language. While he is pouring out his love and passion she is wondering how the flies manage to hold on to such a slippery surface.

CAN ANY ONE TELL?—Can any one tell why men who cannot pay small bills, can always find money to buy liquor, and treat when among friends?

Can any one tell why young men who are always behind with their landlords, can play billiards night and day, and always be ready for a game of cards when money is at stake?

Can any one tell how men live and support their families who have no income and no work, when others who are industrious are half starved?

Can any one tell why four-fifths of the young women prefer a brainless fop under a plug hat, with tight pants and a short coat, to a man with brains?

Can any one tell why it is that some mothers are ready to sew for the distant heathen,

when their children at home are ragged and dirty?

Can any one tell how a man who is always complaining that he cannot afford to subscribe for the village newspaper, and from week to week borrows it of his neighbors, can afford to attend every ball and entertainment given in the village halls?

NEW ENGLAND SCHOOL NOTIONS.—Do those people who are sighing for a departure from the present school system realize what results might follow? I think not. I don't believe they are prepared for the awful consequences which would follow a departure from the monotony of text books and stereotyped class examinations. They must know that the moment you treat a pupil in school hours as if he was not a prisoner, he will at once kick up a rebellion and forget his books.

Children are sent to school to learn; we all know that. Certain eminent men have been called upon, or have called upon themselves to compile geographies, arithmetics, spelling-books, readers, etc., for instruction of school children. It follows as a matter of necessity, that pupils have no business to learn anything except from those books. If a teacher should take it into her head to explain to the pupils the difference between poetry and blank verse, or explain any interesting question in natural history, she should be severely reprimanded, because none of the school books refer to such things.

The other day I met a bit of a girl going to school with tears in her eyes and Sanders' new speller in her hand. She could spell, but Sanders had told her, and her teacher cautioned her, to commit to memory the fact that "Words are either primitive, derivative, simple or compound." The child didn't know know whether the word "primitive" meant twin hitching-post or fire alarm, and when I asked the meaning of the word "compound" she looked from an apple-peddler's wagon to a lamp-post and back, as if the significance of the word hovered between the two. I didn't explain to assist her, of course. Because Sanders put that sentence in his Speller it followed that pupils must learn it, even though their teachers could not write it down and spell all the words correctly. That same little girl, hardly 10 years of age, must learn from the same book that "indorse is one that indorses," and that "an appeller is one who appeals," and while she may learn the words by heart she will know their meaning just about as much as her teacher knows why Lake Michigan is longer than it is broad.

Around the corner they buried a 14-year old boy the other day. He didn't die of scarlet fever or any other pronounced disease. In fact the doctor never made up his mind what to call it. The boy became pale, haggard and thin, suffered much with his head, and in his last hours he talked wildly and strangely.

"He was a good boy, and studied so hard," wept his mother, and I took a look at the dead boy's school books. He had been studying mathematics, history, orthography, writing, natural philosophy, and two or three other things, and when his mother "came to remember" she recalled that his lessons kept him at his books from breakfast till 9 o'clock in the evening, that she had sometimes caught him working mathematical examples on the Sabbath, in order to be "perfect" on Monday. I soon found where he left off in his arithmetic. It was an example reading as follows: If A has ten oxen which weigh 800 pounds each, and B fourteen mules which weigh four times as much, and one-third of the mules fall into a mud hole, and four of the oxen lose their left ears, what will be the weather next week?

I did not say that this example killed the boy. If it did, all right. It was there to be learned, and he must learn it or die. Just imagine how utterly unfit that boy would have been to society and business circles without being able to answer such examples off-hand!

I was talking with a school teacher the other day who would certainly come to some bad end if he does not change his opinions. He had the audacity to hold that children went to school not as prisoners, but as pupils, the social equals of teachers, but obeying orders because realizing that discipline advanced the interests of all. He held that it mattered not how the pupils learned that Michigan was bounded on the south by Ohio and Indiana, so long as they came to a distinct knowledge of the fact, and he therefore said to his young class in geography:

"Now children, the President of the United States used to live in Ohio, and Senator Morton, now dead, lived in Indiana. Tell me in which direction those two States lie from Michigan."

It is very wrong in him, but the pupils take great pleasure in hunting out the answer. No pupil should be allowed to search for any answer not laid down in the text books. This teacher set another awful example. Right in the face of the fact that there is a school-reader containing the history of William Penn and the adventures of Mary's little lamb, he takes a newspaper or magazine into his schoolroom and says:

"Now, children, I shall let one of you read this report of recent excavations at Pompeii. Before we read let some one tell me where Pompeii is?"

"In Italy," is the answer.

"And what happened the city?"

No answer because it is not down in their readers.

"It was buried by ashes and mud from an eruption of Mt. Vesuvius," he said, "and now where is that mountain?"

"In Italy."

"Correct, and it again shows signs of an eruption. We will now read."

In an half hour, not only one class but the whole school has learned geography, history, natural philosophy and something of art to relate what was read, to discuss it, and perhaps to learn new facts. However, it is wrong, very wrong. What is to become of our children if we permit such things?—M. Quad.

"I'm pooling my issue," as the Irish woman said when she washed her children in a mud puddle.

Shouldn't "Bachelor's Halls" be built without eels? Answer by postal.

A TALK TO BOYS.—Did you ever know a boy, when he began in earnest to work for a living who ever had wages enough? Somehow salaries and wages never do keep pace with each other. There are not many, who, like an old philosopher, can walk along the streets of a gay city and note the tempting wares set out on every side, and yet say, how many things there are that I do not want! Yet if you can get a little into this way of looking at the luxuries of life, it will be a great help to your peace of mind. And it is a very singular fact that most fortunes have been laid on small foundations. A great merchant was accustomed to tell his many clerks that he laid the foundation of his prosperity when he used to chop wood at twenty-five cents a cord. Whenever he was tempted to squander a quarter he would say, "There goes a cord of wood." He learned in early years a lesson in practical economy.

An old woman had been for many years hanging about the wharves where vessels were loaded and unloaded in New York, intent upon picking up the grains of coffee, rice, etc., that were by chance scattered on the piers. The other day she was badly hurt by some heavy bags of grain falling on her. The kind merchant took up a purse for old Rosa and sent her to her home in Hoboken, in charge of an officer. What was his surprise to find that the neat and handsomely furnished cottage was the property of the grain picker? She had literally built her home, grain by grain. Do not be discouraged, though your profits are small. If you cannot increase the income, the only way out of the difficulty is to cut down the wants. Turn every grain to the best account, and as prices go you will be able to get a vast amount of real comfort out of a small income. The habits you are forming are also of the greatest importance, and may be made the foundation stones of a great prosperity.

A JUST REBUKE.—I once heard the anecdote of Judge Parsons (said the Rev. James Freeman Clarke), the great Massachusetts advocate and lawyer. It is said that, being about to try a mercantile case, he ordered a jury to be summoned, and among the names was that of Col. Thomas H. Perkins, the leading merchant of Boston in that day, and a personal friend of Judge Parsons. When the officer made his return, he laid down a \$50 bill before the Judge.

"What is that?" said Parsons.

"Col. Perkins says he is very busy indeed to-day, and prefers to pay his fine."

"Take that back to Col. Perkins," said the Judge; "and tell him to come here at once, and if he refuses, bring him by force."

When Col. Perkins appeared the Judge looked sternly at him and said, "What do you mean, sir, by sending money when you are summoned to sit on this jury?"

"Perkins says he is very busy indeed to-day, and prefers to pay his fine."

"Fitting out a ship for the East Indies, sir!" shouted the Judge; "and how happens it that you are able to fit out a ship for the East Indies?"

"Your honor, I do not understand you."

"I repeat, then, my question, how is it that you are able to fit out a ship for the East Indies? If you do not know, I will tell you. It is because the laws of your country are properly administered. If they were not, you would have no ships. Take your seat, sir, with the jury."

VEGETINE  
An Excellent Medicine.  
SINGERSFIELD, Ct., Feb. 28, 1877.

This is to certify that I have used VEGETINE, manufactured by H. R. Stevens, Boston, Mass., for Rheumatism and General Prostration of the Nervous System, with good success. I recommend VEGETINE as an excellent medicine for such complaints.

Yours very truly,  
C. W. VANDERGRIFT.

Mr. Vandegrift, of the firm of Vandegrift & Huff, is a well-known business man in this place, having one of the largest stores in Springfield, Ct.

Our Minister's Wife.  
LOUISVILLE, Ky., Feb. 16, 1877.

Dear Sir:—Three years ago I was suffering terribly with Inflammatory Rheumatism. Our minister's wife advised me to take VEGETINE, and I took one bottle. I was entirely relieved. This year, feeling a return of the disease, I again commenced taking it, and in a few days I was cured. It also greatly improves my digestion.

Respectfully,  
Mrs. A. BALLARD.

Safe and Sure.  
MR. H. R. STEVENS.

In 1872 your VEGETINE was recommended to me; and under its persistent use I rapidly recovered, gaining more than usual health and good feeling. Since then I have not hesitated to give VEGETINE my most unqualified endorsement as being a safe, sure, and powerful agent in promoting health and restoring the wasted system to new life and energy. VEGETINE is the only medicine I use, and as long as I live I never expect to find a better.

Yours truly,  
W. H. CLARK,  
120 Monterey Street, Allegheny, Penn.

VEGETINE  
The following letter from Rev. G. W. Mansfield, formerly pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church, Hyde Park, and at present settled in Lowell, Mass., is a true and reliable statement of the wonderful curative qualities of VEGETINE as a thorough cleanser and purifier of the blood.

HYDE PARK, Mass., Feb. 16, 1876.

Dear Sir:—About ten years ago my health failed through the depressing effects of dyspepsia; nearly a year later I was attacked by typhoid fever in its worst form. It settled in my back, and took the form of a large deep-seated abscess, which was fifteen months in gathering. I had two surgical operations by the best skill in the State, but received no permanent cure. I suffered great pain at times, and was constantly weakened by a profuse discharge. I also lost small pieces of bone at different times.

Matters ran on thus about seven years, till May, 1874, when a friend recommended me to go to your office, and talk with you of the virtues of VEGETINE. I did so, and by your kindness passed through your manufactory, noting the ingredients, &c., by which your remedy is produced.

By what I saw and heard I gained some confidence in VEGETINE.

I commenced taking it soon after, but felt worse from its effects; still I persevered, and soon felt it was benefiting me. In due season, I felt I did not see the results I desired till I had taken it faithfully for a little more than a year, when the difficulty in my back was cured, and for nine months I have enjoyed the best of health.

I have in that time gained twenty-five pounds of flesh, being heavier than ever before in my life, and I was never more able to perform labor than now.

During the past few weeks I had a severe work-week ending as large as my first year on another part of my body.

I took VEGETINE faithfully, and it removed it level with the surface in a month. I think I should have been cured long ago, and for nine months I have enjoyed the best of health.

Let your patrons troubled with scrofula or kidney disease understand that it takes time to cure chronic diseases; and if they will patiently take VEGETINE, it will, in my judgment, cure them.

Yours very truly,  
G. W. MANSFIELD,  
Pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

VEGETINE  
Prepared by  
H. R. STEVENS, Boston, Mass.  
Vegetine is Sold by all Druggists.

## IMPORTANT LETTER

From a Distinguished Physician.

NO single disease has entailed more suffering or hastened the breaking up of the constitution than Catarrh. The source of much of the suffering, of hearing, the human voice, the mind, one or more and sometimes all yield to its destructive influence. The poison it distributes throughout the system attacks every vital force, and breaks up the most robust of constitutions. Ignored because but little understood by most physicians, it is properly assisted by quacks and charlatans, those suffering from it have little hope to be relieved of it this side of the grave. It is time, then, that the popular treatment of this terrible disease be remedied within the reach of all passed into hands at once competent and trustworthy. The new and hitherto untried method adopted by Dr. Sanford in the preparation of his Catarrh Cure has won my hearty approval. I believe it likely to succeed when all the usual remedies fail, because it strikes at the root of the disease, viz, the acrid blood, while it heals the inflamed membrane by direct application to the nasal passages. Its action is based on certain fixed principles, and its vital force is too far exhausted, must, in the great majority of cases, effect a cure.

GEO. REARD, M. D.  
ROBSONT BLOCK, SO. FRANKLIN ST., OCT. 1, 1874.

## SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE

MAY safely claim to be one of the few popular remedies receiving the approval of medical gentlemen, who, in private, not only freely recommend it but use it in their families in preference to any of the preparations usually prescribed by Physicians.

"You are aware," said a distinguished city physician, "that my obligation to the Mass. Medical Society is such that I cannot publicly recommend any medicine that we never sold a sufficient quantity of to relieve the use of it myself, after a trial of the Catarrh Cure, I have been so favorably relieved of it, and presume I have sent to your store no less than one hundred of my patients for it."

## UNIVERSAL SATISFACTION.

GENTLEMEN.—We have sold SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE for nearly one year, and can say with confidence that we never sold a sufficient quantity of to relieve the use of it myself, after a trial of the Catarrh Cure, I have been so favorably relieved of it, and presume I have sent to your store no less than one hundred of my patients for it."

Each package contains Dr. Sanford's Improved Catarrh Cure, and full directions for use, in all cases. Price, \$1.00. For sale by all wholesale and retail druggists and dealers throughout the United States and Canada. W. E. CLARK, General Agent and Sole Distributor, Boston, Mass.

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As a grand curative and restorative agent is not equaled by any element or medicine in the history of the healing art. Unless the vital spark has fled from the system, and the body is in a state of complete prostration, it is the last resort of all physicians and surgeons, and has rescued thousands, apparently dead, from an untimely grave, when no other human agency could have succeeded. This is the leading curative element in this Plaster.

## BALSAM AND PINE.

The healing properties of our own fragrant balsam and pine and the gums of the East are well known to require description. Their grateful, healing, soothing, and strengthening properties are known to thousands. When combined in accordance with late and important discoveries in pharmacy, their healing and strengthening properties are increased twofold. In this respect our Plaster is the best in the world without the aid of electricity.

## TWO IN ONE.

These combined, we have two grand medicinal agents in one, each of which performs its function and utterly produce more cures than any liniment, lotion, wash, or plaster, ever before compounded in the history of medicine. Try one.

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## HALE'S HONEY OF HOREHOUND &amp; TAR

FOR THE CURE OF Coughs, Colds, Influenza, Hoarseness, Difficult Breathing, and all Affections of the Throat, Bronchial Tubes, and Lungs, leading to Consumption.

This infallible remedy is composed of the HONEY of the plant Horehound, in chemical union with TAR-BALM, extracted from the LIFE PRINCIPLE of the forest tree ABIES BALSAMAE, or Balm of Gilead.

The Honey of Horehound SOOTHES AND SETTLERS all irritations and inflammations, and the Tar-BALM CLEANSSES AND HEALS the throat and air-passages leading to the lungs. Five additional ingredients keep the cure cool, moist, and in healthful action. Let no prejudice keep you from trying this great medicine of a famous Doctor, who has saved thousands of lives by it in his large private practice.

N.B.—The Tar-Balm has no BAD TASTE or smell.

PRICES 50 CENTS AND \$1 PER BOTTLE. Great saving to buy large lots.

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NOTICE.  
The subscribers wish to give notice that they are prepared in connection with their Son and Furnace business, to do all kinds of Plumbing in a workmanlike manner and at short notice.

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Economy of Food,  
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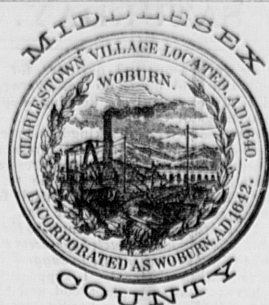
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SPANISH CHOLERA REMEDY.  
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We, the undersigned, most cheerfully bear witness to the efficacy of the Cholera Remedy, put up and sold by Mr. S. Spaulding. We have experienced the greatest benefit from it, when other remedies have failed to afford us relief. It is our firm conviction that the mixture is fully able to cope with any case of Cholera, Dysentery, or Bilious Complaint.

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THROAT AND LUNG DISEASES.  
Hours from 11 to 3. Residence, WILMINGTON.

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Sales of Real and Personal Estate according to order on reasonable terms. Orders left at the JOURNAL office, Woburn, promptly attended to.

E. PRIOR,  
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Office, 89 Court Street, - - Boston.  
Orders left at H. P. Smith's Tea Store, 154 Main street, Woburn, will receive prompt attention.

### Musical.

Miss J. J. Campbell,  
desires a few pupils on the  
PIANO FORTE.  
and will also teach THEORY. Terms reasonable to suit the times. For particulars call at her residence,  
No. 70 Main Street, near Green St.

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Livery, Hack & Boarding  
STABLE,  
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OFFICE—Under Post-Office. Residence—Winn St.  
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ley, Chelsea.

E. C. COLOMB,  
TAILOR,  
Church Street, - - Winchester.  
Having had many years experience as a Practice  
Tailor, in some of the best tailoring establishments in  
the country, he offers his services to the citizens of  
Winchester, and will guarantee satisfaction to al-  
ways favor him with their custom.

### HALL TO LET.

Post 33, G. A. R., having recently leased the Hall  
No. 194 Main St., Woburn (Fox Building), it being  
the second Hall in size in town, and fitted up with  
the same with two large ante rooms and all modern con-  
veniences, will let to responsible parties on reason-  
able terms. Inquire of Trustees, JOHN L. PARK-  
ER, NEWELL Z. TABOR, T. MARVIN PARK-  
ER.

CHILDREN'S SHOES,  
Wear twice as long with either the  
SILVER  
OR "A. S. T. & Co."  
BLACK TIP,  
UPON THEM.

### Poetical Selection.

#### BAYARD TAYLOR.

Dead he lay among his books,  
The peace of God was in his looks.  
As the statues in the gloom  
Watch o'er Maximilian's tomb.  
So those volumes from their selves,  
Watched him silent as themselves.  
Ah, his hand will nevermore  
Turn their storied pages o'er;  
Nevermore his lips repeat  
Songs of theirs, however sweet.  
Let the lifeless body rest,  
He is gone who was his guest—  
Gone as travelers haste to leave  
An inn, nor tarry until eve.  
Traveler, in what realms afar,  
In what planet, in what star,  
In what vast aerial space  
Shines the light upon thy face?  
In what gardens of delight  
Rest thy weary feet to-night?  
Poet, thou whose latest verse  
Was a garland on thy heave,  
Thou hast sung with organ tone  
In Deukalion's life thine own.  
On the ruins of the past,  
Blooms the perfect flower at last.  
Friend—But yesterday the bells  
Rang for thee their loud farewells,  
And to-day they toll for thee  
Lying dead beyond the sea—  
Lying dead among the books  
The peace of God in all thy looks.  
H. W. Longfellow.

### Selected Story.

#### GALLOWSES.

"Hush, Liz! Don't stir the fire! It'll last as long as she does. Let her rest!" Liz left the chimney and crept back to her place beside the almshouse keeper's wife. The faint spark of life they had been watching since the dull winter night closed in was flickering still, though the old creaked clock had just tolled one, and the wood on the queer black andirons had dropped into embers on the hearth.

"It's slow work," whispered the keeper's wife. "We might slip down stairs for a cup of something warm while she sleeps, and never be missed," and the two stole noiselessly from the room. The dull crackling of a brand as it broke and fell on the hearth was the only sound left behind them; but the eyes the keeper's wife had said were sleeping, slowly unclosed—soft brown eyes and a fair young face—how had they ever come into such a place? A slender hand busied itself tremblingly at a ribbon that had escaped the sleepy watcher's eyes—a ribbon with something hanging from it that gleamed in the flicker from the hearth, and a voice called softly, "Phil!"

A child stirred in its sleep, then rose and came quickly to her side.

"My darling! Kiss me good-night once more! It is the last time, and be quick," for the kitchen door below creaked again—the keeper's wife and Liz were coming back.

"Good-night, my darling," and the trembling fingers fastened the ribbon round his neck, "and remember! Be always good and brave for my sake and for the dear Christ's."

"They're neither of 'em stirred," whispered the keeper's wife. "We might have had another cup and no one the wiser."

One by one the dark winter days slipped away; grass and violets began to appear; every one felt like beginning life over again, and so did Miss Judith Pophurst, with the rest. It took a good deal to stir Miss Judith to such a point, but when she once did make up her mind to anything she was ready for it; and she marched with a firm step to her bureau drawer. There were queer things in that bureau; it seemed to have the same taste for old ways as Miss Judy herself, and out came a long, yellow straw bonnet that poked a hand's length over her face, a round silk mantilla that reached just to her waist, a peaked, green parasol and a pair of black lace mitts. There was something else, too, that glittered as she lifted the mantilla, and Miss Pophurst shut the drawer very quickly when she saw that. That was Tom's sword. How proud she had thought all her life was going to be with Tom—just the same as a son to her; but when at last that endless war was over, his colonel sent his sword home to Miss Pophurst, and that was all.

Miss Judith was a quick walker, and that yellow straw and peaked parasol flashed along the sidewalk like the turn of a kaleidoscope, till the rap of the sharp knuckles gave the almshouse keeper's wife a start.

"Miss Pophurst!" she announced grimly. "I heard you had a boy here."

"The land's sake, yes; and have had, as you might say, for some months past."

"Do you want him?" asked Miss Pophurst, crisply, with a snap of her black eyes.

The keeper's wife answered with a significant little cough.

"Then I do," said Miss Pophurst stepping in with one foot. "I want some one to take care of my cow, and—a glitter from the hastily shut drawer seemed to tremble before Miss Judith's eyes as she added—"and to love."

The next day was a busy one with Miss Judith Pophurst; she had made up her mind again.

"That child's going to have decent clothes to his back! Ridiculous toggery he's got on! And the boards of the attic floor creaked, as with lips drawn very tight she marched over to a trunk that had not been opened since Tom went to the war. Her fingers trembled, but what she had to do she would do quickly, and almost before the creak had died away she was seated in

her rocking-chair again with one of Tom's full-grown suits in her lap, and a paper pattern she had used for him twenty years before in her hand.

She shook a thread of bright golden hair out of her scissors and began to rip; for sensible clothes and curls did not go together, and she had been shearing them off until only a bristling little thickness of tawny white was left in their place. She drew her chair softly a little nearer to the bureau drawer: it was so hard to see anything that had been Tom's falling in bits; but some things the keeper's wife had said seemed keeping time with her scissors as they went.

"You see, ma'am, it's what might be called a providential accident, the snow storm coming on and the stage going no further, and so that young thing being thrown on our hands that night. She was looking for her own folks, that was plain; for she kept whispering to herself, 'I must see him to-morrow, for my child's sake!' and her very last breath was to cry out entreating like and sudden, 'Father!' But this being an inconvenient world, altogether not the best, why you see by daylight she had taken a journey quite another way."

Summer days are long, but they slip away after all, and the evening came when Miss Pophurst's precious cow came home with a twig of crimson maple leaves hanging from her mouth, and the next day the Elm Tree School mustered its deserters and began again.

"It is just as well," mused Miss Judith, standing at the window with a broom in her hand and proud satisfaction in her heart, as she watched her new charge hurrying toward the school; "the boy has such an uncommon hankering to find some company of his age. That always was a handsome pattern for pants, too; so good and slack in the seat and square at the ankles—if I could only cure him of that trick of hitching at the waist-band, though."

That was a hard school, as everybody knew. They had turned out their last two masters and were just ready for a third, though for once it did not seem quite certain who would come out first best. "Sets up to be a little extra," laughed Sam Herberton, the tallest and stoutest rebel of last year, but there was only an uneasy echo of his laugh. The new master had been staying a week at Squire Phillips's Venetian-blinded, porticoed house, that no one out of ten of the boys had ever seen the inside of, and the Squire was a trustee in the bargain.

"Yes," added another tall rebel, Hal Phillips himself, "and he told my father he intended to stay in that school-room, and that if any one left, it would be the first boy that didn't behave himself."

There was another uncomfortable pause, and Sam turned from the stump he was kicking. "And what did the Squire say to that?" "You get out!" I suppose," he returned with a half-laugh.

Hal's eyes flashed. Everybody knew the Squire had been a sea captain for half a lifetime before coming back to take the old homestead and family title together, and that few quarter decks had seen a hotter temper or heard hotter words than his. But there was a rumor that the Squire had seen trouble in his day. His wife, and a daughter who was the idol of his heart, were gone, and some mysterious change had come over him with it all.

"It's a hard tussle, though," said Deacon Bayberry one day. "He's the proudest, half-steeplest man we ever had in our place; but I've seen him fifty times when a fair hold of himself, and then out comes that terrible 'scape-valve' of his'n, 'You get out!' and the Deacon laughed a satisfied little laugh; he should see the Squire fairly in the kingdom yet."

But as Sam spoke, there was a new sensation in the crowd. A slight figure walked toward them, giving an uncomfortable pull at the waist-band of some very "slack" trousers with one hand, while the other was struggling to keep a loose hat steady on a smooth-shaven, slippery little head.

"Hallo! what's your name, youngster? Oh, he's Miss Judy's boy! Judy, Judy, where's the baby, Judy?"

A hot flush ran up to the brim of the loose hat, but a sharp, quick ring of the school-bell sent the boys swarming in like bees into a hive, and the hum of the first day's work began. The hum went on pretty quietly for a week; the boys were taking the gauge of the new master's eye and hand, and were too busy for much notice of the new-comer excepting that pull at the waist-band that Miss Judy's boy couldn't seem to do without.

"Hitch," Hal Phillips had whispered, with an intimation such as only he could give and that was the signal for the rest. Miss Judy's boy couldn't raise his eyes or speak to anybody, but there it was. Was this the fun of going to school?

Could the whispers have reached Miss Judy's ears? At any rate she stalked grimly into the village store that night and came back with a small parcel in her hand, and the next morning the shrinking little face under the slippery hat shone proud and triumphant for once.

"Feel a little extra this morning, eh?" said Hal, as a pair of brown eyes flashed up at him with a quiver at the heart they belonged to. It had had a good many quivers since school began, but this was a new variety, a joyful one, and could not be kept back.

"I've got some Gallowses,"

"Hallo! Gallowses! He's got some gallooses! Now we've got a name!" shouted Hal; and the cry went round. Miss Judy's war was named. For an instant the wide pants and loose hat shrank away as if from a stab, but they were out again and doing their share in the game, when their turn came.

There was another quiver that went pretty deep, as Gallowses crept into Tom's forsaken bed that evening, after Miss Judith's crisp good-night.

"Are the boys going to call me that dreadful name forever? But I will bear it! I am to be good and brave for her sake, and for—but oh, why couldn't I have gone with her? It is so terrible here all the time," and Gallowses trembling fingers drew out a little glistening something hidden at his neck, and with one long, passionate kiss, he laid his cheek against it without another word.

An hour later Miss Judith walked noiselessly in; those foolish store suspenders had a rip already to be sewed. The little figure lying in Tom's bed gave her a strange thrill.

She hesitated—there was no one to see her—and Miss Pophurst stooped quickly and kissed the cheek on the pillow. But the cheek was wet; there was something blue around the neck, and Miss Judith's black eyes shot piercingly under the other cheek.

"Good land of our fathers! where did the child get that?"

The next few weeks were pretty dull times, the boys thought. The bullies made several advances on the master, and retreated well scared to their place; Gallowses' white hair attempted to come out in crispy little yellow curls, and was snipped back by Miss Judy's scissors, and that was all. "Look here, boys," said Hal Phillips at last, "they'll be calling us spoonies, and serve us right, if this thing goes on much longer. I tell you we've just got to hang together in some move, and let the master have it when he can't tell where it comes from. Do you say agreed?"

"Agreed!" went up in chorus. "Give us a programme, that's all."

"Well, there's that old donkey of Deacon Bayberry's; what if he should be found strayed into the master's desk some morning with the master's cap on his head, and one of those law books he's always fooling with at intermission under his nose? How would that do, just for a feeler, you know?"

A shout rose up for an answer, and Hal went on. "Shake hands, then! A pull all together, you know, and then nobody is to blame," and one by one the boys marched up and gave Hal a hand. "Now Gallowses! you're the last!" but the wide trousers stood motionless, and Gallowses shook his close cropped head.

"What! You're afraid! Pshaw, we'll tell Miss Judy we did it!"

"No, you needn't," said Gallowses, "but I can't help you."

"What, you little sneak!" said Sam, pouncing upon him and seizing him by the collar. "No, you won't peach, will you?"

"No, I won't peach," Sam Heberton, nor do anything else that's mean, I hope. Let go of my collar; you've no right to it."

"Will you lend a hand then?"

Gallowses' head shook again. "Not on the donkey—I can't!"

"Coward! coward! Gallowses is a coward!" rose up the shout, and Sam tightened his grip with the growl that meant mischief, but a sudden thought struck Hal.

"Hold on!" he said. "Somebody's got to open the school-room door for us. What's the harm if Gallowses slips through the ventilators and down on the inside, and just draws the bolt of that back door? There's no other boy small enough, and what's that to do with the donkey or us?"

"Will you do it?" asked Sam with a threatening pull; but Gallowses stood firm. "I can't, I tell you. It wouldn't be good or brave, and I can't."

"It wouldn't, eh?" retorted Sam furiously between his teeth; and it was a dangerous moment for Miss Judy's boy. But the bell rang again, and Sam had found out that he wasn't best to be late in his seat. "I'll settle you!" he muttered, with a scowl that glowed more and more fiercely toward Gallowses' desk for the rest of the afternoon. "I'll dash you within an inch of your life!"

Why shouldn't he? Wasn't he three times as big as the coward Gallowses, and a hero of the school into the bargain?

Two weeks passed and the curb-bit of the Elm Tree School still held steady and strong; but outside winter had been marching merrily on, till it swept suddenly down one Friday night and looked up everything, Deacon Bayberry's mill-pond included, in prison walls of ice. And the next day, a Saturday, with blue skies, air like wine, and the ring of the skates on that pond starting the deacon up to the liveliest palm tune he knew! From Miss Pophurst's kitchen window a pair of eager brown eyes had watched every boy of the school scurrying past, and the jingle of the skate-irons was like the trumpet to a war-horse's ears; but what was a war-horse without bridle or spurs, and—Gallowses had no skates. And what fun was there in going to look on? Miss Judith grew a little nervous at last, watching the little figure with elbows on the table, and a short head in its hand, poring over a lesson for next week.

"Why don't you follow the rest of the boys, wherever they are! The kitchen's no place for a Saturday!"

Miss Pophurst had turned the scale, and once astir, the war-horse seemed to have wings.

"Hallo! There's Gallowses! Come on! Let's see what he can do," was the cry on the pond. Gallowses felt his finger-tips tingle; the skate-irons rang circles, squares and pigeon wings; Deacon Bayberry was setting up another psalm-tune down in the mill; and oh—why couldn't he go on with their feet?

At last a sudden curve brought a small skater, glowing and breathless, close to the bank where he stood.

"Hallo, Gallowses, why don't you come on? Where are your skates?"

"I haven't any;" and then, could he?

should he? Yes, he must. "Couldn't you lend me yours for five minutes or so?"

"Couldn't do it!" and with another curve and shot, Bob Aylmer was out of sight.

"Didn't you find the boys?" asked Miss Pophurst, as the latch lifted slowly under Gallowses' hand. "Skating on the pond, eh? There's been more than one boy drowned there before today!"

Monday morning came again; but the sport of Saturday seemed to have fallen like sparks to tinder on the heroic spirits thirsting for a fray. "Now, boys," said the Squire's son, "it's time to settle a few things. Are we Elm Tree boys going under or are we going skating again this afternoon?"

A shout of applause followed, and Hal went on. The master always sat absorbed in law books through the intermission, the keys could be turned on the outside in a flash, the heavy wooden shutters pushed over the windows, and there would be an afternoon for the ice and one for the master to learn lessons in the dark! Hand-pledging began again, but there was once more a snarl to the lion; the slack trousers stood motionless again! Sam's eyes blazed, but Hal slowly unrolled a bundle and held something glittering and dangling before Gallowses' face. With a great bound Gallowses' heart leaped up, and the brown eyes shone like stars. "For me?" but Hal drew the prize away. "Hold on! Just give us your hand you won't meddle with our lockup, first!"

Miss Judy's boy started back. Was this quick, sharp-shooting pain what people call disappointment? He hadn't been used to expecting things, and he had not known!

"Don't, Hal! Don't show them to me! I can't promise! You know I can't."

"Look here, Gallowses, don't be a fool! Didn't Sam let you have enough the other time?"

The Elm Tree School sat that morning with flashes and mutterings like a suppressed volcano, and Miss Pophurst swayed in her chair with short, crispy little creaks. She had been thinking about something ever since Saturday afternoon, and at last she sprang suddenly up.

"What difference does it make to Tom? Perhaps he'll be glad!" and once more the attic boards creaked, and when Miss Judith took her seat again, she laid a little bundle softly by her side. The old clock ticked slowly on, but the latch lifted at last, and Miss Judith raised the bundle from the floor.

"See if those skates will fit you; they might as well be worn as to rust, I suppose," she said.

That visit to the trunk haunted Miss Pophurst after Gallowses was asleep, and at last she stole silently into his room, but before she reached the bedside, she stood transfixed. "Good land! if the child ain't hugging close to Tom's skates, yet! and that other thing's under his cheek again, and I do believe he's been crying. Why, what ails the boy? And the snow's coming down now at a rate that'll put that mill-pond out of sight for one while!"

And so it did, and the life went out of skates and the lock-up plan, together; the heroic spirits dropped, and quiet settled in upon the school-room for the next two weeks. The holidays were coming so near that perhaps it was as well to let them come peacefully after all. Thanksgiving Day astonished every one with an unprecedented thaw, and a rain that turned the snow-covered pond into an oozy surface, black as ink; and though Miss Pophurst had a chicken and a little ball of plum-pudding for dinner, there was no getting out, and still less of the merry-making and gay company Gallowses had heard all the boys promise themselves; and he hid away in bed at last, thankful that the day was done; how should he ever live through a whole week like that when Christmas came?

But before Christmas came the world seemed to be in altogether a different mood. The sunset skies turned yellow as gold, and the purple hills stood sharp and almost black against them in the frosty air; the nights grew stinging and clear, and at last, as Christmas Eve itself set in, a north wind whirled down on the glowing pond, and when morning dawned, as Deacon Bayberry assured the boys, "Pharaoh and all his host might feel free to march across."

Whether had all sorrowful memories fled away, that wild, joyful, Christmas afternoon? Faster and faster flowed the warm, eager blood through his veins; had he ever been miserable! had he ever sobbed himself to sleep in a world where skates and skating-grooves were found?

On flew the hours; what did make cutting letters so very hard? Over and over the "P" he was determined to cut Gallowses went, too busy to notice that one by one the boys had slipped away, toward the cove above, for fresh ice; for the black face of the pond was scarred and white at last. Another fifteen minutes, and suddenly there was a wild cry behind him: "Sam Heberton and Hal are in the water! I am going for help!" and with marble face Bob Aylmer plunged off the ice. Were those Squire Phillips' gray sleigh-robes and mottled gray horse dashing past?

"You get out!" thundered the Squire, and snatching Bob into the sleigh, he shot the gray horse down the mill-road by the pond, and then with a swoop, round to a motionless, black group, huddled on the ice.

And what did the Squire do then? What had any of them done all this time standing motionless, in dumb, freezing terror, as the ice, crumbling from the hands that clutched it, brought the black, open circle nearer to their feet?

"They can't hold on there much longer," murmured one big fellow at last, desperately pushing out a stick. Hal grasped wildly for it; it was too short.

But hark! There was another skate ring! A little fellow in wide trousers, was coming

up! "Help, Gallowses!" gasped Sam. The brown eyes took one sweep over the black, widening gulf, and then, jacket in hand, Gallowses crept toward it. One long vicious crack ran across the ice; Miss Judy's boy stopped, and holding the jacket by one wrist, flung out the other toward Sam. But an arm's length still lay between!

Then something else came flashing off Gallowses' shoulders—long, red, white and dangling. "His gallowses! His gallowses! He's tying them to his sleeve!" and the huddled figures held their breath, but at last a shout rose up.

"Coming! Coming! He'll fetch him! Hurrah!" and half-frozen, trembling and livid with fright, Sam came crawling on firm ice! But another piercing cry broke in, and Hal's eyes met the shouters in an agony of appeal.

"He's losing hold! Save my boy, too!" groaned the Squire; and Gallowses took one more sweeping look at Hal's corner of the hungry-looking hole. How thin and black the ice was? How the current underneath dragged at anything it carried through. But once more he crawled toward the treacherous edge. He was near enough to throw to Hal, but the thin ice snapped and bent. It would never hold them both.

"Throw me a line from the sleigh!" Trembling hands obeyed. Tying one end to what he held, he flung back the other towards thicker ice.

"Catch it, some of you," and then he threw a jacket-sleeve to Hal. He grasped stiffly at it; could he hold it? Yes; and with one desperate struggle for life he gained the ice. It bent and snapped, but they were dragging at the other end—dragging bravely now. He was safe—but another cry rose up. The thin shelf of ice that broke as Hal climbed up was all that had held Gallowses from the hungry, rushing stream, and Miss Judy's boy was out of sight.

"Why, what upon airth?" said Deacon Bayberry, peeping through the mill window as the cry rose. "Oho! Mischievous, the Squire after 'em!" and the deacon laughed softly to himself, set up another psalm tune, and then peeped through the window again. What was that yellow, gleaming thing just taking the smooth leap downward over the dam? Miss Pophurst had thought about short hair of late, and Gallowses' hat had been fitting tight over crispy, golden curls.

"Ginger!" exclaimed the deacon, and in one instant he was in the water, ready to meet what he had seen shining as it came.

When Squire Phillips saw it, a few minutes later, lying before Deacon Bayberry's little "settin'-room fire," his start would have electrified the deacon if thoughts, hands and hot blankets had not been busy with Gallowses. It seemed the very same delicate, clear-cut face, the same golden head he used to stand worshipfully over when he came home from sea, twenty years ago. "Who is the child?" he asked fiercely.

"Gallowses," answered Bob Aylmer.

"You—!" began the Squire, but the deacon interrupted: "Here, take that gaw-gaw off; it hinders," and the Squire drew a law ribbon from Gallowses' neck. What was that bright thing hanging from it? A locket? Had not the Squire seen that locket before? He had it open at last, a fair face looked yearningly forth, and the Squire gave a great cry that made the Deacon drop everything this time. "Nelly! my own lost Nelly! I knew I had lost her, but have I killed her too?" The Deacon turned to the bed again. The Lord was working on the Squire—Hallelujah—but his business was with Gallowses; and in another hour the brown eyes were peacefully following him as he went in and out, finishing the psalm-tune begun in the mill. Suddenly the Deacon shot a look back into them again.

"Did you think that there corn-busk thickness of ice was going to hold you and Hal at the same mortal minute of time?" he asked.

A faint smile passed over Gallowses' face. "That was nothing; and I was to be good and brave for her sake."

"For whose sake? Whose child are you?"

"What's your name?" broke in the Squire.

"For hers! And my name is Phil; that was for my grandfather; Phillip Phillips was his name, but he was lost long ago."

"You—!" began the Squire again, and then snatching the little figure out of the deacon's blankets and shawls, he held it in his strong arms, sobbing like a baby with his face held softly against Gallowses' curls.

Miss Pophurst's door was locked that afternoon, for she had gone three miles away; but when she returned, with a little divot in her pocket for the key, there stood the Squire, pacing the door-step with his quarter-deck tread. "Miss Pophurst! I must have that boy of yours! He's mine!" But Miss Judith's eyes flashed lightning.

"Never! When the Lord said that, I gave him Tom; but do you think you—!"

"No," said the Squire, in a voice that made Miss Pophurst start; it was so strangely gentle and low, and yet she felt it ruling like a rod of iron. "Come up to my house and live, if you will; it needs you; but there the boy must be!"—Isabella T. Hopkins in Sunday Afternoon.

English is a part of polite education in the best French and German schools. How then will it be in twenty-two years, at the opening of the twentieth century? The spread of the English language is among the marvels of the present.

Boys if you want to stop growing, if you want to have a set of nerves that are like those of an invalid old lady, if you wish to grow feeble and thin, if you wish to look sallow and puny—smoke tobacco.

The printer has been—oh, so carefully—solemly, to back just two lines of making his column.





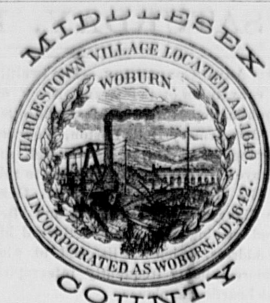












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## Original Poetry.

## MY OLD SLED.

BY GEO. S. DORR.

I rummaged through the barn to-day,  
As oft I did in childhood's play,  
And on the scaffold 'neath the hay  
I found this sled, and with reverent hand  
I drew it from its resting place,  
And memory quick began to trace  
The record of the happy days,  
When all our youthful joys expand.

The dust which many years had made,  
While through the busy world I strayed,  
Which o'er its ancient form was laid,  
With tender touch I brushed away;  
The runners that were once so bright  
With constant use on winter's night,  
Were covered o'er with dusty blight,  
Unfading sign of sure decay.

Its form was homely, rough and quaint,  
Guiltless of varnish, or of paint,  
But that to me was then no taint,  
I cherished it with boyish pride;  
My heart beat high with sweet delight,  
As when the snow was smooth and white,  
Under the moon's mystic light,  
Over the frozen road I'd glide.

And up from the depths of the past,  
Come dreams that will far outlast  
The years that are fleeting so fast  
To the shores of receding time.  
And call me not "dust" that I choose  
Among these old memories to muse,  
Or pray that I never may lose  
The sound of their mystic chime.

My father's form returns to me,  
His kindly smile again I see,  
As when he built this sled for me;  
Many a year that are long by gone;  
Many a winter's chilly gloom,  
Many a summer's hot and blum,  
Have come and gone o'er the narrow room  
Where we laid his quiet form.

And memory brings me thoughts to-day,  
Of one who shared my childhood's play,  
A winsome maiden, bright and gay,  
With curling hair, and cheeks of red;  
No blighting winds my joy could chill,  
Or rob me of the pleasant thrill,  
As swiftly gliding down the hill,  
She sat behind me on this sled.

But the years come, and the years go,  
We hardly note their ceaseless flow,  
Mid cares the present moments throw  
Around the busy lives of all;  
We dream not life so swift has sped,  
Till some old relic like this sled,  
Whispering, says your youth is dead,  
And shows to us its sable pad.

So when I viewed this sled again  
It sang this melancholy strain,  
Half of pleasure and half of pain,  
"Thy youth has fled forever more,  
Silver now with thy dark hair blends,  
Scattered are now thy youth-time friends,  
Some have crossed the river that winds  
Its way to eternity's shore."

Alas! too true be denied,  
These words which memory verified,  
I could not recall if I tried,  
My boyhood's sunshine and bloom;  
I have left it far behind me now,  
Wrinkles of age are on my brow,  
But memory's flowers thickly grow  
Over my youth-time silent tomb.

The angel waved his mystic wand  
That called my sire to yonder strand,  
My playmate went to a distant land,  
And she sleeps in a lonely grave;  
The land is bright with flowers and bloom,  
With singing birds and sweet perfume,  
And ever heard around her tomb,  
Is the dirge of the sad sea-wave.

## Selected Story.

## HOW I MADE MY FORTUNE.

Three of us were sitting in a small room,  
and complaining of the hardships of our destiny.

"Without money, one can do nothing," said George; "were I to hit upon a speculation that would have done honor to a Rothschild, coming from a pauper like myself, no one would think it worth attending to."

"I," said Albert, "have actually finished a work which would establish my reputation as an author, if I only find a bookseller to buy it."

"I have petitioned my employer for an increase of salary," I exclaimed, anxious to contribute to the chorus of lamentation, "and he told me that for forty years a year he could get more clerks than he wanted."

"It would not do much matter," said George, thoughtfully, "if, besides being poor, we did not seem poor. Could one of us only be thought rich?"

"What is the use of the shadow without the substance?" I asked.

"Of every use," said Albert. "I agree with George; the shadow sometimes makes the substance. The next best thing to capital is credit."

"Especially," returned George, "the credit of having a good fortune. Have none of us a rich uncle in India?"

"A cousin of mine went to Jamaica or Martinique, I forgot which," I said innocently, "and he never came back."

"Capital! that is all we require," exclaimed George, "and we will conjure up this cousin of yours, or could we not kill him?"

Yes, James Meran, of Martinique, deceased, leaving a sugar plantation, a hundred negroes, and a fortune of a hundred thousand pounds to his well-beloved cousin, Louis Meran.

We laughed at the joke, and I thought no more of it; but George and Albert—slightly excited by the fumes of a bowl of punch which I had sent for to do honor to the testator—lost no time in concocting, and afterwards publishing, a full account in a local newspaper of the fortune that had been left me.

The next day, sundry friends dropped in to compliment me. Of course, I endeavored to undeceive them; but they would not take a denial. In vain I assured them it was a hoax; it was of no use. Several people remembered my Cousin James very well, and had seen him at Nantes before he

embarked in 1789. Among others came my tailor, to whom I owed a small sum, which was not quite convenient for me to pay at that moment. No doubt the rumor of my cousin's decease had sharpened his memory. I wished my two friends at a place that shall be nameless.

"Good morning, Mr. Mayer; I suppose you have come for those fifty francs?"

"I hope, sir, you don't think I came for such a trifle as that. No, sir; I came to take your order for a suit of mourning."

"A suit of mourning?"

"Yes, sir; cousin's mourning. Dark bronze frock, for morning wear, black trousers and waistcoat."

"At the present moment, Mr. Mayer—"

"I hope, sir, I have done nothing to forfeit your patronage?"

"But, I repeat, I have received no money at all."

"I hope, sir, you won't mention such a thing; there is no sort of hurry," exclaimed the tailor, who busily employed himself in taking my measure with slips of paper.

After all, my wardrobe did want some additions; and I said nothing more.

"My dear sir," said the next visitor, "I have a very great favor to request of you. Buy my house. You are very rich; you must be on the lookout for safe and lucrative investments. Sixty thousand francs are nothing for you—a mere fraction of your income. With me the case is different. I thought Mr. Felix had made up his mind to purchase the premises, and now I hear he has changed his intention. What is to become of me? I have a heavy demand to meet, and I don't know where the money is to come from."

"I buy your house? Why, it would be madness to think of such a thing!"

"Madness! no such thing; you could not find a better investment anywhere. In two years, with trifling repairs, it will be worth double its present value; you will never see such a good opportunity again. Say done, and I'm off!"

And he was off, without leaving me time to put in a word.

Two hours after, I walked Mr. Felix, evidently not in the best of tempers.

"Really, sir," he began, "you have taken me quite by surprise. The house is indispensable to me. I reckoned on it as if it were mine, and only offered fifty thousand francs because the owner is embarrassed and I felt sure he would be obliged to take them. With you, sir, the case is different; so I came to ask if you will let me have it for seventy-five thousand francs?"

Fifty thousand francs dropping all at once into the lap of a poor fellow who had to work hard to gain eight hundred francs in a year! I could hardly believe my ears.

"I cannot give you an answer just now, sir," I said; "but if you will take the trouble to call again at five, I'll see what I can do."

At a quarter to five Mr. Felix made his appearance. I spoke to him with candor:—"I should tell you, sir, that I had no thoughts of buying the house till the owner prevailed on me to do so. You say you want the house; any other will suit me equally as well, so I accede to your terms."

"You shall have a draft on Paris for the amount in a fortnight," replied Mr. Felix, who bowed and withdrew, apparently enchanted with my way of doing business.

A draft upon Paris! The circumstance appeared so unusual to me that I thought I ought to send to Paris to get it cashed. I wrote accordingly to Messrs. Flanges and Bergeret, the only firm I knew there. I was in the habit of receiving through them the interest of a small sum that had been left to me by an uncle. I informed them that, having funds at my disposal I wished for information as to the best mode of investing them. The signification of the word "funds" varies very much according to the name and position in the life of the speaker. The rumor of my legacy had reached Paris; so that when I spoke of "funds," it was evident that I meant a considerable sum. This was proved by the following letter:—

"Sir—We are in receipt of your esteemed favor of the 17th current, which reached us after the conclusion of the last loan, negotiated by the Cortes, in which our firm has an interest. Desirous that our friends should have an opportunity of participating in an investment which we consider profitable, we have taken the liberty of placing twenty thousand piastres at your disposal. Should that amount appear too considerable, the rise of those securities admits of your selling out at a premium. We remain, sir, yours on command. FLANGES & CO."

To this was added a postscript by the head of the firm:—

"We have heard with pleasure of the recent good fortune that has fallen to the lot of our old friend and correspondent, and beg to offer him our services as occasion may require."

Twenty thousand piastres! I let the letter fall in sheer amazement. What would have been my astonishment, if more conversant with the terms of commerce, and more attentive to the enclosed account current, I had seen that what I took for the principal, was only the yearly interest? I lost no time in writing to my correspondents, to inform them that the sum was much too large. "I have received no money," I said, "from Martinique; and it would be impossible for me to meet my engagements."

An answer came by return of post:—"We learn, with regret, that you have misgivings with regard to the Spanish loan. According to your order, we have sold out all the stock assigned to you, which brings you in already a net profit of eighty thousand francs. With regard to your property at Martinique, we are too well acquainted with the delays which bequests at such a distance must necessarily involve to think for a moment that you can be injured by your signature will suffice to procure you

all the money you may require in the meantime. We take the liberty of reminding you of the advantage of making timely investments, lest, when the legal arrangements are ended, you should find difficulty in getting good interest for so large a capital. With the hope that you may entertain a better opinion of German securities than you do of Spanish, we hand you a prospectus for establishing a bank at Gruningen. You will please to observe, sir, that no deposit is required, and that, as calls are made at long intervals, it will be easy for you to sell your shares, should you change your mind, without your having occasion to make any payment. We have placed fifty to your credit, and have the honor to remain, &c."

Eighty thousand francs! The amount was a perfect mystery to me—no doubt the clerk had made some mistake in the figures. My position was becoming embarrassing. Congratulations poured in from all quarters, especially when I made my appearance in black from head to foot. The "Journal de Groumouche" thought it right to publish a biographical sketch of my cousin; and the editor wrote to me asking for further particulars. Ladies connected with all sorts of societies begged that my name might be added to their list of subscribers, and the money I had to pay for postage was something alarming. To escape from this avalanche of inquiries, I hastily departed for Paris. Directly I got there, I called on my bankers, by whom I was received as heirs to a large property generally are.

"Sorry that you have such a poor opinion of the Spanish stock," said Monsieur Bergeret; "there has been a great rise; however, we only sold out half your parcel."

"Would you have the goodness to let me know what the present value of the remainder might be?" I replied.

"Certainly, sir; ten thousand piastres stock at seventy (the piastres being at five francs, thirty-five centimes), the sum already paid being—If you sell out to-day, you will, with the proceeds of last sale, have from two hundred and ten thousand to two hundred and twenty thousand francs."

"Very well. You said something about a German bank, I think?"

"Yes; the government made some difficulty about granting a charter; but it is all settled now, and the promised shares have risen considerably."

"Can I sell out?"

"Certainly; you have fifty, at four hundred and fifty francs profit; that will bring you in about sixty thousand francs."

"Without any calls to pay?"

"None whatever."

"That seems strange; but you are no doubt well informed. I should like to find a secure investment, for those sums; would you have the goodness to tell me what would be the best?"

"You cannot have anything better than our own five per cents. I know of nothing more secure; at the present price of that stock, you get six per cent. for your money. I can easily understand that you would be worried by such trifling details as these; you will soon have more considerable sums to look after."

"Then, if I invest the combined produce of the German and Spanish stocks in the five per cents, what should I get a year?"

"Let me see. Three hundred thousand francs—funds at eighty-eight—twenty francs, twenty thousand francs a year."

"Ah! twenty thousand francs a year! And when can the investment be made?"

"To-morrow morning; this is, if you will allow our firm to conduct the transaction."

"Certainly, in whom could my confidence be better placed?"

The banker made a polite bow.

"And now," I continued, "I should feel obliged if you would have the goodness to advance me a few louis, as I am rather short of cash."

"My dear sir, all the cash I possess is at your service. How much do you want—two hundred—four hundred?"

"Thank you; fifty will be quite sufficient."

"My I hope," added the banker, when I rose to take leave, "that our firm may be favored with the continuance of your patronage?"

"Certainly," I replied.

There are few moments in my life on which I look back with more satisfaction than on those occupied in my interview with M. Bergeret. I doubt if I should have believed in the twenty thousand francs a year, if it had not been for the fifty Napoleons.

In the meantime my two friends were shocked at the success of their story, and were not a little alarmed at my sudden journey to Paris, which was attributed by others to legal business. George and Albert then began to fear that I really believed in the authenticity of the invention they had concocted.

Three days after my return, they came to see me with long faces.

"My dear Louis," said George, "you know your cousin is not dead?"

"I cannot be sure of that," I replied; "for I am by no means convinced of his existence."

"Well; but you know that this inheritance is only a hoax."

"To tell you the truth, I think we are the only people who are of that opinion."

"We have been very wrong to originate such a foolish invention; for which we are sincerely sorry."

"On the contrary, I am much obliged to you."

"But it is our duty to contradict it, and to confess how foolish we have been."

Truth cannot remain long concealed; people began to wonder that no news came from Martinique; the wise and prudent shook their heads ominously, when my name was mentioned.

"The most ludicrous feature in the case is," said one, "that he has ended by believing in the truth of his own invention. For

my part I must say that I was always rather skeptical about that inheritance."

"And I also," said Mr. Felix, "though it has cost me fifteen thousand francs."

On seeing a dozen letters on my table one morning, I guessed that the bubble had burst. Their contents were much alike; for instance:—

"Mr. Mayer's respects to Mr. Meran, and, having heavy payments to meet, will feel obliged by a check for the amount of the enclosed."

My replies disarmed all doubts of my solvency.

"Mr. Merritt thanks Mr. Mayer for having at last sent in his account, and incloses a check for the amount."

My cool and unconcerned demeanor kept curiosity alive for a few days longer.

"What a lucky fellow!" said one.

"Luck has nothing to do with it," rejoined another; "he has played his cards well, and has won."

Once or twice, I confess, I felt compunction of conscience; but a moment's reflection convinced me that my own exertions had no share in my good fortune, and I owed it all to universal public worship of the golden calf, and to the truth of Albert's axiom—"The next best thing to capital is credit."

A LAUGHABLE OCCURRENCE.—Recently two buggies stopped at the Central House and two men jumped out almost simultaneously and went into the hotel, leaving two ladies in their respective buggies. One of the men came out in advance of the other, and by the uncertain light thrown from the hotel was led aside from the actual fact in the little matter of getting in the right buggy. In a word, Mr. Jones got in with Mrs. F., who were as totally unknown to each other, so far as acquaintanceship is concerned, as if one had died ten years ago in Africa and another hadn't been born. As married men often do, Mr. J. drove some distance before speaking. Finally he remarked:—

"I've got a corn on my toe—the one you will persist in putting your foot on, too—that hurts about as bad as the common run of things generally do."

The lady was very much surprised, and laughingly replied:—

"You've been trying to pick a quarrel with me all day, and now to make matters more exasperating, you change your voice to an unnatural growl!"

"My voice, madam, who have changed. My voice is natural. I am not trying to assume anything. You screech like an old gate."

"You are an old fool."

"Give my teeth here; you shan't wear them another minute."

"Teeth, teeth! What in the world do you mean?"

But just then driving through a flood of light the parties recognized that they didn't recognize.

"Madam," said Mr. J., stopping the horse and straightening himself up, "I hope you will excuse me, but I would like to know how you came in my buggy, and, furthermore, I'd like a little intelligence as regards the whereabouts of my wife. What have you done with her, madam?"

"I don't know what you mean, sir. Get out of my buggy!"

"Your buggy! Why, madam, you are beside yourself."

"Yes, and beside yourself, which fact I deplore to such an extent that I will be forced to call the police."

"Police! police!" was shouted lustily, and when officer Dailey came to the spot the woman insisted on the man's arrest.

The buggy was driven back to the Capital just in time to meet another buggy, the occupants of which had had a similar experience.—Ark. Democrat.

A PLEASING SIGHT may be witnessed at Magnolia—a lady standing in the doorway of her dwelling, with some dozen little forest birds flitting about her and feeding from the palm of her extended hand. From one to four birds at a time will feed from her hands, seemingly with a sense of perfect safety, while others will snap up a crumb, dart off to a tree or roof, devour it and come back for another. When the supply of food runs short they will alight on her person and peck at the bottom of her dress. An observer of this interesting scene must keep at a proper distance, and remain silent, or the birds will be frightened away. While feeding them, the lady keeps up a constant chatting, which they seem to understand, and respond by chirping. They know her voice, and will come at her bidding, however much she may disguise herself. If she neglects them in the morning they will flutter their wings against the window pane to attract her attention, and she never fails to answer their summons. Their confidence was of gradual growth, commencing some six years ago, when shelves were attached to the outside window sills and crumbs of bread, meat, cheese, etc., were placed there for their refection, the lady standing inside and talking kindly to them while they fed themselves, now and then indulging in a reprimand when they were selfish and quarrelsome. From the window they were in time led to the doorway for their daily rations. Her little flock make their appearance in the winter, when the ground is first covered with snow, their hours for meals being at sunrise and late in the afternoon. As soon as their wants are supplied they are off to the woods again. The visitors evidently belong to the same stock, some of them returning from year to year and recognizing the lady's voice, for at their first appearance annually a part of them will come to her hand at her first call, while no other person can approach within two rods of them.—Gloucester Advertiser.

THE MAN WHO BREASTED JACKSON.—Among other relics of the Jackson administration which were occasionally to be seen hereabouts for years after the "Hero of New Orleans" had gone to his rest at the Hermitage, was a rather undersized, compactly built, bright-eyed gentleman, on whose visiting cards was the picture of a carpenter's hand-saw, the blade bearing his name—Jewey. He had assumed this armorial bearing in commemoration of having sawed off the head of a wooden statue of Gen. Jackson, which had been placed on the reconstructed frigate Constitution, at the Charlestown Navy Yard.

Party spirit ran high in those days, and the Whigs regarded it as an act of desecration to place the effigy of Jackson on "Old Ironsides." The way in which it was achieved was subsequently related by Mahlon Dickerson at his residence near Dover, New Jersey, in about the following words:—

"You know at the time this occurred, I was Secretary of the Navy, and that Government had offered a reward for the apprehension of the perpetrator of the outrage. Well, one day I was sitting in the office, when a sailor walked in with a bundle in his hand, and asked if I was the Secretary of the Navy? He went on to say:—

"You offered a reward for the one that cut off the figure-head of Gen. Jackson?"

"Yes."

"I am the man."

And untying his bundle placed before me the head. I was amazed and puzzled to divine what it could mean. I asked him who helped him to do it.

"Nobody."

"How did you do it?"

"I rowed out alone, climbed up in the chains, and sawed it off. I attempted to saw it off through the neck at first, but the saw struck a bolt, and I had to saw through the mouth."

"How did you manage to escape being seen by the watch?"

"Humph? I swear there wasn't any light nor a man on deck."

"Who got you to do this?"

"Nobody, and nobody knows it."

"Why did you do it? Don't you like Gen. Jackson?"

"Yes; I am a Jackson man, and I have no objection to his bust being on Old Ironsides, but I don't believe in a whole-length figure-head, and if you put it back again, I—n—e if I don't saw it off again."

In consultation with the President the question came up, What shall we do with this man? The old General said, as there didn't appear to be any political motive in the act, and the man had voluntarily surrendered, and as his story implicated the officers of the Constitution, who had sworn before the investigating committee that the lights were burning and the watch set, why we had better let the man go and hush it up.

"So," said Governor K., "when I left Washington I threw the head into my trunk and brought it home, and that's the history of the affair of the figure-head."

Captain Dewey used to be very proud of his exploit. He was, if my memory serves me right, Postmaster at some small place in Virginia not very far from here, and used to be here much of the time during the sessions of Congress. Among other anecdotes about himself which he used to relate was his attending a meeting in Boston to form an Association of Mechanics. Objection was made to him on the ground that he was not a mechanic. "But I am," said the Captain. "What trade?" "Why," replied the Captain, "I am a national wood sawyer." Every one present understood the allusion, and he was admitted to membership without a dissenting voice.—Perry in Boston Journal.

A TEST OF COURTESY.—The argument probably commenced at the custom house, and had been discussed for some time; the fat man was saying as he came down stairs into the post-office corridor:—

"I tell you, courtesy exists in the human heart to day, as much as ever. A civil request never brings an uncivil answer."

"Well, I don't know," mused the other.

"I do know, and I am going to prove it. My horse and cutter stand out here. I'll get into the cutter and ask some stranger to please unhitch the horse for me, and



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**READINGS AND MUSIC.**—There was a very fine entertainment at the Congregational Vestry, Thursday evening, at which Miss Clara Ellard made her debut, assisted by Mr. Elmore A. Pierce, and the Sunday School Orchestra. The latter favored the audience with four selections, and their playing was quite creditable. Mr. Pierce read "The Baron's Last Banquet," in which he showed a fine conception of the poem; also "Our Guide in Europe," from Mark Twain, for which he was recalled, and responded with "The Modest Wit." Miss Ellard has given considerable time and pains to the study of elocution, under the best of instruction, and although she has appeared several times this season in other places, this was her first appearance at home. Her first selection was "The Charcoal Man," a piece with many difficulties, but she rendered it in a very satisfactory manner. "Charles Edward at Versailles," was finely rendered both in speech and action. The boy's composition on the "Horse," struck a responsive chord in the audience, and she gave "The Bugle," with fine effect. Her closing selection was "Archie Dean," in which the thoroughly-in-love, yet coy and artful maiden, was well portrayed. Miss Ellard appears to have been a careful student, and bids fair to hold a good position among the followers of her favorite art.

**INCREASED MAIL FACILITIES.**—On and after next Monday a northern mail will be made up at the Woburn Post Office at 7 A. M., for Maine, N. H., Vt., Lowell, Woburn, Tyngsboro, and Canada. This mail will be taken up at Winchester by the St. Albans & Boston R. R. P. O., and arrive at the places designated on the same day. Another northern mail will be made up at 4.30 P. M., and be forwarded as above. A northern mail will be received via Winchester at 8.12 A. M., and, if it can be arranged, a second one in the evening. This improvement is of great importance to our citizens, and will be appreciated as much as anything that could be done. By this arrangement Woburn and Winchester are brought into direct communication, which is a convenience long needed and very welcome. A letter to New Hampshire posted at 7 A. M., will be in Concord before noon, and an answer may be returned the same day.

**AN INTELLIGENT HORSE.**—A gentleman in Woburn has a horse possessed of rare intelligence. His owner is accustomed to ride to his place of business, and on arriving at the office allows the horse to go alone to the horse shed, where he will remain quietly until the hour for going home, when he returns to the office door and waits for his passenger. The other day the horse was hitched to a sleigh, and after the owner alighted, the horse walked along the driveway, but found the door of the shed closed. He then attempted to turn around, when the sleigh tipped over. The horse looked behind him, and taking in the situation, set to work to right the sleigh, and after a while by turning and backing, and maneuvering, he succeeded in putting the sleigh right side up. Who shall say that this horse is not a reasoning animal?

**READING ALOUD TO THE ASSEMBLED FAMILY.**—During these long winter evenings, has been found by those who try it, a very pleasant and profitable mode of spending two or more hours together, after the day's toil is over. We heard recently of its success in a certain family. The head of the household reads aloud from some one of our best authors. The interest in each reading has increased; the family look forward with pleasant anticipation to the evening hours, they take a new interest in each other's society because they have something fresh to talk about every day; and last but not least, the reader has improved greatly in his ability to read with distinctness and expression.

**LARGE SHIPS.**—Now that ships of three and four thousand tons are daily crossing the ocean we clip the following from the Bunker Hill Times as showing the progress which has been made during the past fifty years.

"The ship Arab, of seven hundred and three tons burthen was launched in 1832 from John M. Robertson's shipyard, corner of Austin & Washington streets, Charlestown. She was the largest merchant ship afloat."

Mr. Robertson is now living in this town, at the age of 88 years, with his daughter Mrs. C. A. Smith.

A reception was given to the steam railroad men of Boston, by the Young Men's Christian Association of that city, on Wednesday evening. Lieutenant Governor Long made an address of welcome, in which he asserted that Christianity and railroads go hand in hand; the better the one the better the other. He said that the railroad had been the transforming element of the last half century. Alpheus Hardy spoke of the railroads as iron rivers furnishing an outlet for commerce from the west to the sea board.

"Minced pie" for sale at this office—eight cents a pound. "Plates" extra.—Everett Free Press.

We have some, also, that we would like set up by the "piece."

**Y. M. C. A.**—A meeting of the Directors of the Young Men's Christian Association was held in the Baptist vestry on Wednesday evening. Plans and arrangements for a series of meetings to be held under the auspices of the State Central Committee of the Y. M. C. A. were discussed and adopted.

Meeting will be held on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, Feb. 4th and 5th, in the Baptist church; on Thursday and Friday evenings, in the Methodist church; on Saturday evening at the First church. Arrangements for meetings on Sunday, Feb. 9th, have not yet been made. These meetings are held under the auspices of the State Committee of Young Men's Associations, and will be led by H. N. F. Marshall, of Boston, R. K. Remington, of Fall River, F. O. Winslow, of Norwood, George H. Shaw, of Middleboro, E. A. Lawrence, of Bradford, and H. M. Moore, of Boston. These wide-awake business men desire to see a large number of their Woburn friends, especially the young people, men and women, and we have no doubt their meetings will be attended.

The annual election of officers in the Woburn Y. M. C. A., will occur on Monday evening at the Methodist vestry.

**THE "COMPLIMENTARY" TO MR. HERVEY.**—In another column will be found all the particulars in regard to the Complimentary Concert to be given at Lyceum Hall one week from next Monday evening. Mr. Hervey may well feel gratified that during his experience as a manager, he has been able to make so many friends among "the profession," and that such a list of volunteers are ready to appear for his benefit. A great programme will be presented by the following artists—all Stars in their profession:—Miss Marie Stone, (the head of the Adelaide Phillips Opera Company), Wm. H. Macdonald, principal Basso of the same company, Miss Georgia Cayvan, one of the finest Readers in the country, Wm. H. Fessenden, the favorite Tenor; Myron W. Whitney, the great basso; Miss Dora Wiley, who delighted all who heard her in the Star Course, C. N. Allen, violinist, (sure of a hearty welcome); Mr. Litchfield, solo pianist; The Temple Quartette, Mr. S. L. Studly accompanist, and last but not least Mrs. Thomas Barry, of the Boston Theatre. The price of reserved seats has been placed at 50 cents and they may be procured on and after Monday next of T. Marvin Parker. As almost everybody will want to be present we advise an early purchase of tickets to avoid disappointment.

**PIANO-FORTE RECITAL.**—Some of the pupils of Mr. F. H. Lewis, gave a piano-forte recital, Wednesday evening in the Unitarian Vestry, assisted by Mrs. Robie and Mr. C. C. Shaw. The programme was as follows:—Jubilee Overture, Miss Bancroft and Mr. Cutter; La Sonambula, Miss Hinckley; "Two Grenadiers," Mr. C. C. Shaw; Etude, Op. 127—1 (Freischütz Etudes), Miss Bancroft; Andante con variazioni (Sonata Op. 26), Mr. Cutter; "A Little Mountain Lad," Mrs. Robie; Polacca Brillante, Miss Bancroft; Botero, and Wedding March, Mr. Cutter; "How beautiful is night," Mrs. Robie and Mr. Shaw; Waltz, Chapin, Op. 42, Miss Hinckley; Military marches, Schubert, Op. 51, Mr. Cutter and Miss Bancroft. The next recital will be given Wednesday evening, February 26, when other pupils will take part.

**METHODIST.**—At the fourth quarterly Conference of the M. E. Church held Friday evening the following officers were elected:—Trustees, Thomas Warland, John Burke, C. W. Oxford, T. R. Corbett, George Cooke, Amos Knowlton, Stephen Thompson, Charles Spear and J. H. Killan; Stewards, John Burke, Asa Turner, Thomas Wilson, James Greydon, James Given, Walter Widgery and Thomas Morris. By a unanimous vote the Conference requested the return of the Rev. W. J. Pomfret, the pastor, for another year.

**OLD FELLOWS.**—The Crystal Fount Lodge, No. 9, took a sleigh ride, on Tuesday evening, to Lynn. The Bay State Lodge, of Lynn, welcomed the visitors to their Hall, which is beautifully furnished. After the usual Lodge exercises the hosts appropriately evinced their Fellow feeling for their Old Fellow creatures by spreading a bountiful repast before the hungry travelers. A homeward ride, after one o'clock, ended the excursion.

**SURPRISE.**—Mr. G. F. McDonald whose skillful handling of the ribbons can be attested by all who ever ride in the "Commonwealth," was surprised at home last week by some friends, and made the recipient of an easy chair. His wife was also remembered, and received a convenient wall pocket. At the close of the party Frank hitched out the "Commonwealth" and conveyed his guests to their homes.

**SLEIGH-RIDE.**—A large full of Woburn people rode down to Waverly on Tuesday evening. They were very hospitably entertained at a private house, and rode home in the early morning under the starlight. The sleighing was very good in spite of the mild weather of Tuesday. Somewhat in the words of the poet—when the "Stoneham" rides again occur, may we be there to see.

**SERVICES.**—Dr. Ruen Thomas, of Brookline, preached in the First Church on Friday evening, Jan. 24, on "Christ the First and the Last." Dr. Thomas has that unusual oratorical power which gives to a written discourse the force and attractiveness of an extemporized one.

**IN THE NOTICE LAST WEEK OF MRS. CLOUGH-PHINNEY'S** musicale, by the blunder of the compositor, we failed to state that Miss Annie Ellis, one of her teacher's most promising pupils sang "Merry Postillion," with great effect.

**ROYAL ARCADE.**—The installation of officers of the Baldwin Council of Royal Arcanum took place on Tuesday evening. District Deputy Grand Regent W. O. Robson officiated.

**GRAND JUROR.**—Henry F. Bulfinch has been drawn as a Grand Juror.

**LEATHER MEASURE.**—Joseph Blake has been appointed a measurer of upper leather.

**MR. HERVEY'S BENEFIT.**

The following correspondence in relation to a benefit to Mr. Hervey will be found of interest:—

WOBURN, Jan. 13, 1879.  
MR. FRANK HERVEY:—Dear Sir:—The undersigned, appreciating the valuable service you have rendered our community during the current season, in furnishing us with a series of concerts of the highest order of merit, respectfully tender you a complimentary benefit, to take the form of a Concert, to be given by a number of distinguished artists who have volunteered their services for the occasion. We have reason to believe that the people of Woburn will take a warm interest in such a testimonial, and if it is agreeable to you, we beg you to fix a date for the Concert.

JOHN L. PARKER,  
P. ELVERTON BANCROFT.  
CHAS. A. SMITH,  
JAMES L. FOWLE,  
FREDERIC A. FLINT,  
ALEXANDER ELLIS,  
GEO. H. COSS,  
WILLIAM W. HILL,  
JOHN CLOUGH,  
T. MARVIN PARKER,  
SPARROW HORTON,  
G. R. GAGE.

WOBURN, Jan. 23, 1879.  
Gentlemen:—I have received your very kind communication in which you tender me a Complimentary Benefit. Please accept my hearty thanks for the good feeling which prompted your generous offer. I gladly avail myself of your kindness, and would name Monday, the 10th of February as the time, and Lyceum Hall as the place, for the proposed entertainment.

Yours respectfully,  
FRANK HERVEY.  
To John L. Parker, Esq., P. Elverton Bancroft, Esq., and others.

**PARISH MEETING.**—The adjourned annual meeting of the First Parish was held Thursday evening, F. A. Flint, Esq., moderator. The Auditors reported the receipts for 1878, \$4,893.92, expenses \$4,788.42, leaving a cash balance of \$105.50 in the hands of the Treasurer. The debt of the Parish Jan. 1, 1878, was \$11,271.00; of this amount \$1,725.47 has been paid, leaving the debt at the present time \$9,545.53. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Clerk, George S. Dodge; Treasurer and Collector, E. E. Thompson; Parish Committee, Dr. J. M. Harlow, G. A. Bean, L. G. Richardson; Auditors, F. A. Flint, J. G. Pollard; Approvers of names, Alvah Buckman, Geo. S. Dodge; Receiver of names, Geo. S. Dodge. The Parish Committee were instructed to perfect repairs on the steeple, and appointed a committee to solicit subscriptions therefor, to the amount of \$800. To defray the necessary expenses of the ensuing year, it was voted to raise \$5,000 by a tax of 12 per cent. on the pews. It was voted to recommend the continuance of the monthly collections for the Sinking Fund.

**NOT YET "SOLD."**—The enterprising young firm of Cushing & Buck gave the funny boys of the block a chance for a joke, on Friday morning, which was promptly and funnily improved. The two partners both went away, at different times, each thinking the other was at his post of duty at the store. The boys smelt a mice very soon, took in the out-hanging clothing, pulled down the curtains, procured one of J. R. Carter's placards of sale and posted it on the door. The joke was good—for once—but let no boy who pants for fame, in-vest too often in such jokes, or he may receive a straight jacket and a pair of hand cuffs. N. doubt they are readily forgiven this time.

**GOOD FORTUNE.**—William Slater, of Woburn, who carried on the business of sign painter, on Winn street, lately heard that the death of his father occurred in England several years ago, and that he was heir to considerable property. Some interested party had kept from him the intelligence, but he has started for England, where he hopes to arrive in season to secure his rights, which must be before the 14th of February.

**DRAMATIC.**—A complimentary benefit to Mr. M. Allen, was given in Lyceum Hall, Wednesday evening, by members of his dramatic company. The pieces performed were "Tom Noddy's Secret," and "The Spectre Bridegroom." The first piece, it is said, has not been performed before for 20 years; it proved to be one of the best which has been brought out by this company. The characters in both pieces were well sustained. Music was furnished by Prof. Wm. Dorn's orchestra, of Boston.

The editor of the National S. S. Teacher recently administered a neat and effective rebuke to a contemporary who had stolen one of his editorials. He remarked "that if he had known that his brother editor wanted to use it as original this year, he would not have written and published it himself, two years ago." That is far better than calling hard names.

Ben. S. Calef, 95 Mill street, Boston, will send you full information as to the cost of a Policy under the "New Department" of "The Mutual Life Insurance Co. of New York," if you will send him your age and address.

**DANCING.**—Beard, the veteran dancing master, is again on the floor, and opens a dancing school at Armory Hall, next Wednesday evening. He will doubtless have a large class.

**CHANNING FRATERNITY.**—Last Tuesday evening the Channing Fraternity and their lady friends sat down to a supper in the Unitarian vestry. There were about 60 in the company, and the supper was supplemented by toasts, songs, and music, to the great pleasure of all concerned.

**PHALANX BALL.**—As we go to press, the preparations for the 44th annual ball of the Woburn Mechanic Phalanx are in progress at Lyceum Hall, and under the skillful direction of Col. Beals, of Boston, the Hall is growing bright and beautiful.

**HAND INJURED.**—On Thursday, Martin McDonough had the first two fingers of his left hand cut off in the bark mill at Blake's shop.

**FALL.**—Mrs. James McMorro slipped on the ice, on Tuesday, and broke her right arm, near the wrist.

Chew Jackson's best sweet navy tobacco.

**GRAND ARMY CONVENTION.**—The twelfth annual convention of the Grand Army of the Republic, department of Massachusetts, convened at Armory Hall, Boston, Wednesday evening. The convention was well attended, over 175 delegates answering to roll call. The department commander, Gen. Horace Binney Sargent, presided, and after the usual opening services, he delivered his annual address, which was listened to with great interest, being frequently interrupted with the heartiest applause.

The report of the Adjutant General and other officers showed the present condition of the department and the work done during the year. On the 31st of December, 1877, there were 136 Posts with a membership of 813, and on Dec. 31, 1878, the number of Posts was 131 and the membership 7549. The gains during the past year were 556 by muster in, 90 by transfer, 1361 by reinstatement, making a total of 2007. The losses were as follows: Died, 96; honorably discharged, 78; suspended, 2155; dishonorably discharged, 1; total, 2466. Excess of losses over gains, 459. The amount expended for relief during the year was \$21,779.07, and the amount now held by Posts is \$40,854.91.

The following officers were elected:—Commander, John G. B. Adams, of Post 5, Lynn; Senior vice-commander, John A. Hawes, of Fairhaven; Junior vice-commander, F. G. Spooner, of Springfield; Council of Administration—Geo. H. Patch, Geo. W. Creasy, J. Frank Dalton, Geo. H. Howard, Azael Lane, Jr.; Delegates—At large, Thomas Plunkett, of Worcester; P. Allen Lindsey, Post 30, Cambridgeport; D. H. L. Gleason, of 63, Natick; C. Frank Luther, 79, North Adams; E. F. Clark, 71, Holyoke; J. P. Maxwell, 42, Lowell; Wm. H. Hart, 35, Chelsea; John McKay, Jr., 15, Boston; A. J. Bailey, 11, Charlestown; Alternates—Emerson Stone, 37, Spencer; James F. Dablin, 37, East Cambridge; Mason A. Boyd, 10, Worcester; Henry B. Thayer, 22, Milford; Charles H. Grant, 16, Springfield; Benjamin S. Lovell, 55, Weymouth; Freeman C. Luce, 1, New Bedford; S. Fay, 43, Marlboro; H. B. Rowley, 93, Shelburne Falls.

**CONGREGATIONAL CLUB.**—At the regular monthly meeting of this club in Pilgrim Hall, Boston, Monday evening, President Hyde in the chair, the annual reports were presented. The club now numbers 313 members, about one-fifth of whom are clergymen. The club then proceeded to the choice of officers for the ensuing year and the following were elected:—President, Richard H. Stearns; Vice Presidents, Rev. Alexander McKenzie, George A. Miner, Rev. Henry J. Patrick, Joseph G. Pollard; Secretary, Alfred C. Vinton; Treasurer, Arthur W. Tufts; Executive Committee, Hon. Ezra A. Stevens, John F. Colby, David P. Halsey; Nominating Committee, Rev. Albert E. Dunning, Rev. Geo. G. Phipps, Geo. W. Coburn, Curtis C. Goss, Henry A. Mellen; Outlook Committee, Andrew Cushing, John L. Swift, Theophilus King, Jr.; Biographer, Rev. Christopher Cushing, D. D.

Our readers are reminded of the annual sale of showpans and shoes at Mansfield's extensive emporium in Boston, commencing at once, and which continues for thirty days. The stock is as good as new, with the above exception, and is offered at a price within the reach of everybody. The stock is a varied assortment, consisting of ladies' snow boots, felt slippers, ladies' goat and grain button boots, French style congress and button boots for gents' wear, rubber boots and shoes for ladies' and gents' wear, and rubber goods of all descriptions.

**MIDDLESEX COUNTY.**—The following extract from the financial condition of Middlesex County is extracted from the forthcoming report of the County Commissioners:—Receipts—County taxes, \$132,418.98; Temporary loans, \$51,000; Convict labor in House of Correction, \$22,000; Board of prisoners, \$3,767.92; Sale of old material, etc., \$296.05; Board of prisoners in Lowell jail, \$89; Fines and costs, \$220,90.93; Forfeited recognizances, \$2,133.07; Unclaimed fees, \$1,206.83; Clerk of courts—balance of fees, \$602.27; Pedlers' licenses, \$636; Interest, \$252.03; Land damage refunded by city of Boston, \$500; Petition for re-location highway, \$26.85; Cash on hand Jan. 1, 1878, \$59,042.90; total, \$303,672.53. Expenditures—County debt, \$70,000; Interest on loans, \$3,530.19; Criminal costs, \$60,128.64; Support of prisoners, \$30,271.08; Jurors in civil courts, \$19,526.68; Salaries of county officers, \$12,051.20; Salaries of judges and clerks of police and district courts, \$19,698.66; Highways; land damage, etc., \$10,135.91; Officers in courts, care of court house, etc., \$7,725.55; Law and record books, blanks, stationery, etc., \$4,505.01; Making indexes, copying old records, etc., \$6,327.56; Repairs of county buildings, furniture, etc., \$6,326.50; Fuel, lights, etc., \$4,043.26; Medical examiners, \$1,932.59; Auditors' fees, \$425; Furniture, grading, etc., for new Registry of Deeds, \$22,087.01; Balance, cash on hand Jan. 1, 1879, \$24,957.79; total, \$302,672.53. The amount estimated and appropriated for the new Registry of Deeds at Cambridge, was \$60,000, and the total expense was \$49,139.76.

**LECTURE.**—Rev. P. A. McKenna, of Hudson, will speak on Monday evening, at the St. John's Institute, on "An Irish Nationalist in this Century," for the benefit of the St. Charles Benevolent Society. See posters.

**SURPRISE.**—Friends of Mrs. Cutter and family who live on Walnut street, surprised her at her home, Thursday, and gave herself and family several articles which included some excellent chairs.

The Chelsea Laundry having the exclusive right to use the Troy Machine, are laundering collars and cuffs for 2 cents each. J. W. Hammond is their Agent.

LOOK HERE!—You can buy diaries, pocket books, stationery, or anything in his line, at a bargain of S. Horton, next door to Post Office.

KNEE CUT.—Last week Friday, a boy named Keating, while sliding on a hill off Conn St., cut his knee against the stones.

**NEW PUBLICATIONS.**

The Woodruff Scientific Expedition around the World. From A. Williams & Co.  
We have a pamphlet describing the object and progress of this long talked of enterprise. This has, like most other ventures, met with many obstacles, but the managers claim to have surmounted them, and the success is now assured. Being no speculative or visionary project, but purely for the advancement of scientific knowledge, it must be of great value to the two hundred students who are to have the advantage of thorough training during the sixteen months cruise of the floating college. A vessel every way fitted for the work has been purchased and it is intended to start next May. Should this prove a success, it may be the pioneer in a course of training students which will be of great value in bringing to light many important facts as yet unknown to science.

From the same firm, a Historical Sketch of Boston. Published by Thomas Adams & Co.  
A brief history of the settlement, rise and progress, and a glance at its present and prospective prosperity, cannot fail to interest all who wish for Boston the great success to which she seems destined in the not far distant future. The limit of this work prevents a full history, but it contains much that is interesting and amusing, history of the doings of the early settlers, who with all their peculiarities builded strong and well, and we are now reaping the benefit of their labors.

**The Nursery.** The February number of this charming monthly for children is received, and we do not wonder the little ones cannot do without it. Each number has special attractions, and in this will be found "A Mean Advantage," "The Child Dike," "A True Bear Story," "Jim Crow," "What queer things this is!" and "Mrs. Brown Sparrow," all illustrated. Beside these are poetry and other articles, all of which will please the children and be read with interest by all the family.

Rev. Charles R. Bliss sends us a copy of a neat pamphlet he has just published entitled "New Mexico." In it he gives a brief history of that Territory, its resources, its climate, a description of its people, their condition and educational needs. The pamphlet is issued to aid his and other efforts to establish and maintain an academy at Santa Fe, in which Mr. Bliss is now a professor.

**The Chatterbox.**—The January number of this excellent monthly for children is received from Horton, and a look at its contents will convince any one that its claim to an immense sale in this country and in Europe is easily accounted for when its merits are known. The year's numbers will contain over two hundred fine woodcuts and over two hundred pages of interesting stories, sketches and poems for children. It has hosts of imitators but no rivals, and at the low price of ten cents per number all can afford to buy it.

**POLICE COURT.**—Edward Heuston and Daniel Coakley, drunk, committed for non-payment of fine. Michael Flaherty, truant; committed to the House of Reformation of Juvenile Offenders, at Lowell, for one year. Daniel O'Leary, for assault and battery committed a year ago; \$3 and costs.

"Hurrah for the beautiful snow!"  
How brilliant, sparkling and clear!"  
But he changed his tune,  
When a wicked gossamer  
Plastered some on the flap of his ear.

**North Woburn.**

**CONCERT.**—A concert was given in the Unitarian Chapel, on Thursday evening, by the Arion Quartette, assisted by Mrs. Sallie Clough Phinney. That much interest was taken in the affair was evident to any of the forty persons who jammed themselves into the usually spacious omnibus at the Centre about 7 o'clock. One witty passenger, who listened to the creaking of the timbers, proposed that they postpone their decision as to how many the bus would hold until they arrived at the chapel. The hall was filled. The Arion Quartette gave great satisfaction and proved themselves to have excellent voices. The epidemic influenza under which they professed to be laboring, had no noticeable effect on their singing; and the fact that they had not met each other for some months did not prevent the encores. We give the names of the Quartette: W. M. Skinner, 1st tenor; C. C. Goodwin, 2d tenor; L. G. Wing, 1st bass; Geo. C. Dupee, 2d bass. "Sweet and Low," "Two Roses," "Oft when Night," "The Soldier's Farewell" (by request) and other pieces were sung by the Quartette. Mrs. Phinney secured attention and gave great satisfaction, as she always does. She sang "Eyes so Blue," "Little Mountain Lad," and "Only Come." "Coming thro' the Rye" she sang as an encore. Miss McFarland, of North Woburn, a pupil of Mrs. Phinney's, sang, very sweetly, "The Winds that waft my sighs to Thee." Mr. Wing, of Lexington, one of the Quartette, gave some unusually comical recitations which were encored heartily. "Rubinstein's piano playing" was a marvel of mimicry. This concert is, regularly, the last entertainment in the North Woburn Course, but Rev. Dr. March's lecture entitled "Among the Arabs," which was postponed, will be given on Monday evening, Feb. 3.

**Burlington.**

**JOLLY JUVENILES.**—Tuesday afternoon Miss Ida L. Hutchinson, instead of teaching the young idea how to shoot, bundled nineteen little ideas into a cutter and trotted away for a sleigh ride. The little ones were thoroughly delighted with a trip to Harvard Square.

**PARTIES.**—The Walker Bros., conveyed a happy lot Saturday evening. Howard Nichols made happy the "original fourteen," by sleighing them Thursday evening.

**Winchester.**

**BLUE RAPIDS, MARSHALL COUNTY, KANSAS, JANUARY 20, 1879.**

**FRIEND PARKER.**—This finds "Theophilus" who used to be occasionally write prose and poetry for your valuable Journal, out here, in this little "Gem city of the West," at present teaching school, a few miles out. Our little city of a thousand strong, is destined to be the largest in northern Kansas. I've been out here a couple of years and

like very well; it is a good country, and better than our crowded cities of the East. The weekly newspapers flourish here in every little village; they adopt the patent form *i. e.* one-half the paper is printed in Kansas city, the other half where they are issued. This is my second season at school teaching. You know we Yankees can adapt ourselves to most any calling that is useful as well as ornamental. Our city is about a hundred miles from Missouri river, and on the line of the Central Branch of the Union Pacific R. R. Our state having been blessed with a bountiful harvest, her citizens can unite with the good deacon who, in returning thanks, said, "Some have food and no appetites, and some have appetites and no food, but O Lord, we thank thee that we have both." But while the state is blessed with an abundance, the prices are extremely low, corn 10 to 15 cents per bushel; wheat from 35 to 50 cents; hogs, live weight, from 14 to 20 cents per pound; beef and other things in proportion. These low prices cause a scarcity in the "circulating medium" which is convenient to have both east and west. Notwithstanding these drawbacks, we think the West is the place for industrious, temperate men.

**SLEIGH-RIDE.**—On Tuesday evening, at the appetizing hour of five, the pealing notes of a dinner bell were heard—

The Winchester streets among.

Twenty-eight responded to the melodious invitation, and none the less willingly because five miles of sleighing in the "Queen of Winchester" lay between them and the banquet hall. Captain D. B. Winn held the ribbons and guided the foaming steeds, while the queens of Winchester—and the kings too—were improving the flying moments with song and laugh and jest. At length the Captain drew up before Massachusetts Hall, of "Centennial" memory. In the exercises which followed, there were both interest and variety. A violin and piano supplied tuneful stimulus to the tripping feet of the dancers. Mrs. W. H. Bailey's singing of several pieces formed a striking feature of the musical entertainment. No lover of music can hear her sing without much pleasure. The company at length sat down to the table which Major Muzzey, of the Hall, had generously supplied with delicacies. The excursionists returned to Winchester early—the next morning—no doubt feeling that barge ride on a pleasant winter evening, is one of the boons of existence.

**PARISH MEETING.**—The parish of the Congregational church held a meeting on Monday evening. Rev. Mr. Dickinson's letter to the church—in which he refused to act as a candidate for settlement—was read, and the matter was dropped without debate. The building of new horse-sheds was considered and referred to the Parish Committee. Several new names were added to the Parish roll.

**BRIDGE.**—George E. Fowle, of Woburn, has just completed, after plans by J. W. Kendrick, a bridge, on Pond street, over the Mystic Valley R. R. The bridge is a very substantial structure, and the street will be passable as soon as the grading to the ends of the bridge is completed.

**CHARGED WITH EMBEZZLEMENT.**—Joseph Stone, of Winchester, was arrested Tuesday morning by State Detectives Knox and Innis, for the embezzlement of a seal-skin saccus, worth \$90, from George W. Hinsdale, and held in \$300 for examination Feb. 4, in the Municipal Court at Boston.

**Mrs. G. O. Teasdale,** a lady of large experience and ample accomplishments, offers her services as a dancing teacher. She has had entire success at Lexington. See her advertisement.

**PRaise MEETING.**—There will be a public "Service of Song," at the Unitarian Church on Sunday evening at half past six o'clock, together with stories of hymns and hymn writers.

**FUNERAL.**—The remains of Mrs. John Usher, who lived in Winchester, twenty years ago, were brought from Brooklyn, N. Y., to Winchester, for interment, last Monday.

**Prof. L. T. Townsend,** of Boston, will preach in the Congregational Church, Winchester next Sunday.

**On Sunday afternoon, the 19th inst.,** between the hours of two and five, 385 sleighs passed up Black Horse Hill.

**Wilmington.**

**DRAMATIC.**—The young people are wide awake as usual and are rehearsing plays preparatory to a dramatic entertainment to be given Friday and Saturday evenings of next week. Among other things we understand that the drama "Above the Clouds," and the farce "A Little More Cider," will be played. The following persons are to take part: Messrs. Carter, Mason, Kelley, Ames, Midgeley and Powers, and Misses Macdonald, Harris, Carter and Swain.

**CHURCH SOCIABLE.**—A very pleasant gathering was enjoyed by the people of this town in the vestry of the church last Thursday evening. Mrs.



**A WARNING.**—The fate of McDowell, who has been sent to jail for eighteen months for personating another man as a witness in a case of naturalization, should be a warning to a class somewhat numerous, who fear, who in excess of party zeal do not hesitate to commit perjury or fraud in order to make voters. There has been considerable inattention to such offences hitherto, but there is reason to believe that there will be greater watchfulness in the future. It is not quite so safe to represent another in Court as it is to vote upon other men's names in the North End wards.—*Boston Journal.*

**THE NAHANT RAT-HOLE.**—The Supreme Court has confirmed the decision of the lower court in the case of William F. Weld and John H. Wright vs. the City of Boston, the action being, as will be remembered, to recover taxes alleged to have been illegally collected. The judgment, as we stated at the time, was in favor of the city, and this confirmation drives home the plug in the Nahant rat-hole which was properly inserted by the lower court. The domicile question being thus settled, to the satisfaction of the public if not to that of the rich tax-payers of the Hub, the gentry will probably lose all their interest in gathering the early May-flowers of the peninsula.—*Lynn Transcript.*

That was a very foolish fox which attempted on Monday morning to run a race with Conductor H. E. Crawford's train from Lowell. Reynard jumped on to the railroad track in front of the locomotive at a point between North Framingham and Framingham Centre, and for about an eighth of a mile, attempted to outrun the rapidly approaching train. Engineer Gilmore, who enjoyed the exciting chase over his competitor, however, and soon had a clear track, the fox having been knocked off the same, but luckily not injured so much as to be disabled for another run, which was at once indulged in, although in a different direction.—*Framingham Gazette.*

We said in the *Observer* when Gen. Butler accepted his nomination for Governor that his letter contained many wholesome truths, and that while it would not probably secure his election, it would do good by leading to state reform. This has been its effect. The legislature is working away upon schemes of retrenchment which promise large reductions of expenditure if persevered in.—*Salem Observer.*

Mr. David Adams of this town, on the 17th of last December, wrote two pocket books from two different pockets, there being a rip in each, the two books, together containing \$265 in bills, besides notes, drafts and other valuable papers. Recently one of the books with some memoranda was returned minus the money, by a gentleman who reported that he had found it in the Boston & Maine depot, and one of the notes in the other he found one morning tucked under his front door.—*Malden Mirror.*

The sentence of Devlin for murder is the end of a tragedy whose full significance is too little appreciated. Devlin's awful crime never would have been committed but for rum. And yet what he did may be repeated again and again if rum is allowed to do its work. Rum is a constant menace to the safety of society.—*Lowell Journal.*

Representative Ames, of Wakefield, wants a law to prevent vacuum brakes on railroad trains from making such a noise. Repeat the liquor law, Mr. Ames: steaming is the whole cause of the trouble.—*Melrose Visitor.*

Mr. Daniel Kelley, flagman at Canal street crossing, fell in an apoplectic fit in his little station house on Thursday afternoon. He was seen to fall by some of the neighbors who hastened to his assistance.—*Medford Chronicle.*

## Married.

In Woburn, Jan. 29th, by Rev. Daniel Mark, D. D., Mr. Theodore F. Taylor, of Woburn, and Miss Emma A. Fountain, of Malden, N. Y.

In Marlborough, Jan. 21st, by Rev. S. A. Griffin, Dr. Leslie A. Phillips, of Boston, and Mrs. Ella A. Hastings, formerly of Waltham.

**THOSE THREE DENTIFRICES.** THE CHLORINATED disinfects impure secretions. THE CARBOLATED tenderizes the skin. THE FRAGRANT is delicious in taste and odor.

All cleanse, whiten, and preserve. We have prepared them for years, and they fill every requirement.

**GEORGE S. DODGE, Pharmaceutical Chemist and Apothecary, 105 Main Street, near Bank Block.**

## Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notices 10 cents a line.

In Woburn, Jan. 26th, Mrs. Elizabeth D. wife of Jacob P. Richardson, aged 90 years, 10 months, 11 days.

In Arlington, Jan. 27th, Mrs. Lucy Bland, aged 77 years and 10 months.

In Burlington, Jan. 27th, Mrs. Amanda S. wife of George Caldwell, aged 62 years, 9 months, 27 days.

**For Sale and To Let.**

**H. S. COCHRAN, 42 Green Street.** Inquire of H. S. Cochrane, 42 Green Street.

**TENEMENT TO LET** on Pleasant street. Inquire of A. V. Hayes.

**WANTED.**—Ladies to know that Mrs. B. A. STEARNS teaches her world renowned system of dress cutting, and received the highest award at the Centennial Exposition, New York American Institute and Massachusetts Mechanics' Fair, at 47 Washington street, and is also exclusive agent for Andrews Bazar patterns, which are cut from her system and in shape, and are the most reliable of any in the market.

**Commonwealth of Massachusetts.** MIDDLESEX, ss. PROBATE COURT.

To the Heirs-at-Law, next of Kin, and all other persons interested in the estate of Samuel Caldwell, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

**DANCING.** Mrs. G. O. TEASDALE, of Charleston, S. C., would offer her services to the people of Woburn as instructor in PLAIN AND FANCY DANCING, to be given in a select school in RANGLER HALL.

## Grand Concert

COMPLIMENTARY TO  
**Mr. FRANK HERVEY**

Manager of the "Lyceum Star Course."

LYCEUM HALL, Woburn,

MONDAY EVENING,

FEB. 10, 1879.

On which occasion a POWERFUL PROGRAMME will be presented by the following remarkable list of artists, who kindly volunteer their valuable services:

Miss Marie Stone, Prima Donna Soprano, and

Wm. H. MacDonald, Primo Basso,

Of the Adelaide Phillips Opera Company.

Miss Georgie Cayvan, The Celebrated Reader.

Mrs. Thos. Barry,

Leading Lido, at the Boston Theatre, (by kind permission of Tompkins & Hill, Managers.)

Wm. H. Fessenden, Tenor, and

Myron W. Whitney, (America's Great Basso.)

of the Myron W. Whitney Concert Company.

Miss Dora Wiley,

Soprano, (who will be remembered by all patrons of the Star Course.)

Mr. C. N. Allen,

Violinist, (another favorite of the Star Course.)

Mr. Frank Litchfield, Solo Pianist.

And the ever popular

TEMPLE QUARTETTE,

D. F. FITZ, W. H. FESSENDEN, H. A. COOKE, A. C. RYDER.

Mr. S. L. STUDLEY, Pianist.

Tickets, reserved seats, 50 Cents.

For sale on and after SATURDAY, February 1,

by T. Marvin Parker, at the store of A. E. Thompson.

Report of the Condition

of

The First National Bank of Woburn,

at Woburn, in the State of Massachusetts, at the close of business, last Jan., 1879.

RESOURCES.

Loans and discounts, \$210,446 10

Overdrafts, 446 10

U. S. Bonds to secure circulation, 200,000 00

U. S. Bonds on hand, 150,000 00

Other stocks, bonds and mortgages, 3,000 00

Due from approved reserve agents, 21,561 43

Real estate, furniture and fixtures, 25,855 91

Current expenses and taxes paid, 1,874 02

Checks and other cash items, 5,231 96

Bills of other banks, 5,287 00

Fractional currency (including Treasury notes), 80 81

Specie (including gold and silver certificates), 11,932 00

Legal tender notes, 11,932 00

Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer, 12,500 00

(5 per cent of circulation)

Total, \$750,223 31

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock paid in, \$200,000 00

Surplus fund, 72,000 00

Undivided Profits, 11,639 74

Notes and Bank Notes outstanding, 229,400 00

Dividends unpaid, 526 00

Individual deposits subject to check, 95,980 00

Demand certificates of deposit, 279 14

Total, \$750,223 31

STATE OF MASSACHUSETTS—COUNTY OF MIDDLESEX, ss.

J. J. R. Green, Cashier of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true, to the best of my knowledge and belief.

T. P. GREEN, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 28th day of Jan. 1879.

JOHN W. JOHNSON, Justice of the Peace.

CORRECT—Attest: E. D. HAYDEN, JOHN JOHNSON, E. N. HAKE, Directors.

THE ANNUAL SALE OF

Shophorn Boots & Shoes,

HAS COMMENCED AT

Mansfield's Boot and Shoe Emporium,

14 Tremont Row.

This week, and continues for sixty days. We shall include in this sale our ENTIRE STOCK OF FALL GOODS left over, enabling us to put in an entire fresh stock in the Spring.

These goods have been marked down to the cost price.

In this sale will be included a large assortment of men's and boys' shoes, which will be sold at much less than the regular prices.

We shall offer in this sale about 300 pairs of Custom Boots and Shoes—middle. These will be sold at 50 cents on the dollar.

Gents' Equine Boots or Beaver Boots only \$2.00, marked down from \$4.00. In connection with this sale we have about 3000 pairs of Ladies' Feet Slippers, which will be sold at 60 cents per pair, a mark down from \$1.00.

A very large assortment of Ladies' Show Boots, warm and easy to the foot, \$1.00, \$1.25 and \$1.50, marked down from \$2.00.

Ladies' Button Boots \$1.75

Gents' English Grain Boots, \$3.00, (former price, \$4.00).

Gents' Heavy Congress Boots, \$2.00, (former price, \$2.50).

Our French style Gaiters, for men's wear, have been marked down during this sale to the low price of \$4.00 per pair; regular price \$5.50. In addition to the above, we have had consigned to us, from a manufacturer about 2,500 pairs of Ladies' Glove Leather Button Boots, which we shall sell at the low price of \$2.00 a pair.

About 1,200 pairs of Ladies' American Kid Button Boots, at \$1.75 per pair.

Gents' Thick Working Boots \$2.25

Gents' Double Sole Laced Boots \$2.00

Gents' Artistic Congress Style, 50 cents, 124

Seamless Feet Slippers \$1.00

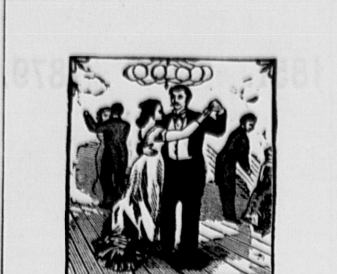
The sappers drew the Gold Medal at the late Fair, and we have marked them down from \$1.50, 1,500 pairs on hand to be sold. Men's, Boys' and Youth's Boots and Shoes of every description, and all marked down for this sale. Ladies' Wool Soles, 25 cents, marked down from 40 cents.

Don't fail to see the bargains now to be offered during the coming 60 days. We have on hand one of the largest stocks of Rubber Boots and Shoes to be found in Boston. All in want of Rubber Goods will do well to call and see us.

MANSFIELD'S, 14 TREMONT ROW, BOSTON.

To sell and for exchange; no expense to owner unless a sale is made. Houses in Cambridge, Malden, Hyde Park to exchange for farms.

S. B. KNOWLTON, No. 2 Bowdoin St., Boston.



THE

TWENTY-NINTH

Annual Reception

OF—

COMMITTEES

IN WANT OF

BALL PRINTING

IS NOW IN PROGRESS AT THE

WOBURN JOURNAL OFFICE,

WHERE THE

Finest Ball Work is done, at

Prices to suit the times.

YOUR COMPANY IS RESPECTFULLY

SOLICITED.

204 MAIN STREET,

WOBURN.

Manager: JOHN L. PARKER,

With an efficient corps of Aides.

GRAND MARCH from 7 A. M. to 8 P. M.

Tickets, reserved seats, 50 Cents.

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To sell and for exchange; no expense to owner unless a sale is made. Houses in Cambridge, Malden, Hyde Park to exchange for farms.

S. B. KNOWLTON, No. 2 Bowdoin St., Boston.

## Our Wet Cottons

ARE ALL SOLD. That our many customers who failed to obtain any of that

Remarkable Bargain,

May not be disappointed, we shall open to-day a CASE of

PERFECT GOODS, nearly the same value,

At the same price.

CHARLES A. SMITH & SON.

177 MAIN STREET, WOBURN.

NEW GOODS

WINTER WEAR AT VERY

LOW PRICES.

JUST RECEIVED BY

G. R. GAGE & Co., Merchant Tailors,

171 Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

OVERCOATS

MARKED DOWN

AT

CUSHING & BUCK'S



## Journal Club Column

SHE WOULDN'T MELT.—A day or two ago, when a servant-girl opened the side-door of a house on Sibley street, in response to a vagrant's knock, her face looked so kind and benevolent that the hungry man had no doubt that a good dinner awaited him. He had, however, laid out a certain programme, and he therefore began:

"My dear woman, I haven't had anything to eat for two days, and I wanted to ask if you would spare me one of these icicles which has fallen from the eaves?"

"Well, I dunno," she slowly replied, as she looked out, "I suppose we might spare you one, if you are really suffering; but of course you won't take the largest and best?"

He stepped down and selected an icicle about two feet long, and, in a hesitating manner, inquired:

"If you would only sprinkle a little pepper on this I would be forever grateful."

"It's rather bold in you to ask it, but I suppose I can sprinkle on a little—a very little," she replied, and she got the pepper and dusted his "luncheon" very sparingly.

He started to move away, but, seeming to recollect something, he turned and said:

"You seem so benevolent, I'll ask you to sprinkle on a little salt as well. I like my icicles seasoned up pretty high."

"You are a bold man, sir, and it's plain you have the appetite of a glutton, but I'll give you a bit of salt, and then you must be gone," she replied.

When the icicle had been duly salted the man expressed his thanks, but didn't move away. His game wasn't working to suit him. Some folks would have stood there and seen him bite off the end of a big icicle, but this girl did. And further, when he hesitated to go, she indignantly called out:

"I know what you want. You want me to warm the icicle in the oven for you, and then put on some mustard; but I'll never, never do it!"

The man moved slowly out of the gate, and, as he threw his icicle at a passing dog, he gave utterance to his disgust in language punctuated entirely with slung-shots.—*Detroit Free Press.*

TOO OLD FOR THEM.—The other day a man with a satchel called into a ferry dock saloon wherein fifteen or twenty old salts were lying about their adventures on the high seas, and after warming his hands at the stove he said to the barkeeper:

"Sir, I am the agent of a French wine house, and I should like to sell you a few barrels of a brand new over one hundred years old."

The saloonist thought he wouldn't invest, and the man took a pint bottle from his satchel, held it up to the light, and looking around, on the crowd, remarked:

"Gentlemen, this is a sample of wine over one hundred years old. I have no doubt that you will do me the honor to taste it."

A perfect shower of tobacco-quids and half-consumed cigars fell on the big stove-hearth, and the crowd held its mouth all ready when the agent scrutinized the bottle and said:

"Ah! I am mistaken. I left the wine at the hotel, and brought along my hair invigorator in place of it! Gentlemen, please remain seated while I go and fetch the old wine."

At the end of a long hour he had not returned, and one of the victims slowly arose and said:

"Gentlemen, you hear me! If I meet that man on the street I will kill him and drink his hair invigorator to the last drop!"

"So'll I!" shouted all the others, and they opened their tobacco-boxes and went on with their lying.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A Young New York married man, travelling in Kansas, recently received the dispatch, "Return immediately; you are a father." On the eve of his return his lady friends determined to play a joke on him. They procured from the neighborhood three other babies, placed all four in a row on a bed in an adjoining apartment, and covered them up. When he arrived he embraced his wife in great delight, and was then led forth to behold his first-born. When the cover was raised, and indescribable look of surprise overspread his countenance, and he exclaimed: "Great heavens! Did any of them get away?"

A countryman seated himself at a table in Fulton Market, the other morning, and took up a bill of fare. The first thing that struck his eye was "boiled salmon." After studying it a few seconds, as if it were a problem, he glanced up at the waiter and said: "Waal, I reckon for a start off I'll take a little boiled salmon."

The little folks wanted the head of the family to spend the evening with them. Father said he thought of attending a meeting. Various measures were discussed for keeping father at home, when Tommy, aged five, addressed his brother aged seven, as follows: "I'll tell you what we'll do. We'll put a sign on the front door—'No admittance to go out of this house nights.'"

Every day we have evidence that the small boy has no soul. The other day a crowd gathered around a farmer whose wagon load of butter and eggs was fast in a mud hole; and while some suggested that he pull him out, the ever-present small boy yelled, "It's no use, mister. Yer horse ain't strong enough. Take him out, an' hitch in a roll of yer butter."

Souvenir of the Exposition by "Cham." Small gentleman in a huge hat which engulfs him to his shoulders. His wife—"But that doesn't fit you, my love." He—"That's what I told the man, but he showed me his gold medal, the only one awarded for hats, and what could I do?"

"What I want to get at is the animus of the transaction," said the judge. "But, your honor," said the complainant, "there wasn't any at all. He came up quiet like and grabbed the coat, and was off with it before I saw what he was at. No, sir, there wasn't any animus."

His name was Wrath, and when he asked his girl to marry him, she gave him a soft answer, and a soft answer turned away Wrath.

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE BEST OF FAMILY BIBLES.—The Secretary of the American Bible Society recently remarked that in spite of the great number of Bibles annually sold in the United States, there are not half enough Bibles published. There are thousands of homes in our broad land in which not a single copy of the Sacred Scriptures is to be found.

Approaching this great need, the National Publishing Company of Philadelphia, Chicago, St. Louis and Dayton have issued one of the most attractive and superb editions of the Bible ever published, and with the liberality that has characterized all their enterprises have issued it in the most elegant styles of binding, and at prices which bring it within the reach of every family.

To the text of the Bible is added a series of remarkable and unusually attractive features, which render this edition invaluable to every Christian household. Foremost among these is Dr. Smith's Dictionary of the Bible, which is admitted by all denominations to be the best Bible Dictionary ever published. We have next a series of succinct and carefully prepared accounts of the various religious denominations of the world, their history and teachings. The Life of the Saviour and the Lives of the Apostles are brought forward prominently, and in such a manner as to be of great service to every reader of the New Testament. The Wanderings in the Wilderness, and the Tabernacle and Temple are critically and admirably described. A series of Scripture illustrations affords comprehensive explanations of the Manners and Customs of the Ancients, of Biblical Antiquities, Scenery, Natural History, etc. The City of Jerusalem is also described with great minuteness. Then follow a large number of chronological and other valuable tables, designed to promote and facilitate the study of the Sacred Scriptures. These tables are so numerous that we have not space to name them.

The book is magnificently illustrated with superb engravings by the great artist, Gustave Dore, and with a large number of exquisite steel engravings. Of course in a family Bible much depends upon the illustrations, and the publishers of this volume have embellished their Bible with a taste and liberality that deserve the highest praise. The additional matter contains over 2,000 beautiful engravings, executed in the highest style of the art. These engravings are genuine works of art, and were made at a cost of over \$30,000. The great number and high character of these engravings make this the most valuable art publication of the century.

The Family Record and Marriage Certificate are beautiful specimens of lithography and at the close of the volume is a handsome Portrait Album, with room for sixteen portraits, a very desirable feature in a work of this kind. Every intelligent person knows that the excellence of the binding of a book depends upon its neatness and durability. A Bible may be very showily bound, and yet put together so flimsily that it will come to pieces in a few years. Although covered with showy stamps, and apparently well bound, the work may be done in such a loose and unsubstantial manner that with only ordinary handling the Bible will crack and finally fall to pieces. This Bible is made upon a very different plan. Only the best materials are used in its manufacture, and all the work is done by the best of workmen and the most highly improved machinery. Every stage of the work is carefully supervised. It would be impossible to devise a system by which greater care could be given to the manufacture of a book, or by which the interests of subscribers could be more carefully guarded. The publishers realize the fact that a family Bible may be subjected to very hard usage, and must be bound substantially as well as handsomely. They are published in German also.

We cordially commend this magnificent Bible to our readers. It is a shame that any Christian household should be without a Family Bible, and we commend this one as the most complete and the cheapest in the market. It is sold by subscription only, and Mr. T. A. B. Norris, who is the authorized agent for this section, is now canvassing for it.

Mr. Norris will canvass the entire county of Middlesex, and can remain in town but a short time. We commend him to the courtesy and patronage of our citizens, and trust he will meet with that success commensurate with rare merits of the work.

*Scribner for February.* The February or Midwinter Scribner opens with a frontispiece portrait from life of R. W. Emerson, the fourth of the series of large portraits in this magazine drawn by Wyatt Eaton and engraved by T. Cole, the subjects of the others being Lincoln, Bryant and Longfellow. Accompanying the portrait is a paper on the "Homes and Haunts of Emerson," by F. B. Sanborn of Concord, embodying considerable material never before published. Among the illustrations are views of Concord, Walden Pond, the Old Manse, and Emerson's present home, all by Homer Martin (who here appears for the first time as an illustrator); and the poet's library and interiors of the Old Manse, by Lathrop and Riordan. Twenty-two pages are awarded in this number to the long-promised adventures of "The Tile Club at Play," the occasion of the paper being the excursion of the club to Easthampton, L. I., which is described in the text by W. M. Laffan and Edward Strahan, and in the pictures by the entire club including Abbey, Reinhart, Hopkinson, Smith, Walter Paris, Swain Gifford, Wimbridge and Quarterly, besides the two writers of the account and O'Donovan the sculptor, the four engravings from whose modellings in clay form one of the most unique features in recent magazine illustration. A noteworthy example of this sort of work is the portrait of John Howard Payne as a boy, engraved by Henry Marsh. A sketch of Payne's home is also given with an account of his romantic life as lover, actor and diplomat, and the holiday pranks of the artist give contrast, in text and illustrations, to more serious professional work. The second of the "Jonny Rob Papers" is devoted to "The Fortunes and Misfortunes of Co. 'C,'"—being the narrative of actual experience in the Confederate army. The pathetic interest of this account will be best appreciated by those who, like the

members of Co. 'C,' were among the last to capitulate. The illustrations are drawn by Mr. A. C. Redwood, who writes the paper, and F. H. Langren. A half-humorous, half-serious paper on "Aerial Navigation," by the poet Stedman, contains a review of the history of the subject and many practical suggestions toward the working out of the problem, the writer venturing the sanguine prophecy that the world is on the eve of its successful solution. Mr. Stedman reproduces in elucidation of his theories a number of his own designs for motors, made many years ago. The article and the inventions have already received the commendation of a most eminent engineer and expert. "Russell Sturgis, the New York connoisseur, and the author of the paper on Cruikshank in the July Scribner, writes of another English caricaturist, John Leech, and a variety of his best drawings, from Punch and elsewhere) are reproduced in illustration, including the "Ho-Fi caught in his own trap," "Children of the Mobility," "Fox-hunting in Squire Western's Time," and "Bob Cratchit and Scrooge." The fourth of John Muir's studies in the Sierras is printed this month, dealing with the Glacier meadows, a little-known feature of the range which Mr. Muir's fresh style invests with unusual charm, in keeping with which is the delicate drawing by John Bolles, "Seeking Pasture." In fiction, the novel contains the fourth installment of Mrs. Burnett's "Haworth's," with illustrations; the seventh of Mr. Boyesen's "Falconberg," which will end in April; "Pott's Painless Cure," an ingenious short story by Edward Bellamy; and "The Doom of Claudius and Cynthia," a curious experiment in romance, by Maurice Thompson. Other papers are: "A Symposium on the Chinese Question," by A. A. Hayes, Jr., who has collected the opinions of "distinguished representative men," including Ah Lee, Hon. Phelim McInnegan, Mons. Alphonce de la Fontaine, Herr Isaac Resenthal, and others; a second paper of new anecdotes of persons, by Rev. Edward Eggleston, entitled "The Relations of Insanity to Modern Civilization," by H. P. Stearns, of the Hartford Retreat for the Insane. The poetry of the number has great variety, embracing Mr. R. H. Stoddard's epic poem on Bryant ("The Dead Master") and poems by T. W. Parsons, L. Frank Tooker, Charles de Kay, Joel Benton, Rose Hawthorne Lathrop, Andrew B. Saxton, R. W. Gileer, and H. C. In "Topics of the Time," Dr. Holland discusses "Checks and Balances," and "Royalty and Loyalty in Canada." In "Home and Society," Mrs. Oakley's "Hints to Young House-keepers" are continued, the special topics being the duties of laundress, waitress and lady's maid. Among the book reviews is a four-page resume of Bayard Taylor's "Prince Deukalion." Among the new appliances and inventions described in "The World's Work" are a "Wire Rolling Mill," "Electric Spark Pen," "Improved Style of Portable Mortar," "New Cement," "Improved Method of Packing Butter," etc., etc. The "Erica-Brac" department contains an account of the singular will of Kosciuszko, filed in Albemarle Co., Va., but never executed.

*St. Nicholas for February* contains the first installment of "Eyebeight," Susan Coolidge's new serial story, which will be illustrated throughout by Frederick Diehlman, and will end with the current volume. H. H. contributes a charming poem, "The Shining Little House," and Augusta Larned skillfully gives the boys and girls a peep into ancient Icelandic literature in a short poem entitled "Heimdal," accompanied by valuable explanatory notes. Julian Hawthorne's bewitching fairy tale—"Rumpty-Dugger's Tower"—still continues. The present installment is illustrated with two lovely pictures by Alfred Fredericks. The number opens with "A Story of Stone," a lively short article written by Professor D. S. Jordan, of Wisconsin, and a curious scientific subject: Its contrast is found a few pages on, in Mr. Hopkins's funny drawings of subjects in "Unnatural History." Famous violinist, and the make and history of the violin, are treated of in two graphic, fully illustrated articles—"Little Nicholas," and "How he Became a Great Musician," and "About Violins." Lucretia P. Hale tells how her funny Peterkin family bravely but blunderingly met disasters that came to them through having several "Modern Improvements" in their new house. There are seven fine short stories of all finely illustrated, some bright and full of adventure, some pathetic and touching in the extreme, and their subjects comprise—a hair-breadth escape from the Rhinoceros in South America—the rescue of an old man from a snow-drift by two little boys—the confusion made in a Sunday School by "Bully Hersey's Pot,"—a curious "Nest on Wheels,"—a poor little factory girl of Manchester, England,—the "Origin of the Jumping-Jack,"—and a little girl's experience in keeping a journal. As helps to pass a long evening pleasantly, some interesting "New Domestic Games" are laid down by Arlo Bates, and a curious domino-puzzle is presented in the Riddle-Box.

*Wide Awake for February, 1879.* Wide Awake for February opens with a piquant frontispiece, "Kiss Me, Katie," drawn for Col. Hayne's poem of that title, by Mary A. Lathbury, who is also illustrating Mrs. Catherwood's cherry story, "The Dogberry Bunch." Mrs. Lucy Blinn follows with a pathetic story, "Aunt Ruth's Valentine." "Some Children's Books in Old Times," by Sarah Loring Bailey, is an entertaining account of some old primers, accompanied by several very quaint illustrations. Rev. I. Beman has a stirring story which needs no pictures, of "Pioneer Wide Awake." Mrs. Clara Doty Bates has a breezy poem, "The Wind's Mistake," with a fine drawing by Miss Humphrey, who also illustrates the beautiful story of "The Red Bird's Secret," by a Southern writer, Tarpel Starr. The second paper in S. G. W. Benjamin's attractive series, "Our American Artists," describes the prosperous career of A. F. Bellows, and, besides portrait and studio view, gives us an exquisitely engraved copy of one of the painter's delicious New England landscapes. The chapter of "Robert Lowell's Last Year at St. Olave's," in this number are sufficiently exciting to appease the most exacting of school-boys, while they do not picture too strongly the injustice sometimes practiced by big boys at school toward the smaller fellows. Mrs. Little, in her English literature paper, tells a host of curious things about Pope and about Lady Mary Wortley Montague. The new story "Don Quixote," who is our old friend Mitzi's Peterkin, Paul in armor, begins delightfully, and there is a paper about Seville china, and one about "My Pets," and several poems, and then at the last there is a grand sixteen-page supplement, all about Dog, with an interesting Natural History treatise by Ernest Ingersoll, followed by several good original Dog stories, all true. Only \$2.00 a year. Ella Farnham, Editor. D. Lothrop & Co., Publishers, Boston.

## Miscellaneous.

THE DRAGON AND THE IRISHMAN.—As Deacon Ingalls of Swampscott was traveling through the western part of the State of New York, he fell in with an Irishman who had lately arrived in this country, and was in quest of a brother who had come before him and settled in some of the diggings in this vicinity.

Pat was a strong, athletic man, a true Catholic, and had never seen the interior of a Protestant church.

It was a pleasant Sunday morning that Brother Ingalls met Pat, who inquired the road to the nearest church.

Ingalls was a good and pious man.

He told Pat he was going to church himself and invited his new made acquaintance to keep him company thither, (his destination being a small Methodist meeting-house near by). There was a great revival there at that time, and one of the deacons, (who by the way, was very small in stature), invited Brother Ingalls to take a seat in his pew. He accepted the invitation and walked in, followed by Pat, who looked in vain to find the altar. After he was seated, he turned to Brother Ingalls, and in a whisper which could be heard all around, inquired:

"Sure, an isn't this heretic?"

"Hush," said Ingalls, "if you speak a loud word they will put you out."

"Divil a word will I speak at all, at all," replied Pat.

The meeting was opened with prayer by the pastor. Pat was eyeing him very closely, when an old gentleman who was standing in the pew directly in front of Pat, shouted:

"Glory!"

"Hist, ye clear divil," rejoined Pat, with his loud whisper, which was plainly heard by the minister, "he desent and don't make a blackguard of yourself."

The pastor grew more and more fervent in his devotion. Presently the deacon uttered an audible groan.

"Hist-s-s-t, ye blackguard; have ye no decency at all, at all?" said Pat, at the same moment giving the deacon a punch in the ribs, which caused him to nearly lose his equilibrium. The minister stopped, extended his hands and in a supplicating manner, said:

"Brethren, we cannot be disturbed in this way. Will somebody put that man out?"

"Yes, your reverence," shouted Pat, "I will," and suiting the action of the word, he collared the little deacon and, to the utter horror and astonishment of the pastor, Brother Ingalls and the whole congregation, he dragged him through the aisle and with a tremendous kick landed him in the vestibule of the church.

"Saw-Logging" in NEVADA.—A chute is laid from the river's brink up the steep mountain to the railroad, and, while we are telling the monstrous logs are rushing, thundering, flying, leaping down the declivity. They come with the speed of a thunderbolt, and somewhat of its roar. A track of fire and smoke follow them—fire struck by their friction with the chute logs. They descend the 1,700 feet of the chute in fourteen seconds. In doing so they drop 700 feet perpendicularly. They strike the deep water of the pond with a report that can be heard a mile distant. Logs fired from a cannon could scarcely have greater velocity than they have at the foot of the chute. Their average velocity is over one hundred feet in a second throughout the entire distance, and at the instant they leap from the mouth their speed must be fully two hundred feet per second. A sugar pine log sometimes weighs a tons. What a missile! How the water is dashed into the air! Like a grand plume of diamonds and rain-bows, the feathery spray is hurled to the height of a hundred feet. It forms the grandest fountain ever beheld. How the waters of the pond foam and seethe and lash against the shore! One log having spent its force by its mad plunge into the deep waters, has floated so as to be at right angles with the path of the descending monsters. The mouth of the chute is perhaps fifteen feet above the surface of the water. A huge log hurled from the chute cleaves the air and alights on the floating log. You know how a bullet glances, but can you imagine a saw-log glancing? The end strikes with a heavy shock, but glides quickly past for a short distance, then a crash like the reverberation of artillery, the falling log springs 150 feet vertically into the air, and, with a curve like a rocket, falls into the pond seventy yards from the log it struck.—*Nevada Republican.*

HOW FREEMASONS FAVOR EACH OTHER.—Some young men in the town of —, having "cut up" one night to the detriment of a certain widow, and bell-pulls, were lodged in the calaboose, and in due time next morning confronted before a police magistrate, who fined them \$5 each, and an admonition. One of these foolishly remarked:

"Judge, I was in hopes that you would remember me; I belong to the same Lodge as you!"

The Judge, apparently surprised, replied with brotherly sympathy:

"Ah! is it so! Truly, this is Brother —! I did not recognize you. Excuse me for my dullness. Yes, we are brother Masons, and I should have thought of that, Mr. Clerk, fine our Brother — ten dollars. Being a Mason he knows better the rules of propriety than other men. Fine him ten dollars. You will pay the clerk, Brother —! Good morning, Brother. Call the next case."

PERVERTED INGENUITY.—To the ubiquitous old lady who displays at the country fair the quilt of fourteen thousand and odd pieces of patchwork, as fearful in design and coloring as it is complicated in structure, it may never have occurred, and no Christian friend may have reminded her, that the time and work spent upon it would have served to knit some hundreds of pairs of stockings for the barefoot poor, and have counted more to her credit on a certain long-running ledger than the coveted "premium" or "honorable mention" at the village show.

"I don't care much about advertising just now," said the liquor dealer; "but if you will come in when the sweaters-off are about resuming again—say the first of February—I'll give you something big."—*Somerville Journal.*

1851. 1879.

## THE Woburn JOURNAL.

With the beginning of the new year the Journal will commence its

29th VOLUME.

For more than a quarter of a century it has been a welcome visitor to the homes of Woburn, and of those in other places to whom the memory of the old town is dear. It has in the past taken a lively interest in all

LOCAL AFFAIRS,

and will in the future keep up with the times, by urging and encouraging progress in every direction that will lead to the wealth, importance or influence of the town.

The Journal is essentially a news-paper, and first of all it will continue to give

ALL THE WOBURN NEWS,

together with that of surrounding towns, as it has been demonstrated that the people desire to have and will sustain, a paper which is a journal of the news about affairs in which they have a personal interest.

THE STORIES

which are given each week constitute a feature of the paper and have always met with favor.

Connected with the paper is an experienced book reviewer and his

LITERARY NOTICES

have been highly commended, and they will be continued during the coming year. Our

CORRESPONDENTS

are scattered all over the world, and contributions from their pens have added much to the interest of the Journal. Communications on any topic are invited, and

ANY ONE

can secure the insertion of a letter in the Journal provided it is written in proper terms, and the writer's name given as a guarantee of good faith, on any subject, without regard to the position of the paper on that subject. Believing that there is nothing like discussion to bring out truth and that truth never fears the fullest scrutiny, it is the policy of the Journal to encourage discussion, and while it will continue to

FEARLESSLY ADVOCATE

all such principles and measures as it deems important and essential to the public welfare, it will concede space upon its platform to any who see fit to differ, and admit that in argument as well as in other things test fittest shall survive.

Believing that whatever helps the Town helps the individual citizen, the Journal will always be found jealously guarding the honor of the Town against assaults or defamers, and earnestly seconding any efforts for public improvement or growth. The Journal will continue to be a live newspaper treating of

LIVING ISSUES

with an independent pen, giving its readers the best selections from

CURRENT LITERATURE

in the shape of stories, original and selected, sketches, paragraphs, &c., together with all the news, and discussions of current topics. The above has made and will maintain it as the

Popular Newspaper of the Town

and this fact should assure the business men that it is the best

ADVERTISING MEDIUM

they can possibly have. There is no better way to reach the people than through the newspaper, which is welcomed and read by every member of every family to which the paper goes.

SUBSCRIPTION \$2 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

JOHN L PARKER, PUBLISHER,

204 Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

**W E**

**Don't know**

of any way better calculated to gladden the hearts of our lady friends, than to present them with one of these Light Running

"DOMESTIC SEWING MACHINES,"

which has attained the highest degree of excellence. It combines, with its remarkable simplicity and ease of running, great quietness of operation, with a wonderful range of work, self-adapting to light or heavy fabrics with equal perfection. Don't fail to examine it.

FOR SALE BY

**A. GRANT,**

**Merchant Tailor**

and DEALER IN

Gent's Furnishing Goods,

White Shirts made to order. Shirt Patterns cut from measure.

169 Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

**SPAULDING'S**

**SPANISH CHOLERA REMEDY,**

WOBURN, MASS.

We, the undersigned, most cheerfully bear witness to the efficacy of the Cholera Remedy, put up and sold by Mr. E. S. Spaulding. We have experienced the greatest benefit from it, when other remedies have failed to afford us relief. It is our firm conviction that the mixture is fully able to cope with any case of Cholera, Dysentery, or Bowel Complaint.

C. M. STROUT, High Street.  
JAMES H. SKELTON, Mt. Pleasant Street.  
T. F. STEARNS, Main Street.  
SEWALL, TAYLOR, Willow Street.  
R. W. PARKS, Willow Street.  
G. E. WATERS, Foster Street.  
W. E. CLARK, Wey's Court.  
GEORGE REYNOLDS, Summer Street.  
MRS. MARY ANN REYNOLDS, Summer St.  
MR. BRIDGET JOHNSON, Summer Street.

The Spanish Cholera Remedy can be obtained at the Woburn Drug Stores, ALEX. EDLE, RAILROAD STORE, PORTER'S CIGAR STORE, and of G. P. BROWN, Winchester. Try it.

**W. F. ESTABROOK,**

MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN

**Bread, Cake, Pastry,**

AND

**FANCY CRACKERS**

OF ALL KINDS.

219 Main Street, Woburn.

**NEW BOOK** NOW IN PRESS

**AGENTS WANTED!**

**THE INDUSTRIAL HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES**

Being a complete history of all the important industries of America, including Agricultural, Mechanical, Manufacturing, Mining, Commercial and other Enterprises. 300 Fine Engravings. No work like it ever published. Will sell at sight. Agents, this is the book for you to introduce. Address Henry Bill Publishing Co., Norwich, Conn.

**POT WINDOW GARDENING.**

Patent Flower Pot Brackets  
Hooks and Chains for Hanging Pots,  
Bird Cage Hooks.

A Useful and Tasty

**FLOWER STAND FOR \$1.**

**HARDWARE STORE.**

KELLEY'S BLOCK.

**L. THOMPSON, JR.**

**DON'T BUY**

Gent's White Shirts,  
WORKING SHIRTS,  
Underwear or Hosiery,

Without INSPECTING our stock in that line.

See Prices Will Astonish You.

Also bargains in

**BLACK DRESS GOODS,**

Red, White, and Blue Flannels, and Table Linens.

**J. D. DECELLE,**

140 Main Street, Woburn

**Coal, Wood & Lumber**

**WILLIAM N. ARNOLD,**

Dealer in all kinds of

**LUMBER,**

WINCHESTER, MASS.

**LUMBER!**

**EASTERN, WESTERN, and Northern LUMBER,**

—AND—

**BUILDING MATERIAL**

of all widths, dimensions and qualities, constantly on hand, and delivered promptly, at shortest notice, at the LOWEST CASH PRICE.

Shingles, Clapboards, Laths, Cedar and Chestnut Posts.

Pickets, Mouldings, &c., in large quantities.

Lumber Yard on Prospect Street, opposite the Railroad Freight Yard.

**H. S. CONVERSE,**

Carpenter and Builder,

WOBURN, - MASS.

Shop on Prospect street, Woburn.

**Markets**

**CENTRAL MARKET**

151 Main St., Woburn.

**B. F. WYER**

keeps constantly on hand a full and fresh stock of

**Beef, Pork and Mutton,**

AND ALL KINDS OF

**SEASONABLE VEGETABLES,**

and everything usually found in a

**Meat and Vegetable Market.**

**GEO. P. SIMMONS,**


**Woburn Fish Market,**

190 Main Street, Woburn.

Mr. Simmons having had a large experience in the fish business, is fully capable of supplying the wants of the public with satisfaction.

**Funeral Undertakers**

**L. H. ALLEN,**



**FUNERAL AND FURNISHING UNDERTAKER,**

**COFFIN WAREHOUSE,**

**MONTVALE AVE., NEAR CORNER OF MAIN ST.,**

**Woburn.**

CASKETS and COFFINS of various Styles and prices. Bibles in great variety. Also, CATHOLIC HABITS, and every article necessary for the burial of the deceased, furnished at short notice.

The attention of the public of this and the neighboring towns is called to the fact that this is the only Coffin Manufactory in the vicinity, and goods are furnished here at less than Boston prices and delivered free of charge within ten miles.

He likewise offers the new invention for preserving the bodies by cold air alone, without the direct application of ice. When preserved by the cold air process, a glass reveals at any moment the features of the deceased, and the corpse will keep much longer than the old way. I have sufficient number of these preservers for Woburn and the neighboring towns. Hearse with one or two horses, and Carriages furnished.

Residence, East Street, near Green.

**Railroad & Express.**

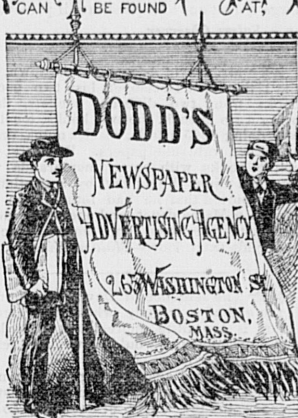
**WOBURN and BOSTON EXPRESS.**

On and after April 1, 1878, the subscriber will run an express between Woburn and Boston. Personal attention given to all packages entrusted to his care. A share of patronage is respectfully solicited.

**CHARLES E. TAYLOR.**

Office.—34 Court St., Boston. Order Boxes.—Boston, Box 34. Upper Brick Passageway, Faneuil Hall Market; Woburn, Post Office, Central House, T. Salmon, Boston Branch Grocery, and E. F. Cutter, West Woburn.

**ONE YEAR'S FILE OF THIS PAPER** CAN BE FOUND AT



**DODD'S**

**NEWSPAPER**

**ADVERTISING AGENCY**

255 WASHINGTON ST. BOSTON, MASS.

Where favorable rates can be made for advertising in any section of the country. Estimates promptly furnished free of charge.

**RE-OPENED.**

**KELLEY'S**

**Boot and Shoe Store,**

**209 Main Street,**

**WOBURN.**

Opens again with a large and well assorted stock

**WOMEN'S, MISSES, & CHILDREN'S GOODS.**

The New Bedford Stock, Composed of Ladies', Misses' and Children's French Kid Side Lace and Button, and French Goat Button Boots, are

**Specialties**

of this establishment, which will be found well worthy of inspection.

There is also on hand a large assortment of

**Men's, Boys' and Youth's Goods.**

New and of the latest styles. Also a large supply of

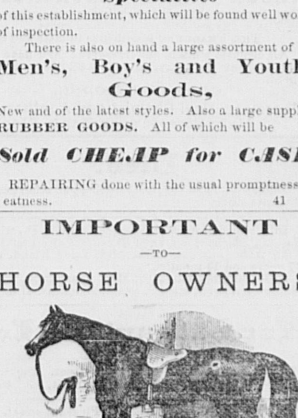
**RUBBER GOODS.** All of which will be

**Sold CHEAP for CASH.**

REPAIRING done with the usual promptness and

**IMPORTANT**

**HORSE OWNERS.**



**Dr. J. E. ABBOTT,**

**Veterinary Surgeon,**

OF GREENWOOD, MASS., will be at the well-known Stable of

**G. F. Jones in Woburn,**

—ON—

**FRIDAYS at 2 o'clock, P. M.,**

TO EXAMINE ANY AND ALL DISEASES OF THE HORSE.

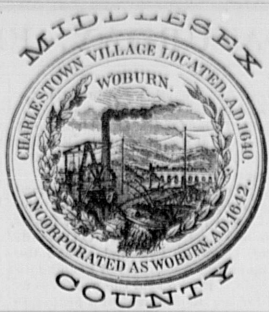
**CONSULTATION FREE.**

**IMPORTANT TO CONSUMPTIVES.**

A Gentleman having been so fortunate as to cure his son of Consumption in its worst stages, after being given up to die by the most celebrated physicians, desires to make known the cure (which proves successful in every case) to those afflicted with Asthma, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds, Consumption, and all Affections of the Throat and Lungs, and will send the Receipt, free of charge to all who desire it, if they will forward their address to DANIEL ADEE, 34 Liberty Street, New York.



# WOBURN JOURNAL.



VOL. XXIX.

WOBURN, MASS., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1879.

NO. 6.

## TRUSSES.

We carry a large stock of Trusses which we apply when desired and guarantee a perfect fit. Those who purchase their Trusses in Boston, will find it will pay them to examine our stock before buying.

—ALSO—

SUPPORTERS, ELASTIC STOCKINGS, Etc.

WILLIAM W. HILL.

Florist.

S. W. Trembly & Sons,  
FLORISTS,  
And dealers in  
ANTIQUE POTTERY.

101 Tremont Street,  
BOSTON, MASS.

Professional Cards.

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Physician and Surgeon,  
OFFICE:  
Cor. of Pleasant & Bennett Sts.,  
Opp. the New Public Library Building.  
Office Hours—2 and 7 P. M.

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ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
192 MAIN STREET,  
WOBURN, MASS.

Office Hours from 8 to 12 A. M., 1 to 5 and 7 to 9 P. M.

George H. Conn,  
INSURANCE AGENT,  
NO. 159 MAIN STREET,  
WOBURN, MASS.

CHARLES D. ADAMS,  
Attorney and Counsellor-at-Law,  
No. 54 Devonshire Street, Boston.  
No. 159 Main Street, Woburn.

Office: At Boston, 10 A. M., to 4 P. M.  
Hours: At Woburn, 8 to 9 A. M., 5 to 6, 7 to 9 P. M.

A. B. COFFIN,  
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,  
No. 4 NILES BLOCK, BOSTON.  
Entrance from Court Street and 33 School Street.

D. P. O. ROGERS,  
DENTIST,  
139 1/2 Main Street, 145 Woburn, Mass.

HENRY HILLER, M. D.,  
24 TREMONT ROW, BOSTON, MASS.

SPECIAL ATTENTION PAID TO  
THROAT AND LUNG DISEASES.  
Hours from 11 to 3. Residence, WILMINGTON.

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WILLIAM WINN,  
AUCTIONEER,  
BURLINGTON, MASS.

Sales of Real and Personal Estate attended to on reasonable terms. Orders left at the JOURNAL Office, Woburn, promptly attended to.

E. PRIOR,  
AUCTIONEER,  
Office, 89 Court Street, Boston.

Orders left at H. P. Smith's Tea Store, 154 Main Street, Woburn, will receive prompt attention.

Musical.

Miss A. J. Campbell,  
desires a few pupils on the  
PIANO FORTE,  
and will also teach THOROPEY. Terms reasonable to suit the times. For particulars call at her residence, No. 70 Main Street, near Green St.

CENTRAL HOUSE  
Livery, Hack & Boarding  
STABLE,  
212 MAIN STREET, WOBURN,  
G. F. JONES, Proprietor

M. ELLIS & Co.,  
BUILDING MOVERS, STONE MASONS,  
CELLAR BUILDERS, AND JOBBERS.  
OFFICE—Under Post-Office. Residence—Winn St.  
M. Ellis, Woburn; A. M. Ellis, Malden; John So-  
ley, Chelsea.

E. C. COLOMB,  
TAILOR,  
Church Street, Winchester.

Having had many years experience as a Practical Tailor, in some of the best tailoring establishments in the country, he offers his services to the citizens of Winchester, and will guarantee satisfaction to all who may favor him with their custom.

HALL TO LET.  
Post 25, G. A. R., having recently leased the Hall No. 194 Main St., Woburn (Fox Building), it being the second hall in size in town, and fitted up the square with two large side rooms and all modern conveniences, will let it to responsible parties on reasonable terms. Inquire of Trustees, JOHN L. PARKER, NEWELL Z. TAYLOR, T. MARVIN PARKER.

CHILDREN'S SHOES,  
Wear twice as long with either the  
SILVER  
OR "A. S. T. & Co."  
BLACK TIP,  
UPON THEM.

## Original Poetry.

Written for the Journal.  
THE OLD SINGING-MASTER.

BY GEO. S. DORR.

O his brow is deeply wrinkled  
By the years that swift have flown,  
And his eye has lost the lustre,  
That in youth so brightly shone;  
Though he has long been "beating time,"  
And has dealt his blows with vim,  
Unfading signs proclaim at last,  
That old "time" is "beating" him.

Our singing-master's growing old,  
Though the "scale" he climbs with ease,  
But he depends upon the "staff,"  
And he moeth by "degrees." A man well versed in vocal terms,  
And he heedeth not the "slur,"  
No "accidental" can dismay,  
Though they oft-times may occur.

And now for nearly fifty years,  
He has heaved New England's snows,  
He's more than six score schools begun,  
And has brought them to a "close;"  
Many a dreary winter's night,  
When "sharp" the wind was blowing,  
He's traversed dark and lonely "flats,"  
To a distant school-house going.

But nought to him were "sharps" or "flats,"  
Though coming thick as hail,  
He'd make them all seem "natural,"  
When he would "transpose the scale;"  
"A sharp" and witty man was he,  
And he never could "B flat,"  
He'd dearly love to "pitch" a joke,  
On this one or on that.

Our singing-master's growing old,  
"Added lines" are on his brow,  
But his voice-ings out as cheerily,  
As it did so long ago;  
Yes, he is surely growing old,  
And he soon must pass away,  
And enter into perfect rest,  
Where no earthly shadows stay.

And when he hears the gentle voice,  
Calling him in "tones" of love,  
O' his "hold" he is firmly fixed,  
On the Master up above;  
And may he join the angel throng,  
In a heavenly "melody,"  
Where not a "note" of "discord" mars  
The tones of sweetest "harmony."

## Selected Story.

THAT TRAMP.

He came slowly down the hot, dusty road, in the noontide heat of a sultry August day, a ragged, forlorn, and weary-looking tramp, with torn and tattered garments and bare and bruised feet; a rough, knotted walking-stick, cut from some wayside thicket, in one hand and a small bundle, tied up in a red silk handkerchief, in the other. In spite of his very shabby appearance and evident poverty, there was something about the poor creature that gave indication of his having seen better days. He had a frank, open countenance and an honest blue eye that could bear, unflinching, the gaze of honest men; and there was an honest, manly air about the poor fellow that gave evidence of the fact that his poverty was his greatest sin, if sin it can be called.

But Mrs. Lennox, who had a horror of "tramps," and imagined she beheld in each member of the miserable fraternity a possible robber and cut-throat, saw no redeeming traits in this man's face; and in a loud and shrill voice made him be off and about his business and go to work, when he approached her tidy kitchen-door, from whence came the delightful odor of roast beef and other meats and vegetables that were in course of preparation for the noon-day meal, the very odor of which seemed a feast to the famishing, fainting soul who had not tasted food for hours, and who had left the roadside to seek a morsel of food from the mistress of the great white mansion and fine farm with its fields of ripening grain, and great orchard and barn that gave evidence of wealth and industry. There was not in all the neighborhood round about a finer country mansion than the one owned by the Widow Lennox, the busiest, most energetic, and bustling dame extant, who had no sympathy for "lazy, tramping" good-for-nothings; and such she regarded all tramps to be, and held them in particular aversion, declaring them to be "a nuisance" and "abomination to the earth," the worst stigma she could possibly bestow upon them, for it embraced within its meaning everything that was detestable in the eyes of Ma'am Lennox; but the good lady was free to bestow her charity where she knew it was deserved.

"You can just clear yourself off the premises," she said angrily to the man when he asked for a morsel of something to eat, assuring her that he had not tasted food for twenty-four hours, and expressing his willingness to do anything he could about the farm to pay for the meal he stood in need of.

"I've nothing for you to do an' nothing to give you, an' that's the end of it; an' so you may as well be off."

"Mother," said Allie, returning home and entering the kitchen where her mother was, "that man is not an ordinary tramp, and is suffering and in distress for food and clothes; you will need several laborers in a day or two to cut the grain; give him a few days' work. I would not be afraid to trust him."

For he has an honest face; he is tired and discouraged and may be urged on to some deed of desperation by another such rebuff as you gave him. Let us encourage and help him when we can so easily; give up your unjust prejudice against tramps for once and help this poor fellow, and it may be the means of saving a despairing soul from destruction."

"Stuff and nonsense!" ejaculated Mrs. L.; "I'd like to know what assurance we'd have that the fellow wouldn't murder us all in our beds after mornin'; you can't tell by a man's looks an' words what he is; these tramps an' vagabonds are a mighty smooth-tongued set of scoundrels, an' none of 'em are to be trusted; an' there just ort to be a law again 'em trainin' from place to place a pillagin' an' pilferin' an' cuttin' up all manner of dicos. I'll have nothing to do with 'em, but I'll hire men that I know are honest men when I need help, an' you can tell that fellow so."

But just at that moment John, one of the hired men, came into the kitchen and said:

Mrs. L.'s only child, a pretty young girl of fifteen, whose "pathies" had been fully aroused by the man's manner and words; "it is so far to the village, and the poor fellow really seems too weak to walk so far without food. Please let me take him a plate of food. See, he is sitting under the oak-tree across the road."

"We'll go 'long an' have your own way 'bout it," finally said Mrs. L., according to Allie's request, after a moment's hesitation; and in another moment the young girl was running lightly down the road, a large plate in her hand heaped full of the provisions she had hastily taken from the various dishes on the table.

"Here," she said, kindly approaching the man who had drawn his ragged hat over his face and was sitting in a half recumbent position against the trunk of the tree; "I have brought you a lunch; take it and I will go back to the house and bring you out a pitcher of milk."

"Thank you," said the man, hastily taking the food from the young girl's hand and eating it almost ravenously; "you are very kind. Does your mother know that you brought me this?"

"She said I might," replied the girl, "Please do not mind anything she may have said; she is prejudiced against—against—"

She stopped, for she did not like to use the word "tramp," but the man finished the sentence for her.

"Tramps, you would say," he said slowly; "no other less harsh word will finish the sentence; and it is not improbable that your good mother's dislike to the unfortunate class to which I at present belong is well founded; the innumerable deprivations and outrages committed by this class warn people to beware of them, and of course people have no means of discriminating between those who really need and deserve assistance and those who do not. It is not, I assure you, through inclination or unwillingness to work that I go from door to door begging my bread. I have asked again and again for work, but it seems that all people have the same distrust and suspicion of 'tramp' that your good mother has; and what are we to do but beg or steal? The last I can truthfully say I have never done, but I may come to that yet; so many angry and sharp rebuffs, and this weary tramping and starving in the midst of plenty is demoralizing my mental nature until I fear I may fall as low as the lowest. Many deeds of desperation that I'd committed by these so-called 'tramps' would not be committed had the perpetrators of them been treated with a little Christian-like charity and consideration when they begged a morsel of food from those whose tables were groaning with plenty. You do not know, miss, how hard, how very hard it is for men to go hungry and thirsting by fields and farms full of plenty without throwing aside all conscientious scruples and stealing that which is denied them."

"But where are your friends?" asked Allie. "Why do you not go to them?"

"Friends?" said the man; "I have no friends, and few persons of my class have. I am utterly friendless and alone in the world; I might as well be dead and at rest, God help me!"

Here the man dropped his head on his knees and covered his face with his hands, a pitiful specimen of a despairing, weary, discouraged and friendless man with no hope in life, the sight of which aroused all of Allie Lennox's sweet, womanly, sympathizing nature, and caused her to determine that she would intercede with her mother in this man's behalf and see if she could not prevail on her to give the poor fellow a few days' labor, as she knew that in a few days the ripening fields of grain must be cut, and there would be a demand for more hands than there were on the farm.

She knew, too, that it was contrary to all her mother's long established principles to hire any of the tramping fraternity that always came along in such numbers during harvest times; this prejudice being founded on the fact that a certain tramping sinner whom she had once given a few days' work to, a number of years before the opening of her store, had taken with him one of her best horses when he went away; and in consequence of that one man's sin Ma'am Lennox must visit her severe displeasure and distrust on all the generation of his class who should follow after him, making no effort to discriminate between the worthy and unworthy ones, but driving them all unfed and unsheltered from her door.

"Mother," said Allie, returning home and entering the kitchen where her mother was, "that man is not an ordinary tramp, and is suffering and in distress for food and clothes; you will need several laborers in a day or two to cut the grain; give him a few days' work. I would not be afraid to trust him."

For he has an honest face; he is tired and discouraged and may be urged on to some deed of desperation by another such rebuff as you gave him. Let us encourage and help him when we can so easily; give up your unjust prejudice against tramps for once and help this poor fellow, and it may be the means of saving a despairing soul from destruction."

"I'm going to put that fellow in the barn to sleep," said Mrs. Lennox after supper. "I wouldn't trust him in the house although he seems decent and well-behaved enough; but you can't tell by appearances, for looks are mighty deceitful, and the very criminal out of Sing Sing can feign the manners of a saint; and in my opinion this fellow ain't to be trusted."

Therefore, when the time for retiring came, and the other men sought their rooms in the upper chambers of the house, Mrs. Lennox intimated to the new hand that he would be expected to sleep in the barn. She was not afraid of losing any of her horses, as they had all been turned out in the pasture for the night and were all too shy for strangers to catch them.

The man's face clearly showed that he felt the indignity that was being offered him, but an appealing look from Allie prevented his uttering the angry remonstrance that came to his lips; and with a quiet "very well" and "good night" he went slowly out to the barn, and Mrs. Lennox and Allie sought their chambers for the night, Mrs. Lennox first seeing that every door and window was securely fastened, since she vowed that she "couldn't feel safe with that fellow about the premises."

At midnight Mrs. Lennox was awakened by a choking, stifling sensation, and springing from her bed she saw that the yard and grounds were illuminated by a lurid glare,

"Dunno what we'll do 'bout cuttin' that wheat in the south field to-morrow; for George Shaffer says he can't come an' help us, as he said he would, on account of a lame arm, an' both the Williams boys are busy, an' Frank Mayne says he can't come afore Friday now; an' the wheat really ought to be in shock now, an' Tom an' I can't cut it alone, an' I don't know where to go now for help."

"Go down yonder to the oak tree across the road and you'll find a man who will be not only willing but glad to help you," said Allie. "Now, mother, give the man a chance to prove that he is honest and willing to work and I believe he'll do it; I have confidence in him and can't help thinking that we'll be sorry if we send him away."

"Oh, you're so young and susceptible to smooth talk that it's easy enough to delude you into believing anything," was Mrs. L.'s flatteringly reply. "However, you may go an' tell the fellow to come on up to the house, an' I'll try him a day or two, for that wheat must be cut to-morrow, an' so I'll give that tramp a chance to prove whether he's a genuine man or not. Go an' bring him up, Allie, an' we'll give him a good dinner an' then set him to work; an' do you keep your eye on him, John, an' see that he don't go to pickin' up things, an' I'll watch the gentleman while he's about the house."

"Oh, mother," remonstrated Allie, "don't let the man know that you are watching him with suspicion as though you knew he were an escaped convict; that is not the way to encourage him; let him see that you have confidence in him if you want to encourage him to be a man."

The tramp came willingly to the house when told by Allie that her mother would give him a few days' work.

"I suspect," he said, looking gratefully at Allie, "that I can thank you for this favor. I hope I may be able to prove to you that I am truly grateful to you for your kindness and intercession with your mother in my behalf."

The poor, grateful and humble creature did not know how, at the cost of his life, he would be called upon to prove his thankfulness and gratitude to the sweet young girl who had saved him from contemplated suicide; and the little thought she that she had prolonged the poor fellow's life but a little longer that it might at last be given up for her sake.

Mrs. Lennox eyed the man very severely when he entered her tidy kitchen after bathing his face and hands at the water-trough by the well; her very severe face did not relax in the least when he thanked her for giving him the labor he was seeking for; she did not endeavor to conceal the fact that she regarded the man as a suspicious character, and reproved Allie in the poor fellow's presence for chatting pleasantly and familiarly with the man; but the sting of that reproof reverted to herself before another day came, and the conscience-stricken woman sat with bowed head and clasped hands bitterly reproaching herself for the cruel harshness to the man who had snatched from the jaws of death the only child God had ever given her, and who was as dear to the seemingly rough and unsympathetic woman as life itself.

The man went out into the fields with the hired men after dinner and began work in a manner that clearly proved his determination to earn the wages promised him, and also convince his skeptical employer that all tramps were not the shiftless, idle creatures she supposed them to be; and when Ma'am Lennox, in her great sun-bonnet and carrying her huge sun-umbrella over her head, came out into the field in the middle of the afternoon to see how work was progressing, she was compelled to acknowledge that "that vagabond did know how to work" but she did not encourage him by a single look or word, neither at that time nor in the evening when he came in, tired and hot, with the other men to the well-spread supper-table; but Allie spoke kindly to him and asked him if he found work very hard, and the grateful look in his blue eyes showed how highly he appreciated her kindness in treating him as though he were a fellow-creature and worthy of that kindly consideration and respect due an honest, upright man; and what reason had she for thinking he was anything else?

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At midnight Mrs. Lennox was awakened by a choking, stifling sensation, and springing from her bed she saw that the yard and grounds were illuminated by a lurid glare,

and her first impression was "that tramp" had set fire to the barn, and she was about to affirm to herself that "she knew he would" when, on hastily throwing on her shawl and running down into the yard, she was horrified to discover that the flames from whence came the lurid glare were issuing from the roof of the house instead of the barn, while great volumes of smoke and tongues of flame were leaping from all the upper windows.

With one loud, piercing scream she sank fainting to the ground just as the hired men came rushing down the stairs half blinded with smoke, their hair singed with the flames that they had been obliged to rush through in the upper part of the house.

"Allie! Allie!" gasped Mrs. Lennox, recovering sufficiently to utter the name.

"Why," said John, "wasn't she sleeping with you, and didn't she come out when you did?"

"No, no," screamed the agonized woman; "the night was so warm she went to the third story where she said it would be cooler; she is in the southeast room. Save her! save her! If everything else goes, save my only child! Oh, Allie! Allie!"

And noth but the united efforts of the two men could keep Mrs. Lennox from rushing into the burning building, the upper story of which was one mass of leaping, roaring, crackling flames.

The men looked at each other with blanched faces and quivering lips; they felt it would be certain death to climb the upper stairs that were a mass of flames when they came down, and at the thought of the fair young girl who had endeared herself to them by her sweet winning ways, at the thought of her perishing in the cruel flames, their hearts grew sick with fear and horror.

"Are all out?" suddenly cried a third voice, as the despised tramp came bounding toward them.

"God help us, no!" moaned John. "Allie is in the southeast room, and—"

The man waited to hear no more, but in a second disappeared within the hall from whence the smoke was rolling in volumes.

"God pity them both!" groaned one of the men; "neither of them will ever see the light of day again!"

"Is she out?" screamed Mrs. Lennox, recovering from her second swoon and striving to break from the men who were holding her. "Let me go! let me go! Oh, Allie, Allie, my baby, my girl! Will no one save her, my child. My darling! Oh, let me go to her, and die with her if she cannot be saved!"

"Hush!" cried John. "The tramp has gone after her; let us pray for their deliverance."

"That tramp!" cried the agonized woman. "Oh, bless his brave, strong heart; and I—"

She covered her face with her hands and sank down on the ground again, a moaning, sobbing woman, trying to utter a prayer to Him to whom she had forgotten to pray for these many years.

A shout from amidst the smoke and flames told them that the man was returning, and John ran toward the poor man in the intense heat to meet and assist him.

"Take her," cried a voice amidst the smoke and flames, and the insensible form of Allie, her face and head wrapped in the tramp's coat and her garments in flames, was deposited in his arm, and gasping and stifling for breath, with the fierce flames scorching his face to a blister, John rushed from the hall and sank exhausted in the yard with his precious burden in his arms, and was dragged out of harm's way by Mrs. Lennox and Tom; while the tramp, so nobly proven himself to be worthy of all praise and admiration, sank down amidst the flames and falling timbers insensible and helpless, the fierce flames blinding and burning him, and taking from the brave soul the life he had that morning deemed so useless, but which had been spared that by its loss he might prove how brave and noble a heart beat beneath his torn and ragged garments, and leave behind him a record that would be read by coming generations with words of honor and praise.

One of the hired men acknowledged that he had arisen at a late hour of the night and smoked a pipe of tobacco to cure a pain in his head, and had laid the pipe upon a closet-shelf without removing the ashes from it; and it was from that source that the fire probably originated, and the poor tramp was thus freed from the accusation of setting the building on fire.

They found his crisped and charred remains the next day, and Mrs. Lennox sank down beside them in her agony of grief and remorse, and prayed for forgiveness for her treatment of him and the many poor fellows she had sent hounding from her door with taunting, sneering words; and she kissed the charred hands for the sacrifice they had made, and wept in bitterness of heart for the life that had gone out so fearlessly amid such pain and suffering for her child's sake.

It may be well to remind gentlemen holding public positions that there is no good reason why they should be so unhappy as to consider themselves martyrs by reason of having their pay reduced by the Legislature, since there is no law which compels them to serve the State, and has not been since 1864, when Uncle Sam insisted that the man called upon by him should serve for \$13 per month or get a man to take his place; therefore do not feel abused.

Frank Sanborn, in his last letter to the Republican, says "there are some persons, active about the state house, and writing for the newspapers, who mean to stimulate jealousy and keep up a wrangle if they can." Black couldn't have taken a more accurate likeness of Sanborn than he has here taken of himself.

The writer of a recently-published story puts into it one little bit of philosophy which must have occurred to many, but which we do not remember to have seen stated quite so clearly before. It is, in substance, that when a miscellaneous crowd of men come together they become sociable on their lowest plane of thought. The ordinary man, the author observes, is ashamed of refinement, and so the coarsest fellows become the leaders in the company, and the others endeavor to develop whatever coarseness they may be capable of. No man who has moved much among men can have failed to notice this tendency. The veneering which makes gentlemen in society is very thin and easily scratched, and it quite often disappears altogether when they are left to themselves. It is perhaps out of deference to this peculiarity that ladies find it convenient to withdraw after dinner and leave the gentlemen to the enjoyment of their wine and their jest. The old adage that children and fools speak truth has so much of truth in it that the nearer men come to making fools of themselves with wine, the more does the coarseness of their natures assert itself against the restraints which society imposes. The semi-barbaric notions of honor and propriety which prevail among college students are the natural outcome of the system which herds men together, and deprives them of the refining and educational influence of feminine society. Whatever may be said, for or against, on the question of the co-education of the sexes, the "mixed colleges," as they are called, are at least not the colleges which secure unenviable notoriety by the wild and lawless doings of their students. Ascents on policemen, insane struggles over hats and canes, and the idiotic tooting of horns at midnight, are things in which the male colleges have a monopoly.

INSTINCT OF A CRAB.—Mr. Darwin, in his "Naturalist's Voyage," thus describes a crab which makes its diet of coconuts, and which he found on Kneeling Island, in the South Seas.

"It is common on all parts of dry land, and grows to monstrous size. It has a pair of front legs, terminated by strong and heavy pincers; and the least pair of others which are narrow and weak. It would at first be thought quite impossible for a crab to open a strong coconut covered with the husk; but Mr. Liesk assures me he has repeatedly seen the operation effected. The crab begins by tearing the husk, fibre by fibre, and always from that end under which the three eyes are situated. When this is completed the crab commences hammering with its heavy claws on one of these eyes; it then opens it as if it were a lid; then turning round its body by the aid of its narrow pair of pincers, it extracts the white albuminous substance. I think this is as curious a case of instinct as ever I heard of, and likewise of adaptation in structure between two objects apparently so remote from each other in the scheme of nature as a crab and a coconut."

ANSWER YOUR OWN PRAYER.—At the meeting last Sunday evening of the Reform Club, the keen listener was somewhat forcibly impressed with the remarks of a Christian brother who suggested "Answer your own prayer." Truly, thought I, the remark was well made, and in good time, and severely reflected upon the many struggling vainly to rid themselves of the accursed appetite for strong drink. Believing as I do, in the language of the poet who says, "more things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of," yet to answer prayer yourself requires more than a moment's consideration. Whatever may be your earnest appeal to the Throne of God must naturally require some effort upon your own part, and by your own determination it is in your power that you can answer prayer yourself, looking to that Power above—alone is able to save. True it is, we can answer our own prayer, but not without earnestness and a will upon our part to carry it into effect.—Wakefield Citizen.

Mueller, a Newak, N. J., German, out of work and on the verge of starvation, cut an old Bible into washers, in a spirit of wantonness, put the washers over a steel rod, hammered them down tightly and sand-papered them, making a handsome cane. The Methodists heard of this cane and furnished Mueller with a volume of Rev. Dr. Vail's manuscript sermons, from which he made a staff that was presented to the dominie. Not only so, but the making of paper canes has relieved Mueller's family from want, and in his gratitude to the Methodists he has abandoned the infidel notions he held and joined their membership.

The Marquis and Louise are said to be travelling in cog, which means that they are on the way to pay us a long promised visit, and don't want to be the only ones to know it. If the hackmen will just keep a sharp lookout for a youngish looking and rather florid faced young man in mutton chop whiskers, disguised as a tree agent, accompanied by a rather ill-waisted young woman in a gray travelling shawl and balmoral—and other clothes of course, and will bring them directly to this office, they will confer a favor not only upon us, but upon royalty. Don't stop to rap; walk right in, and—another thing, don't wait round as though expecting fares. Put it in the slate; we'll see to it.—Marlboro Times.

Why not simplify the entire question of election ballots, which is now before the legislature, by making the features of the old secret ballot state constitution, and the Commonwealth provide uniform envelopes, and any man could then vote as he chose, with no possibility of intimidation, and there could be no double voting, either fraudulently or by accident. It seems a far more simple and effective than any law prescribing uniformity of ballots.—Lawrence American.

The wife of one of our oldest citizens was petting her granddaughter a few days ago, when the little five-year-old looked up and said, "Didn't you use to teach in the grammar school?" "Yes," was the reply. "That is why they call you 'gramma' is it not?" A loving embrace was the response that the little one received to this decidedly original question.—Charlestown News.

The dairy-maid pensively milked the goat, And pouting she paused to mutter; "I wish you brute, you would turn to milk," And the animal turned to butt her!"

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THE ONLY CERTAIN CURE FOR  
CATARRH.  
TRIAL & CONSULTATION, FREE. CHARGES, \$5 PER MONTH'S TREATMENT.  
CHLORALINE,  
The great Remedy for Coughs, Colds and all Lung Affections. Price \$1 per Bottle. Trial Bottle 50 cts. Advice and consultation free on all diseases. Office hours from 9 A. M. to 10 P. M. Sundays included.  
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135 MAIN STREET, WOBURN, MASS.

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Dealer in  
Boots, Shoes and Rubbers.  
160 Main Street, Woburn.  
Grammar Bros. Boots and Shoes constantly on hand.

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Club Pictures to schools and families, 12 tickets for \$10. Copying of all kinds at lowest rates by

H. S. DUNSHIEE, Artist.

STEPHEN H. CUTTER,  
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Orders left at Porter's Cigar Store, 139 Main Street, promptly attended to. Has control of all Bill boards in town. Orders by mail promptly attended to.

R. C. HAYWARD,  
Dealer in  
GROCERIES.  
At the Lowest Prices.  
103 Main Street, - Woburn.

JOSEPH HANCROFT,  
139 1/2 Main Street, Woburn.  
(SOLES' BLOCK).  
SEWING MACHINES  
of all kinds sold on small Monthly Installments. Liberal Prices allowed Old Machines in exchange for new ones.

Carpenters.  
J. Horace Dean & Co.,  
Carpenters and Builders,  
Shop, Central Square, Woburn.  
All orders for Building or Job Work, promptly attended to.

Machinists.  
ESTABLISHED 1865  
Parks & Freeman,  
MACHINISTS,  
And Manufacturers of  
Leather Machinery,  
GLASSING, STONING,  
Polishing and Pebling Jacks, etc.







Townsend of the Methodist College in Boston preached last Sabbath, giving especial satisfaction.

TEMPERANCE.—Dr. A. Ames, of Wakefield, gave a very interesting address before the Reform Club, on Sunday evening. He said that he had been a moderate drinker, but he has given it all up, feeling that the influence of every one is worth something and should be exercised in lifting up those who have fallen rather than in encouraging them in wrong doing.

COASTING ACCIDENT.—A "double runner" came to grief on Mt. Vernon street, on Friday night of last week. Miss Jesse Baldwin was stunned. James Askew was cut on the head and Frank Jackson bruised an arm.

BALL.—The Independent Associates held a ball in Lyceum Hall on Wednesday evening. About 100 couples participated in the dancing, which was kept up until 3 o'clock. The musical programme was by a Boston band.

LECTURE.—Rev. W. H. Cudworth will give a lecture on "What's What," at the Congregational vestry, on Monday evening, Feb. 10, at 7.30. Proceeds for the benefit of the Reform Club.

APPOINTED.—Mr. Z. A. Richardson has been appointed an agent of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children.

DAILY MEETINGS.—Daily evening meetings have been in progress at the Baptist church for three weeks past.

Correspondence.  
Mr. Editor:—I was very much pleased with the doing at the Republican Headquarters last Saturday evening. The audience was a large one and the speaking, which lasted until a late hour, was to the point. This shows that the Republicans of Woburn do not intend to be caught napping at the approaching election. We only hope that the meetings will be as well attended in the future as in the past.

ONE WHO WAS THERE.  
The Golden Rule.—The February number of this addition to the local list of monthlies now published is received, and among its contents, of which there are a large variety, the reader will find a continuation of the ever acceptable Alderbrook Tales, a fine portrait and sketch of Rev. James Freeman Clarke, a sermon from the Editor, Reforming the Theatre, The Household, Poetry, Music, Out Door Life and Sports, all of which are written in that attractive style which is a peculiar feature of the contributions to this rapidly growing candidate for public favor.

Wilmington.  
Mr. and Mrs. John T. Wilde, celebrated their silver wedding last Saturday. Their residence was crowded with friends from far and near, numbering nearly two hundred. A special train from Somerville for the accommodation of friends and relatives from that city. The presents were numerous and beautiful; a silver tea service was contributed by friends from Somerville and many residents of this town presented some very valuable and beautiful gifts. The Misses Curtis of Somerville entertained the company with their very excellent singing and dancing. The evening was concluded by a very fine musical performance by some choice selections upon the violin. The young people also indulged in some extensive dancing. An elegant collation was served at about 10 o'clock. At a late hour the happy and delighted company separated with many good wishes for the future happiness of their host and hostess.

The bill to authorize the town to pay a certain bounty to John H. Simpson and George H. Baird, for service in the late war, as a part of the quota of the town, was passed to be engrossed, in the House, on Tuesday.

The members of the Choral Union are requested to turn out in full force, on Saturday, the 8th inst., for rehearsal in the vestry.

Dr. Henry Miller has been appointed a director of Mystic Valley R. R. The right man in the right place.

The Rose of death. Do not wait the hectic flush which indicates advanced consumption, appears on the cheek. Check the hard cough and heal the irritated lungs with *Allen's Honey of Horehound and Sore Throat*. Before the crisis comes. Be in time. Sold by all Druggists.  
Fike's Toothache Drops cure in 1 minute.

THOSE THREE DENTIFRICES.  
THE CHLORINATED disinfects impure secretions.  
THE CAMPHORATED local tender gums.  
THE FRAGRANT is delicious in taste and odor.  
All cleanse, whiten, and preserve. We have prepared them for years, and they fill every requirement.  
GEORGE S. DODGE,  
Pharmaceutical Chemist and Apothecary,  
165 Main Street, near Bank Block.

Died.  
Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notices 10 cents a line.  
In Lexington, Jan. 24, Thomas, son of Jeremiah and Mary Callahan, aged 11 years, 2 months and 25 days.

For Sale and To Let.  
HOUSE to LET on Green street. Inquire of S. H. Cochran, 42 Mt. Pleasant St.

TENEMENT to LET on Pleasant street. Inquire of A. V. Hyman.

WANTED.—Ladies to know that Mrs. B. A. STEARNS teaches her world renowned system of dress cutting, which received the highest award at the Centennial Exposition, New York American Institute and Massachusetts Mechanics Fair, at 475 Washington street, and is also exclusive agent for Andrews Bazar patterns, which are cut from her system of dress shape, and are the most reliable of any in the market.

Lost, Found, Wanted.  
LOST.—\$500 Reward.—A Shepherd Dog, white with black neck, with a brass plate, marked A. G. Smith, living at Woburn will return the same to J. D. GILMAN, corner of Montvale and Eastern Avenues, will receive the above reward.

FARMS WANTED  
To sell and for exchange; no expense to owner unless a sale is made. Houses in Cambridge, Malden, Hyde Park to exchange for farms.

S. B. KNOWLTON,  
No. 2 Bowdoin St. Boston.

PROTRUDING TOES.  
PARENTS, you need no longer throw away your children's shoes before they are half worn, on account of holes through the toes. Either the

SILVER  
OR "A. S. T. & Co."  
BLACK TIP,  
WILL PREVENT THIS.  
Ask for these shoes when buying.

W. N. GRAY,  
Practical Roofer,  
STONEHAM, MASS.

Slate, Tin and Gravel Roofing furnished and applied. Special attention given to repairing roofs of all kinds.

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COMPLIMENTARY TO

Mr. FRANK HERVEY

Manager of the "Lyceum Star Course,"

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LYCEUM HALL, Woburn,

MONDAY EVENING,

FEB. 10, 1879.

On which occasion a POWERFUL PROGRAMME will be presented by the following remarkable list of artists, who kindly volunteer their valuable services:

Miss Marie Stone,  
Prima Donna Soprano, and

Wm. H. MacDonald,  
Primo Basso,

Of the Adelaide Phillips Opera Company.

Miss Georgie Cayvan,  
The Celebrated Reader.

Mrs. Thos. Barry,  
Leading lady at the Boston Theatre, (by kind permission of Tompkins & Hill, Managers.)

Wm. H. Fessenden,  
Tenor, and

Myron W. Whitney,  
(America's Great Basso.)

of the Myron W. Whitney Concert Company.

Miss Dora Wiley,  
Soprano, (who will be remembered by all patrons of the Star Course),

Mr. C. N. Allen,  
Violinist, (another favorite of the Star Course),

Mr. Frank Litchfield,  
Solo Pianist.

And the ever popular

TEMPLE QUARTETTE,  
D. F. FITZ, W. H. FESSENDEN, H. A. COOKE,  
A. C. RYDER.

Mr. S. L. STUDLEY, Pianist.

Tickets, reserved seats, 50 Cents.

For sale on and after SATURDAY, February 1, by T. Marvin Parker, at the store of A. E. Thompson.

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## FOR 30 DAYS.

WE HAVE ON HAND A LOT OF WARE CONSISTING OF

Plates, Bowls, Covered Dishes, Ewers and Basins, Nappies, Tureens, Gravy Boats, Soup Bowls, Pickle Dishes, &c., &c., &c.

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Manager: JOHN L. PARKER.

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CENTRAL HOUSE,

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Is one of the most popular resorts out of Boston, for Sleighting or Dancing parties. With one of the best dancing halls in the County, and all the facilities for parties, the Central House will be found to answer all the requirements of the traveling public.

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Catering on the most satisfactory terms and specialties.

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PART III, for the Third Grade, has 116 pages, Grand Scale and Arpeggios, with a few good studies and a few difficult pieces.

Price of each part, \$1.50. Complete, \$3.25.

The Musical Journal, Dexter Smith, Editor, mailed for 6 cts. Circulates 20,000 per month. Music, News, &c. \$2 per year.

OLIVER DITSON & CO., Boston.

By William F. Carruthers, Auctioneer,  
24 Tremont Row, Boston.

Mortgagee's Sale.

To Abner P. Marion, mortgagee, Nathan H. Marion, supported owner of the equity of redemption, Anne P. Leure, and all other parties in interest.

A certain parcel of land, with the dwelling house thereon, situated in the County of Middlesex, and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, to wit:—Beginning at the southeast corner of the premises, and extending easterly and southerly by land now or formerly of said W. H. Walker, to the point of beginning, being a part of the lot of said Abner Marion, late of Burlington, deceased.

Also, a parcel of land on the westerly side of said lot, and extending easterly and southerly by land now or formerly of said W. H. Walker, to the point of beginning, being a part of the lot of said Abner Marion, late of Burlington, deceased.

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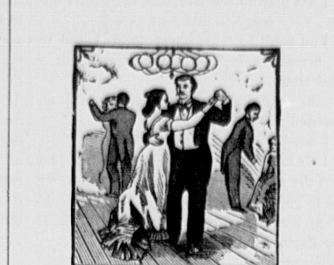
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To Abner P. Marion, mortgagee, Nathan H. Marion, supported owner of the equity of redemption, Anne P. Leure, and all other parties in interest.

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## Journal Club Column

A friend of Dean Swift one day sent him a turbot as a present, by a servant who had frequently been on similar errands, but had never received anything for his trouble. Having gained admission, he opened the study door, and putting the fish on the floor, cried out, rudely, "Master sent you a turbot!" "Young man," said the Dean, rising from his easy chair, "is that the way you deliver a message? Let me teach you better manners. Sit down in my chair—we will change places, and I will teach you how to behave in the future." The boy sat down, and the Dean going out, came up to the door, and, making a low bow, said: "Sir, master presents his kind compliments, hopes you are well, and requests your acceptance of a small present." "Does he?" replied the boy. "Return him my best thanks, and here's half a crown for yourself." The Dean, thus caught in his own trap, laughed heartily, and gave the boy a crown for his ready wit. The teacher as well as the scholar received a lesson that time. The boy certainly knew enough to make his way through the world.

A German oculist rented a cottage at Cape May, and soon found that he was paying an exorbitant price for it. His landlord was also his milkman. One morning when the milkman came along the oculist looked him in the face, and asked: "What is the matter with your right eye, my friend?" The milkman said he did not know that anything was the matter with it; but he was frightened. Next morning he asked the oculist to examine the eye. The latter pronounced it very bad, and said that in less than six months that eye would be blind. The oculist treated him, and easily cured him, for there was nothing the matter with the eye. Then it was a race between the rent and the oculist's bill; but the oculist won.

When Abraham Lincoln was a lawyer in Illinois, he and the judge once got to bantering one another about trading horses, and it was agreed that the next morning at 9 o'clock they should make a trade, the horses to be unseen up to that hour, and no backing out under a forfeiture of \$25. At the hour appointed the judge came up leading the sorriest looking specimen of a horse ever seen in those parts. In a few minutes Mr. Lincoln was seen approaching with a wooden saw-horse upon his shoulders. Great were the shouts and laughter of the crowd, and both were greatly increased when Mr. Lincoln, on surveying the judge's animal, sat down on his saw-horse, and exclaimed, "Well, judge, this is the first time I ever got the worst of it in a horse trade."

A lone musician fiddled "Home, Sweet Home" so sweetly at a street corner, that a stranger three blocks away was affected to tears. When he was asked "why he wept, and if the dear old time stirred tender memories in his heart," he mournfully replied: "You bet. If you was sole proprietor of a red-headed woman with a diagonal eye, who could make nine bulls-eyes out of a possible ten with a stove-lid, and whose best argument is a mop-rag, perhaps the dear old tune would stir you in the same way. Young man, you lack experience."

During the debate in the first American Congress, on the establishment of the Federal army, a member offered a resolution providing that it never should exceed three thousand men! whereupon Washington moved an amendment, that no enemy should ever invade the country with a force exceeding two thousand men! This joke was a perfect success, and the laughter which it excited stirred the legislature.

A firm dealing largely in coal had in their services an Irishman named Barney. One day the head of the firm, irritated beyond endurance at one of Barney's blunders, told him to go to the office and get his pay, and added "You are so thick-headed I can't teach you anything." "Begorra," says Barney, "I earn was thing since I've been wid ye!" "What's that," asked the employer. "That sixteen hundred make a ton."

"How many children have you?" asked one friend of an old acquaintance. "Well, I have five, but they were eating cucumbers when I left home and they may all be doubled up now."

A Western girl visited a music store and asked for the "Heart Boiled Down with Grease or Care," and "When I Swallowed Home Made Pies." The clerk at once recognized what she desired.

Professor of Chemistry: "Suppose you were called to a patient who had swallowed a heavy dose of oxalic acid, what would you administer?" K (who is preparing for the ministry, and who only takes chemistry because it is obligatory): "I would administer the sacrament."

Little Freddie was talking to his grandma, who was a septic. "Grandma, do you belong to the Presbyterian church?" "No." "To the Baptist?" "No." "To any church?" "No." "Well, grandma, don't you think it's about time to get in somewhere?"

A Kingston damsel had developed the faculty of a mind reader. She said to "her young man" last sparkin' night, "My, though, I do believe you're going to kiss me." Correct! He was, and did.

An out-of-town man, travelling in a Boston horse-car, pulled the bell-rasp vigorously, and made the bell ring at each end. "What are you ringing at both ends for?" asked the conductor. "Because I wish the thing to stop at both ends."

An Irishman, who stood near the third base watching a game of base ball, was sent to grass by a foul which struck him under the fifth rib. "A foul was it? Begorra I thought it was a mule."

We would suggest: "Watch my grave when I am gone," as the title of the next new song, if it is not asking tomb much.

Jenkins told his son, who proposed to buy a cow in partnership, to be sure and buy the hinder half, as it eat nothing and gave all the milk.

## "TOO RICH TO AFFORD IT."

"I don't want to go to school any more, father."

Mr. Palmer raised his eyes in surprise to the face of his first born, a lad about fifteen. And a bright, intelligent face it was, though a little clouded now by a feeling of dabulousness as to how his words would be taken.

"Why don't you want to go to school any more?"

"Well, sir, I'm tired of studying, and—I don't see any use of it."

"Think you know enough, that you don't need to learn any more?"

The boy colored a little at that quizzical look and tone.

"I know as much as George Lyman does, and he left school three months ago. He says that he ain't going to drudge away at school when his father has got plenty of money."

Mr. Palmer turned upon his son's face a look of grave surprise.

"Did George Lyman say that, Walter? His father is a poorer man than I thought him."

"You are richer than Mr. Lyman is, ain't you, father?" cried the boy eagerly.

"I hoped I was; but that remains to be seen."

"Mr. Lyman is rich, too, father; everybody says that he is."

"That remains to be seen also. So you have quite made up your mind that you don't want to go to school any more my son?"

"Yes, sir."

"You needn't, then."

"Oh, thank you, father!" cried Walter with a brightening up.

"Wait a minute," said Mr. Palmer, as the boy caught up his hat preparatory to making a drive through the open door. "Come back; I have something more to say to you. You have nothing to thank me for—except, perhaps my good intentions. Considering it as the best gift I could bestow, it was my intention to give you a thorough education. But there is a homely but true say: 'One man can lead a horse to water, but ten can't make him drink.' So, though I have by no means changed my opinion as to the value of an education, I consent to your leaving school, because if you feel as you do, it will be only time and money thrown away. But I want you to understand clearly one thing; that if you don't go to school you will have to go to work. I can't afford to have you idle."

Walter's countenance underwent a very perceptible change.

"Do you mean that I must go out at day's work like Dan Baker and Sam Blake?"

"I mean that you must have some steady employment; some trade or business, which will give you just so many hours' work, as surely as the sun rises."

"Why, father, George Lyman and Will Bromly don't have to work; and they say they don't mean to either. George told me that he heard his father say that you was the richest man in the county."

"I might be the richest man in two counties, and yet not be rich enough to afford to have my boy idle."

Mr. Palmer smiled as he saw Walter's puzzled look.

"This is a hard thing for you to understand, my son; and I might talk to you from this time until sunset and not make it any more clear to you. To-morrow is Saturday, and you know I always take you somewhere that day. This time it shall be Plainfield, where an old schoolmate of mine is living. A visit to him, and the place where he lives, will better explain my meaning than anything I can say."

The next morning Walter and his father started out, bright and early, in the open phaeton, drawn by a pair of well-matched, mettlesome bays, which bore them swiftly along the smooth, hard road.

Plainfield was fifteen miles distant, and the way thither through such a beautiful country, and so entirely new to Walter that he had forgot all about what his father had said the day before, until the carriage stopped in front of a gloomy stone building.

"Are you going to stop here, father? Why it looks like a prison!"

"It is a prison," said Mr. Palmer, who had been unusually grave and silent during their ride, as Walter remembered afterwards. "But I thought we were going to see an old schoolmate of yours?"

"Here is where he lives."

Walter followed his father silently up the steps which led to the heavy, massive door of the main entrance.

"Did you ever think that any one of your schoolmates might find a home in some such place as this?"—or that even you might?" said Palmer, as he pulled a bell, whose clangor broke harshly upon the strange silence that reigned around.

Before Walter could reply the heavy door swung back and they were ushered into the warden's office.

He was a heavily bearded man, with a stern, almost forbidding countenance; but he shook hands with Mr. Palmer, whom he had met before, bestowing on Walter a pleasant word and smile, the latter giving his face quite another aspect.

"I came to inquire about John Jackson, the forger," said Mr. Palmer, after a few preliminary words. He is an old schoolmate of mine. I remember him as a high-spirited boy, rather headstrong, and fonder of play than study, but with many genial and pleasant traits of character. How is he getting along?"

"Very well. Had he been competent I should have given him a place as book-keeper, made vacant by a convict whose time was up. As it was I had to put him in the shoe shop. He is quiet; but he takes it pretty hard, as such chaps are apt to who have always had plenty of money and nothing to do. It is not in strict accordance with the rules, but if you would like to see him I'll have him sent out."

Mr. Palmer assented, and in a few minutes a grave, quiet man entered, whose closely-cut hair and peculiar dress gave him a very strange look to Walter, who had never seen anything like it before.

He seemed glad to see Mr. Palmer, though there was a visible contrast in his manner which showed that he felt keenly his changed position and surroundings.

Of the two, Mr. Palmer seemed most affected. His voice broke a little, as he said:

"I am glad to see you, Mr. Jackson; but sorry, very sorry to find you here."

"You can't be more sorry than I am to find myself here," said the man with a forced smile.

Then, as if anxious to change the subject, he turned to Walter.

"I needn't ask whose boy this is?"

"It is my oldest son, Walter. He is just about the same age that we were when we used to go to school together in dear old Bridgeville. Have you forgotten all about those days, John?"

Whether it was these words, or the sight of that fresh, innocent face, for a few moments Jackson struggled silently with the tender and subduing recollections that rushed over him; then breaking down utterly, he covered his face with his hands.

Walter had never seen a man weep before, and those sobs and moans were something he never forgot.

"I wish I could!" said the wretched man, lifting up his pale, tear-stained face. "I wish I could forget what I once was, all that I might have been, and what I am! I sometimes think that it is a horrible dream; that I shall some day awake and find it so."

"How did it happen?" inquired Mr. Palmer, as soon as his companion was calmer.

"When I last saw you, your prospects were bright—apparently brighter than mine."

"It can be summed up in two words," was the gloomy response: "Idleness and bad company. If my father had trained me to habits of industry and self-reliance, I had not come to this. But he loved me; and glad am I that the grave has hid from him all knowledge of the shame and misery of the son, whom his ill-judged, short-sighted kindness ruined. As you know, I would not study; I thought that there was no need for me—a rich man's son—to do that. I can remember how I despised the dull, plodding fellows, who are honored men to-day. My father's death put me into the position of wealth, of which I never earned a dollar, and of whose use and worth I knew nothing. How it went I hardly knew; but I awoke one morning to find myself poorer than the lowest clerk in the establishment that my father built up with so much care and labor, but which had now passed into the hands of strangers. My fair-weather friends, who had helped me to spend my money, urging me to every conceivable folly and extravagance, left as soon as they found that there was no more to spend. I knew nothing about getting money by honest work, but money I must have; so I turned my attention to the various ways of getting money without work. The rest needs no telling."

Here the warden entered; and with his heart somewhat cheered and strengthened by Mr. Palmer's whispered words of encouragement and sympathy, Jackson returned to his dreary task.

The warden now took them around through the various work-shops, cells, etc., kindly explaining to Walter all that he did not understand.

When they visited the shoe-shop, Walter saw Jackson sitting there among the rows of busy, silent men, not one of whom dared to lift his eyes as they passed by.

"How many of these men," inquired Mr. Palmer, as they returned to the office, "have ever been trained to any useful trade or business?"

"Not one in ten."

The spirited bays in their glittering harness, were clamping their bits and tossing their heads impatiently outside the high walls; and Walter experienced a feeling of relief as he found himself once more out in the pure, sweet air and bright sunshine.

"How dreadful it must be to have to live in such a place as that!" he said, as reaching an eminence he gave a backward glance at the building which looked so grim and solitary in the distance.

"It is the necessity that is dreadful, my son. Miserable as these men are, they are happier there, where they are obliged to be orderly and industrious, though only through the fear of punishment, than if they were allowed to follow, unrestrainedly, the devices of their foolish and evil hearts."

There was silence for some minutes. Then Mr. Palmer said:

"You asked me a question, yesterday, Walter, and this is my answer; a better answer than any words can frame. The world calls me a rich man, and so I am. I am able to afford you many advantages, and the opportunity you can ask for moral and mental culture, but I am not, I never shall be rich enough to afford to have you idle. Strange as it may seem I am too rich to afford it. I have a mill, filled with industrious operatives, whose living from week to week depends on its skillful and prudent management. I have houses full of tenants, whose health and comfort depend largely upon whether their landlord is a just and faithful man. These and other interests may some day be entrusted to you. Many a father has learned, to his sorrow, that to have his boys idle is something that rich men cannot afford to do."

"I think I will go to school Monday, father," was Walter's only response to this.

SPEAK GENTLY.—A loud, boisterous tone shows a want of good breeding. The first principle of politeness, is to make those about you feel pleasant, and a rude, coarse manner of speaking is annoying to most persons. A good anecdote is related of a man, who went by the name of "Whispering John," which was given him in ridicule. People said he talked as though he was brought up in a mill. One cold morning he walked into a public house, and called out in his thundering voice:

"Good morning, morning, how are you?"

"Very well; how are you?"

"Oh, I'm well, but I'm so cold I can hardly talk."

Just then a nervous traveller who was present, ran up to the landlord, exclaiming:

"Please have my horse brought as soon as possible."

"Why, what is the matter?" asked the landlord.

"Nothing," replied the traveller, "only I want to get away before that man thaws."

Another man frozen to death; this time away out in Wisconsin, while out getting wood with which to kindle the morning fire. Isn't it strange that some women are so hard to learn that they have a mission.—

Marlboro Times.

FARMING AND DAIRYING.—The farm-houses in Holland, and their dairies, barn, etc., are kept scrupulously clean. We called at one of those houses and asked permission to visit the dairy, which was readily granted; we found everything as clean as scrubbing could make it. They will always show you their cans with a great deal of pride. Now many of you farmers may think that these are rather curious things to take pride in, and I thought so too, until I had seen them. They will show you cans that are one, two, and even three hundred years old, just as bright and free from dents as they were when first made; while here on your milk route the other day I inquired how old the cans were, and was informed that the oldest were three or four months old, and poor, pattered things they were.

The cows being out at pasture this farmer was using the barn to make cheese in. The stalls had been all scrubbed and white-washed and to show you how neat they were, the windows of the stalls were draped with muslin curtains, and had pictures in them—one I remember had a picture of a Madonna! Only think of it. Lace curtains and a Madonna in a cow stall! I bought a cheese of the lady and asked her if she would lay a table for us so that we could have some bread and milk and cheese; this she did readily, and where do you think she put us? Why, in the calf pen to be sure; and I can assure you that it was neat enough for any dining-room.

Hood said "the houses made him think of onions left in the ground in hopes that they will sprout in the spring."

AN ARTIST'S RECOMPENSE.—Washington Allston, who stood at the head of American artists, half a century ago, was at one time so reduced by poverty that he locked himself in his studio in London one day, three himself on his knees and prayed for a loaf of bread for himself and wife. While thus engaged a knock was heard at the door, which the artist hastened to open. A stranger enquired for Mr. Allston, and was anxious to learn who the fortunate purchaser of the "Angel Uriel," which had won the prize at the exhibition of the Royal Academy. He was told it was not sold.

"Where is it to be found?" "In this very room," said Allston, producing a painting from a corner and wiping off the dust. "It is for sale, but its value has never been adequately appreciated, and I would not part with it." "What is its price?" "I have done affixing any nominal sum; I have always so far exceeded any offers. I leave you to name the price." "Will 400 pounds be an adequate recompense?" "It is more than I ever asked for it." "Then the painting is mine," the stranger said, who introduced himself as Marquis of Stafford, and from that moment became one of Mr. Allston's warmest friends and patrons.

THE TRUE WIFE.—Oftentimes I have seen a tall ship glide by against the tide as if drawn by some invisible tow line, with a hundred strong arms pulling it. Her sails unfurled, her steamers were drooping, she had neither side wheel nor stern wheel; still she moved on stately, in serene triumph, as if with her own life. But I knew that on the other side of the ship, hidden beneath the great bulk that swam so majestically, there was a little toilsome steam-tug, with a heart of fire and arms of iron, that was tugging it bravely on; and I knew that if the little steam-tug untwined her arms and left the ship, it would wallow and roll about and drift hither and thither, and go off with the reluctant tide no man knows whither. And so I have known more than one genius, high-decked, full-freighted, wide-sailed, gay-pennoned, that, but for the bare, toiling arms and brave, warm-beating heart of the faithful little wife that nestled close to him so that no wind or wave could part them, would soon have gone down with the stream, and have been heard of no more.—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

TO make shoe-pegs enough for American use consumes annually 100,000 cords of timber, and to make Lucifer matches, 300,000 cubic feet of the best pine are required every year. Lasts and boot-trees take 500,000 cords of birch, beech and maple, and the handles of tools 500,000 more. The baking of our bricks consumes 2,000,000 cords of wood, or what would cover in forest about 50,000 acres of land. Telegraph poles already up represent 800,000 trees, and their annual repairs consume 300,000 more. The ties of our railroads consume annually thirty years' growth of 75,000 acres and to fence all our railroads would cost \$45,000,000, with a yearly expenditure of \$15,000,000 for repairs. These are some of the ways in which American foresters are going. There are others; our packing boxes for instance, cost, in 1874, \$12,000,000, while the timber used each year in making wagons and agricultural implements is valued at more than \$100,000,000.

LAST TO BE FOUND.—The deserving poor are the last to be found. Too modest and self-respectful to beg, they remain hidden away in corners and attics, in hunger and nakedness, until some village Nightingale searches them out and provides for their necessities. Back-door begging is often brazen and undeserving. Idleness and vice brought the parties to want, and they are more ready to apply to the benevolent for relief than to take any measures to help themselves. Chronic laziness and shiftlessness can be cured only by the pressure of hard necessity. But the virtuous and worthy poor should be sought out and cared for. The vagrant you can leave to the public authorities, but that unfortunate one, who, like a stricken deer, has fled to the secret place to suffer and die alone, should be searched out and made comfortable.

Among the pardons granted last year was one accorded to a girl who had committed larceny. She was released that she might attend the funeral of her sister. The Committee add: "As less than a month of her sentence remained unexpired, the Committee believed that the influence of the funeral occasion would be more beneficial to her than the brief term of imprisonment remaining." Here is a novel question in ethics which we never remember to have seen touched upon.

1851.

1879.

# THE Woburn JOURNAL.

With the beginning of the new year the Journal will commence its

29th VOLUME.

For more than a quarter of a century it has been a welcome visitor to the homes of Woburn, and of those in other places to whom the memory of the old town is dear. It has in the past taken a lively interest in all

## LOCAL AFFAIRS,

and will in the future keep up with the times, by urging and encouraging progress in every direction that will add to the wealth, importance or influence of the town.

The Journal is essentially a news-paper, and first of all it will continue to give

## ALL THE WOBURN NEWS,

together with that of surrounding towns, as it has been demonstrated that the people desire to have and will sustain, a paper which is a journal of the news about affairs in which they have a personal interest.

## THE STORIES

which are given each week constitute a feature of the paper and have always met with favor.

Connected with the paper is an experienced book reviewer and his

## LITERARY NOTICES

have been highly commended, and they will be continued during the coming year. Our

## CORRESPONDENTS

are scattered all over the world, and contributions from their pens have added much to the interest of the Journal. Communications on any topic are invited, and

## ANY ONE

can secure the insertion of a letter in the Journal provided it is written in proper terms, and the writer's name given as a guarantee of good faith, on any subject, without regard to the position of the paper on that subject. Believing that there is nothing like discussion to bring out truth and that truth never fears the fullest scrutiny, it is the policy of the Journal to encourage discussion, and while it will continue to

## FEARLESSLY ADVOCATE

all such principles and measures as it deems important and essential to the public welfare, it will concede space upon its platform to any who see fit to differ, and admit that in argument as well as in other things the fittest shall survive. Believing that whatever helps the Town helps the individual citizen, the Journal will always be found jealously guarding the honor of the Town against assaults or defamers, and earnestly seconding any efforts for public improvement or growth. The Journal will continue to be a live newspaper treating of

## LIVING ISSUES

with an independent pen, giving its readers the best selections from

## CURRENT LITERATURE

in the shape of stories, original and selected, sketches, paragraphs, &c., together with all the news, and discussions of current topics. The above has made and will maintain it as the

## Popular Newspaper of the Town

and this fact should assure the business men that it is the best

## ADVERTISING MEDIUM

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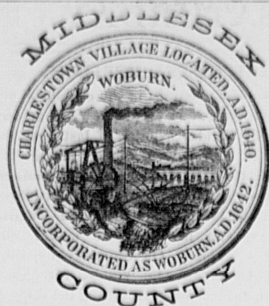
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VOL. XXIX.

WOBURN, MASS., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1879.

NO. 7.

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and will also teach THEORY. Terms reasonable to suit the times. For particulars call at her residence, No. 70 Main Street, near Green St.

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HALL TO LET.  
Post 33, G. A. R., having recently leased the Hall No. 194 Main St., Woburn (Fox Building, it being the second hall in size in town), and fitted up the same with two large side rooms and all modern conveniences, will let it to responsible parties on reasonable terms. Inquire of Trustees, JOHN L. PARKER, NEWELL Z. TABOR, T. MARVIN PARKER.

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PARENTS, you need no longer throw away your children's shoes before they are half worn, on account of Holes through the Toes. Either the

SILVER  
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BLACK TIP,  
WILL PREVENT THIS.  
Ask for these shoes when buying.

## Original Poetry.

Written for the Journal.

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

BY GEO. S. DORR.

I shall seek not to explain,  
Why this day of all the rest,  
Is thought to be the fairest,  
To begin the lover's quest;  
And should you press the query,  
As to why it all was so,  
I should say to me, I know;  
But I know the ancient custom  
That our fathers loved so well,  
With the years that swiftly glide,  
Do not lose their mystic spell.

And would you know the reason  
Why this day of all the rest,  
Is thought to be the fairest,  
To begin the lover's quest;  
And should you press the query,  
As to why it all was so,  
I should say to me, I know;  
But I know the ancient custom  
That our fathers loved so well,  
With the years that swiftly glide,  
Do not lose their mystic spell.

In my youth-days golden years,  
When my life was bright and free,  
And this world a fairy palace,  
In my dreaming was to me;  
Mid all the sheeny brightness,  
That about my pathway came,  
On I thought of this old saint,  
And hoped he knew my name,  
And in making up his jewels,  
He'd bid some bright-eyed maiden  
Send me a Valentine,  
With loving words o'er laden.

And though many years have fled,  
And to manhood I have grown,  
The golden hopes are cherished,  
Which my happy youth have known;  
And though in the years gone by,  
All my hopes have been in vain,  
Yet I look with longing eyes,  
For the day to come again;  
It is all the hope I have  
That my lonely, dreary life  
Will ever know the blessing  
Of a loving, cheerful wife.

But perhaps I should expect  
Leap-years, that is known to all,  
When I always hope to hear  
Some sweet voiced woman call;  
Some sweet voiced woman call;  
And would you know the reason  
Why my hopes of future bliss,  
In simple faith I've always hung  
On a slender thread like this?  
'Twas sad misfortune at my birth,  
As you will all agree,  
An over-dose of modesty  
Was meted out to me.

And all the years since childhood,  
I have watched the falling grow,  
And suffered all the torture  
That a bashful man can know;  
And oft-times I get wishing  
That I could invent some plan,  
From Whittier's "Hazel-bush,"  
To obtain the "cheek of tan,"  
I have wandered through the world  
And its busy marts of trade,  
And noted the impressions  
Which the cheeky man has made.

When I saw the case with which  
He would always make his point,  
I wished I might my burning face,  
With the oil of cheek ointment;  
And the agent selling books,  
The drummer of a dry goods firm,  
The reporter's quiet looks,  
I will own I envy these;  
For I have never been able,  
But he who peddles lightning rods,  
I have envied more than all.

In vain are all my wishings,  
And my longings o'er and o'er,  
I did I'm just as bashful  
As I ever was before;  
Now my patient friends, you know  
Why I build these hopes of mine,  
On the years when maidens leap,  
And the days of Valentine;  
For I have never been able,  
Though for years I've thought and planned,  
To get up my courage and ask  
For a maiden's soft white hand.

Now all ye loving lassies,  
You have heard my story sad,  
And you know a Valentine  
Would make my heart so glad;  
I long have patient waited,  
Till I am now a bachelor  
Bewailing my condition;  
My life is sad and lonely,  
As I know you will agree;  
Now will some tender loving heart  
Send a Valentine to me.

E. WAKEFIELD, N. H.

## Selected Story.

NUMBER FORTY-SEVEN.

It was the week race at Brighton, when we are always full, and every room was engaged, most of them by old customers, but one or two, of course, by strangers. One of these last was Mr. John Adamson; he was a chance comer—that is, he had not written beforehand to secure a room, as is usual at that time, and therefore he got a very bad one. It was No. 47, which in slack seasons was never occupied; it looked into the little court-yard in the middle of the house, and had nothing to recommend it but its great height; it was, in fact, two floors thrown into one; some nervous persons had a fancy for it, however, because a few steps down the passage was the trap-door in the roof under which stood the ladder that formed the fire-escape; but as a rule, people who were shown to No. 47 objected to it. Mr. Adamson, however, made no objections; and indeed to look at him, you would have said that he had been used to worse rooms.

It was not so much his clothes—though they didn't fit him and yet looked as if he was wearing them for the first time—but a certain hang-dog, cringing way he had with him, which showed he was a low fellow. He was a turfed, of course—a man who made his living, or tried to make it, by horse racing, and had come down to fill his pockets at the expense of other people; but, so far as that went, so had all other guests. There

was the great Mr. Dodds, the book-maker for instance—only second in the extent of his operations to the Levathan himself, who travelled with his secretary, and had our first-floor front; there was Captain Ledger, who went halves in winning—whatever he did in losing—with the Marquis of Spain; and there was Sir Toby Gray, who had three horses on the hill himself, and one of them first favorite for the cup. But all these men, for the present at least, were men of substance, and looked like it. You might have said they were made of money, for every one of them had a pocketbook bursting with bank notes, which was certain to be either fuller or emptier before the week was out.

Now Mr. Adamson did not look as though he owned a bank-note in the world, and, if I had had to name his trade, I could have done it the first moment I clapped eyes on him; it was a Welsher. However, it is not the business of an hotel-keeper to turn any man from his door who wants a bed and can afford to pay for it; and as for picking and stealing, our own plate was all Britannia metal, while Mr. Dodds and Captain Ledger and Sir Toby knew very well how to take care of themselves and their money, having been on the turf for the last twenty years, and accustomed to all descriptions of villainy. As for me, I had enough to do at that busy time without looking after the seedy tenant of No. 47, who went up the hill every day to the course on foot, and took six pennorth of whiskey with his dinner in the coffee-room, and nothing after it.

Only of course it was suspicious, for the Hand and Glove was not a hotel meant for likes of him, and he knew it. He was always apologizing, as it were, for being there, and hoping he was not giving trouble when he asked for this and that—always something cheap—at the bar in the public room. He also pretended to be ignorant as to who was who, and inquired of me on one occasion whether that was the Mr. Dodd whom he had just seen come out of No. 4; whereas it is my opinion that he knew them all, and who was the principle winner after each day's work.

There was a good deal of betting on the race for the cup that year, in which were entered two public favorites, who were very heavily backed by the "gentlemen" and as a rank outsider won, so also, did the "book-makers." It was rumored in the coffee-room that evening that Mr. Dodds had cleared twenty thousands pounds out of the transaction, and by the way he and his friends and the secretary kept it up that night in the first-floor front, you would have thought it might have been forty thousand. What I will say for the racing folk, whether gentry or otherwise, is that they are free-handed; it is "light come, light go," with them, I suppose; but when fortune sends them a stroke of luck they let other people share it. It was open house in No. 5 that night (next to his bedroom the room was, and then the secretary's, as I well remember) for all we knew him, and I dare say a good many as didn't know him (more than to say "Bravo Dodds!" when he was reported to have pulled off a stake), took their glass at his expense. But Dodds had his eyes about him for all that, and his secretary too, and would have been to the man who tried to take more than what was offered him—that is, beyond food and liquor. They would not have given him into custody, not they; but they have laws of their own, these gentlemen, which they put in force at once against such transgressors. I believe soldiers, when they catch a thief among them, do the life. Well, the evening went off without anything worse than shouting, but in the morning there was a terrible "to do." Mr. Dodds had been robbed in the night of all his winnings. In reality these were not quite so great as had been reported, but they amounted to eleven thousand pounds in bank-notes—and they were gone.

I verily believe the man was not so annoyed by the loss of the money as by the fact of his having been robbed—that is, of another man having outwitted him. He stormed and raved like a mad bull, so that my master hardly dared to listen to what he had to say about the matter; though it was very little. These notes, which were all for large amounts, were in a pocketbook by themselves, and lay in a drawer in his room. He had seen all was right, he thought, before he retired to rest, his door being not only locked, but fastened with a bolt with a spring bell to it. Only, there was at that time nothing in the pocketbook but two copies of the *Sporting Times*, very neatly folded. The notes must have been taken out before hand—while he was entertaining his friends—and the little substitution effected. When my master asked Mr. Dodds, "Have you got the numbers of the notes?" he burst out in a fury. "Because I have been robbed, sir, do you take me for a born idiot? Of course I have."

His secretary, indeed had made a memorandum of them; but unfortunately, had wrapped it up with the notes themselves, which was very handy and convenient for the thief.

Mr. Dodds was a stout man, and I thought would have had a fit of apoplexy when he discovered this. I don't remember ever hearing so much strong language from the same mouth in so short a time. We kept the secretary locked up in the bar till the storm had blown over a little, and in the mean time we did what we could. As Mr. Adamson was the only stranger at the Hand and Glove, suspicion naturally fell upon him—and so did Mr. Dodds. In less time than it takes me to tell you, that unfortunate man was stripped to his skin, and his room searched with that completeness that not a penny's head could have escaped notice; but nothing was found; and except that he had gone up with the rest to drink a glass of

champagne in the first-floor front in honor of Mr. Dodds success, not a tithe of proof existed against him. He had not left the house that day since he had returned from the races, and even now he showed no signs of departure. He said he had been informally treated, but had too much respect for Mr. Dodds to take the law of him for the insult that had been inflicted on him. And he stayed for the next day's races, where he told me he had been "welshed" out of fifteen shillings, or he should have been happy to give me a half-a-crown, though "attendance" was included in our bills. In justice to himself, my master sent for the police; but, of course, they were no good, and Mr. Dodds had to give them five pounds, in consideration of having expressed an opinion, in his usual terms, upon their incompetency. He offered one thousand pounds reward for the recovery of the notes, and started off with the secretary (with his tail between his legs) for the next race meeting.

Some people thought it was the secretary who had done the trick; but Mr. Dodds knew better, and so did I. I have heard of things being "loured in" upon folks—a first cousin of mine by the mother's side being a bit of Calvin—but never was any man more convinced of what he hadn't seen than I was that John Adamson had taken that money. The hold it got on me was surprising, especially after the thousand pounds reward was offered, which did not make my brains less busy about the matter, you may be certain. At first I could talk nothing else, so that I got to be quite a laughing-stock with my fellow-servants at the inn, when I grew sulky and dropped it, which was afterward lucky for me. They, of course, talked about it too, for a robbery of that magnitude under one's own roof was enough to set any tongue wagging; but after a month or two the thing wore away from their minds; whereas, with me it was fresh as ever. Where could he have put that money when we searched him and his room so thoroughly? and did he get clear away with it? were the two questions that worried me most. That he stole the notes from Mr. Dodds' drawer, I took for granted.

Perhaps I should not so soon have got free of my fellow-servants' chaff—especially as it had begun to rile me—it something else had not presently occurred to turn their attention from the subject altogether. This was a murder committed at Lewes, within a few miles of us. A murder is always more exciting than a robbery, and in this instance the victim was a Brighton cab-driver, known to many of us, which, of course, made the incident more attractive. Otherwise it was a common case enough; the man had made a few pounds in a Derby lottery and for those and a watch in his pocket, the other, who was a book-maker on the turf, called Kyneton, had murdered him. The trial had nothing noteworthy in it from first to last; but when the murderer had met his deserts, a certain paragraph appeared in a *Lewes* paper, which being copied into other papers attracted considerable attention, and set my ears tingling more than anybody's. After the murderer was found guilty, it is said, he made a voluntary statement to one of the prison warders that it was he who had stolen the notes from Mr. Dodds at the Hand and Glove Hotel, at Brighton, during the race week in the previous autumn.

"Come, Bob," said my master, "that disposes of your friend Adamson's having anything to do with it, which you thought such a 'moral'."

"Well, sir, yes, I suppose it does," said I. "Of course it does; and I am very glad this has happened, since it removes all suspicion from any one connected with the hotel. You don't know anything of the fellow Kyneton being about the place on the cup day, do you?"

"No, sir," I said, "but there were a many folks coming and going, and especially, as you remember, to congratulate Mr. Dodds on his good fortune."

"Just so; and this Kyneton was one of them no doubt."

But, for my part, I still stuck to my own opinion. If Kyneton had stolen eleven thousand pounds in the autumn, what need had he to kill a man for twenty pounds and a silver watch a few months afterward? The man was not a gentleman, and would not have flung so much money away in as many years. And why did he tell a warder about it, instead of confessing his crime to a chaplain, in the usual way?

The next Sunday happened to be my Sunday out, and I took advantage of it to go to Lewes. I had an acquaintance there who was a sporting reporter upon the staff of the newspaper in which the paragraph first appeared, and I had a great fancy to put a few questions to him. He was a civil fellow enough, and had had information from me on certain occasions—one picks it up when horse gents are talking together, in spite of their whispering ways—which had been useful to him.

"Now, Jack," I said, "I want to see the prison warder, as this here Kyneton told that story to about that robbery at our hotel."

"Well, to tell you the truth, Bob," he says, laughing, "you'll find that a little difficult. Between ourselves, it was all bogus. It has been very successful, and been quoted in all the London papers; but no such statement was ever made."

"Then, how did it get into the papers?"

"Oh, in the usual way; it was put in by a penny-a-liner; a mere effort of the imagination."

"Then, Jack, I must see that penny-a-liner."

"To tell you the whole truth, Bob," he answered, with another laugh, "but I stand before you, it was me as wrote it."

"Oh, you wrote it, did you? Now, look here; this will go no further," said I, "than

you and me, but I must know more. You said you would tell me the whole truth; then tell me, who was it as paid you to write it?"

"Well, my proprietors, of course," he answered sulkily.

"I know that, but who paid you beside?"

"Well, if you must know, a man of the name of Loftus, I met him at the Harp here during the trial, and he said he would give something to see himself in print. It struck him, he said (and he was right), that to make Kyneton confess to the Dodds robbery would be an attractive sort of 'par' (that means paragraph), and between us we worked it up. It was more my composition than his, but I did not tell him so, and he promised me a guinea when he saw it in type; and he paid the guinea like a man; and what was the harm in it?"

"No sort of harm, Jack," says I, "and indeed rather the reverse. I do assure you, you shall never get into trouble about it; but just tell me what this man was like."

"Well, he was rather a down-looking cove."

"Hang-dog?" said I.

"Well, yes, to be frank, hang-dog—a washed-out, white-brown sort of a fellow."

"With a beard?" inquired I.

"No, with no beard."

"Did you notice any impediment in his speech?"

"No. By-the-by, now you mention it," said Jack, correcting himself, "I did. It was very slight; but he said pup—pup—for paragraph."

"All right," said I, "I'm much obliged to you. It's not the man I thought it was." Jack, correcting himself, "I did. It was very slight; but he said pup—pup—for paragraph."

"It's no matter. I have come on a fool's errand, but I thank you all the same. If I can do anything for you next meeting—I meant of course the Brighton race meeting, for Jack was not a chapel-goer, far from it—command me."

Then I went home more confident in my old opinion than ever. It was Adamson himself (though he now wore no beard) who had put that statement into *Lewes Express*. The question of course was, why had he done it? since no body now accused him of being a thief. And why should he have adopted so clumsy and dangerous a method of getting his exculpation printed if he had money at command to get it done in safer ways? As I read it, the man, though he had stolen the money, had by no means got it in his pocket. It was hidden somewhere under the roof of the Hand and Glove, and now that his character was in the eyes of the world re-established, he would some day return to take possession.

I was not fool enough to communicate these ideas to any one else; I had already experienced the inconveniences of talking, and I felt that, if I was right in my conjecture, the value of it depended on my keeping it to myself. Consequently I bore with much good humor the sly remarks of the other waiters, and even of the pretty chambermaid (whom I dare say you remember, sir), about the mare's-nest I had sat upon as respected the guilt of Mr. Adamson, whom they proceeded to pity as an ill-used and innocent man. I confessed that I made a mistake, such as human nature is liable to, and after a few weeks there was an end to it. The robbery, having been explained, was forgotten, just as, I make no doubt, the man who had done it had calculated upon; Bob Taylor (at your service) happened to be the exception as proved the rule.

It was in the autumn time, and about three weeks before the race meeting, that a Mr. Morton arrived at our hotel by the evening train, and asked for a bedroom. What he couldn't abide, as he told Eliza (which was the pretty housemaid's name, as you may remember), was the noise of the sea at night. He didn't care where he slept but the room must be at the back of the house, and at the same time airy. Now, the only room which combined these advantages, as it happened, was No. 47. I did not take much notice of Mr. Morton at first, except as respected his portmanteau, which I thought a very shabby one for a gent as so particular about his sleeping; but, as it happened, it fell to me to wait upon him in the coffee-room and the way in which he ordered dry champagne and the best of everything the house afforded did strike me (in connection with that portmanteau) as peculiar.

Before the house closed he went out for a walk, with one of our best cigars in his mouth, and on his return asked for hot whiskey and water; only he called it wur-dun-whiskey. You might have knocked me down with a feather, for when he said that it flashed upon me in an instant that here was my man. His beard was gone it was true; but that I was prepared for, "from information received," as the police say, his moustache had changed its color—in deed, it was a false one, but that unfortunate hesitation in his speech recalled Mr. Adamson to my recollection at once. When I handed him the spirits and water, my hand shook so you would have thought I had taken any amount of the same prescription myself. Think that he had taken the very same room again—No. 47; though of course, that was only what you may call the association of ideas—seemed to carry conviction with it. The room was, I think I have said, in the servants' quarter, and my little dog-hoop was close to it. I slept—no I didn't sleep—I laid awake all that night with my door ajar, and listened, listened, listened, till there was a buzzing in my brain equal

to a million of bees in swarming. At two o'clock in the morning I heard his door open and was out of bed in a twinkling, with my eyes at the chink of my door.

It was a moonlight night, and I saw him go down the passage in his night-gown as noiseless as a ghost. Then I heard something scrape against the floor; it was the foot of the ladder of the fire-escape that led up through the trap-door on the roof. "He has hidden them there," said I to myself, and in my hurry to follow him I stumbled in the passage and fell. When I picked myself up, all was quiet as death, and on turning the corner of the passage I saw my gentleman coming toward me, walking quite slow and rigid. "Hullo," I said, "how come you here?" He didn't answer a word, but, with eyes wide open and staring over my shoulder, tried to pass me. I took him by the arm, however, and again asked him what he was doing in the passage at that time of night. Then he drew a long sigh, passed his hand over his eyes, and says "Where am I?"

"Well," says I, "you're where you've no business to be. Your room is No. 47. I believe."

"Thank you," he says "so it is. I've been walking in my sleep. It's a habit I have. Good nun—nun—night."

And then he turned into his room and locked the door.

He was certainly one of the coolest hands I ever saw, but this little device did not impose upon me for an instant; what he wanted I now felt positively certain, were those nun—nun—notes, which were lying, no doubt, stuffed under the tiles, or in some spot or other in the roof. The trap-door was a long way up, and could not be reached except by the ladder; so this is what I did: I went down into the pantry, where I knew of a chain padlock that had belonged to the kennel of a Newfoundland dog of ours as was dead, and I just fastened that ladder to a staple in the wall as had been put there for that very purpose, but never used. After that, though I heard my gentleman go out again about 3.30, I felt more comfortable in my mind. I rather fancied that he would soon come back again—which he did; a-cussing and a-swearin under his breath, without any sort of hesitation whatsoever.

The adventures of the night, however, were not over, for at four o'clock there was such a thundering noise in his room, that I thought the floor must have given way.

"Good heavens!" says I knocking at his door, "what is the matter?"

"It's nothing," he said; "I've been walking in my sleep again, that's all."

"Well," says I, "I do hope you'll not do it again, or you'll rouse the house."

After which he was as quiet as a mouse; quieter than me, I do assure you, for I lay in my bed shaking like an aspen leaf, and without a dry rag upon me, as the saying is. For, as I'm a living man, I knew from that moment where those £11,000 worth of notes were hid as well as he did.

In the morning he came down to breakfast, and then went out, saying he would not return before luncheon-time, as he had some business to transact in the town. Eliza had his bed, and thought nothing had happened, for I was not going to be made a fool of the second time; and when the coast was clear I just walked into No. 47 and locked myself in with the ladder.

I have said that the room had been thoroughly searched, and so it had been, for even the very wainscot had been ripped up. Only nobody had thought of the ceiling, which was twenty feet out of everybody's reach, and had not even a chandelier; but where the chandelier ought to have been, as I have mentioned, there were a few roses and things made of plaster, by way of ornament. Mr. Adamson, as I was now convinced, had been trying to reach those pretty flowers by the help of his bedstead and dressing-table, only they had not come up to the mark, and had also given way under him. By putting the ladder against the bedstead I could, however, reach the ceiling easily enough (as my gentleman himself had done on a certain occasion), and under the rose (one may make a little joke when everything turns out so comfortable) I found the notes. The whole thing didn't take five minutes; and after telling my master of my discovery, we sent at once for a policeman.

Before Mr. Adamson came back there arrived for him a large package, which we took the liberty to open. It was an iron ladder that folded up very neatly, and was labelled "Mr. Morton, No. 47." If he had had the prudence to bring it with him in the first instance, things might have turned out more fortunately for him; but, as it was, it came a little late. Of course he was given into custody, and a telegram sent to Mr. Dodds. That gentleman, sir, behaved like a gentleman, for on the day that Mr. Adamson was "copped"—he got twenty years—I not only received my thousand pounds, but, "a hundred added," for my "perseverance, sagacity, integrity," and it is with that money that I have become master of the Hand and Glove.

They loved each other fondly, you, devotedly. They had cut a watermelon and made great spoil thereof. He craved another kiss and she refused, saying he could have no more kisses until they were engaged, unless it was in the case of sickness or death. He pressed her delicate form gently to his manly breast, and softly whispered, "Dear, I've got the cholera morbus."

The contractor of the Middlesex Central railroad has felled "the hemlocks" on the banks of the Assabet river in Concord, and thus destroyed a charming bit of scenery which attracted the notice of Hawthorne and which was pronounced by connoisseurs from Europe and America as among the finest in New England.



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SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1879.

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## ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

This day is a delight to the boys and girls and a necessary evil to the post office. In the great city of London, letter carriers are compelled to use wheelbarrows or handcarts in distributing the great masses of valentines which pass through their hands on that day. As many as fifteen millions of the cheapest kind of valentines have been sold, it is said, in this country this year.

The sentiments which find expression in these pictured and rhymed communications are very various,—from the sweet and proper little valentine which carries the pure affection of a child, to the daubed caricature which is sent simply to show the ill-feeling of one person toward another. The skill, labor and expense bestowed on these tokens of affection or ill-feeling also differ widely. One valentine sometimes costs several hundred dollars. It is to be supposed that it is a marvel of workmanship in silk and satin, lace and gold, ribbons and flowers and dissolving views. And most young people must simply admire such valentines at a distance—as the boys do the hundred-dollar double-runners. Of the one and two-cent valentines which we have noticed, nearly all draw their wit and point from some supposed faults in the persons for whom they are intended. We generally see some unsightly figure to which a hand is stretched out, offering the article presumably most needed by the receiver of the valentine. A very over-dressed maiden is offered a set of false teeth, a quantity of false hair, or a piece of carbolic soap. A very flashily-dressed young man, with eye glasses, cane and gloves, receives a plateful of brains, a book on good manners, or a baby's bottle. The wit and the artistic quality of these pictures are both too low to deserve patronage. Doubtless something more proper and tasteful in the line of penny valentines will be devised as soon as those who buy them demand it.

There is a heavy trade in the class of valentines which comes between these two extremes. For fifty cents and upward very beautiful and tasteful designs can be obtained. They are wonderful for their elaborate flagwork in which embossed figures, doves, hearts, cupids, lovers, children, abound. And like a Japanese cabinet there are surprises beneath awaiting discovery. Here are gaily decorated double gates. Throw them back and a sweet face beams upon us; or a landscape lies far within, seeming to stretch away in the distance. These valentines please without wounding. One of the old superstitions was that a maiden, in order to make sure of her "Valentine," as she called her accepted lover, must catch him asleep on St. Valentine's eve and kiss him unawares. A frontispiece to Scott's "Fair Maid of Perth" represents a bashful maiden as in the act of giving the secret kiss. The happy recipient wakes on the spot causing blushes on her part, but not much displeasure on the part of either. May St. Valentine's Day long be observed in a harmless manner and the present objectionable features about it be soon removed.

## REFORM IN TAXATION.

Dissatisfaction with the existing modes of taxation ever have, and probably will, continue to exist, and successive legislatures vie with each other in attempting at least to convince the people that they are hard at work devising measures to relieve the burden and make the unwelcome load bear as lightly as possible, but the trouble is no permanent reform seems to be accomplished. That there is more or less wrong in our system of taxation, none will deny. It is regarded by some as a system used more to relieve the rich and crowd the poor, but the evil seems to become one of the most important subjects on which legislators can expend their time. It is well known to all who have been in a position to know the working of our tax laws that men credited with being strictly honest in other duties will often resort to the most barefaced means to conceal property from being levied on, and consider it a commendable act of shrewdness to conceal it from the reach of the assessor. But heaviest injustice falls on parties having equities in mortgaged real estate. The equity may be very small, but he pays a tax on the full assessed value of the property, while the mortgagee also pays the tax on the amount loaned, and said property is taxed twice. Bills have been introduced the present session to remedy this difficulty and we hope there may be wisdom enough in the legislature to so revise the whole system of taxation—which at best as it now stands is a complicated matter well calculated to mislead those on whom the duty of levying taxes falls, and a fruitful source of dissatisfaction on the part of the people—as to meet, so far as it is possible to do it, the approval of all who would have taxation equal.

We are pained to notice that war is waging between the Boston Herald and the Marlboro Times, on the subject of the Assistant Adjutant Generalship of the State. Col. Morse twits Col. Esty of being "young," and the latter retorts by calling the former "weakly."

EGGCAST.—Of the six million dozen eggs brought to Boston in 1878, it is estimated that 25 per cent. are consumed in the State, and 80 per cent. in and around Boston. The thought put one who takes the vegetable on the "ragged egg." What's to be done.

**LIBRARY NOTES.**—The new Library is rapidly growing in attractiveness. The reading room is now filled with tables and settees, and heavy curtains hang in the spacious doorways. Apropos to this subject we add a few general library notes. Of the 340 towns in this State nearly 150 of them have free public libraries. Mr. Cutter, of the Boston Athenaeum, has been at work on the Bibliography of the Devil, though it is not supposed to be a labor of love. Much more than one half of the books issued to readers from the New York Mercantile Library, are novels—over a hundred thousand. The Lighthouse Board has supplied about 150 small libraries which it keeps in circulation among the different lighthouses. It is found that these few books do much to cheer those lonely and isolated homes and to improve the character of the keepers. The persons using the British Museum, were obliged, until lately, to show a reading ticket every time they entered. On one occasion the archbishop of Canterbury, was refused admittance, because he had neglected to bring his ticket. While the Congressional Library is the largest in this country, the Boston Public follows very closely behind.

That intemperance is the cause of four-fifths of all crimes committed has been repeatedly asserted by excellent authorities. When Connecticut changed from prohibition to license in 1873 there was an increase in one year, of one-half in the amount of crime. As was said the other day in Boston the day will come when license will be as dead as slavery. The public morals are being educated up to prohibition. We heard recently of a man who was telling the old story of prohibition amounting to nothing down in Maine in a certain town, when an indignant listener exclaimed, "I will go with you down there and pay all expenses, and for every glass of liquor which you can buy in that town I will give you five dollars!" The offer was not accepted. We don't want the "good old times" to return when the towns used to vote "one barrel of West India rum, five barrels of New England rum," &c., for the framing and raising of the meeting house.

**MUSICAL.**—Thursday evening, Dr. and Mrs. Clough opened their parlors to about fifty of their friends and gave them a musical treat of rare excellence. A quartette, composed of Mrs. Clough-Thinney, Miss Clara Poole, Mr. Charles H. Clarke, tenor, and Mr. H. K. White, Jr., bass, contributed the vocal parts, and Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Lewis the instrumental. The selections were principally operatic and very choice. A new arrangement of, "Of in the Stilly Night," was given with charming effect. Mr. Lewis gave a solo, and with the assistance of Mrs. Lewis a fine duet. We have seldom enjoyed an entertainment so much, and the hospitable projectors, and their accomplished assistants, deserve, as they received, the highest praise.

**Color blindness** is receiving much attention in Boston and Philadelphia. In the latter city Dr. P. D. Keyser has examined the eyes of several hundred railroad employees. The inability to distinguish red from green might bring upon an engineer or brakeman, the responsibility of an accident, and yet the difference between these colors is especially hard to recognize by some. Dr. Keyser has been the first to apply the tests for color-blindness to railroad officials. The doctor uses wools, in twenty or thirty shades, and colored glasses. The examinations are made at night, unless the defects are very great. Judged by these tests the doctor finds some railroad men unfit for their positions. In France one-tenth of the railway men have been found to be color-blind.

**STRANGE DELUSIONS.**—The first phases of insanity are often marked by very peculiar delusions. The person imagines that he has lost his ears or his eyes, or that the top of his head is gone, or his leg is made of glass. Sometimes the man thinks that he is not responsible for his own actions, and does many things which are distasteful to him. He imagines that he must lay in a supply of this and that; so he buys many useless articles. Continual thinking on one subject is said to be the most effectual way of producing insanity, by the action of the brain.

**Comic newspapers** would seem to be loudly called for in this country, judging from the daily efforts of the paragraphers. And in fact, an "American Punch" has been started, very recently, in Boston. But the fact that the daily and weekly journals will have their little jokes, many of them making a regular department of it, accounts for the poor success of comic papers. In other countries such papers are a great success. But this country is in such a constant state of comic eruption that it has no strength or material left for any thing further.

In 1878 there were two hundred and sixty-five deaths among the Knights of Honor, and only one hundred and sixteen in 1877. Had there been no yellow fever last year, the number of deaths would have been only fifty-four. The organization embraces about 55,000 members. Over \$900,000 have been paid out in benefits since the organization in 1863. The survivors of a deceased member receive \$2,000. The assessments of the Rumford Lodge, which embraces Woburn, have amounted to only one dollar to each member for every ten deaths.

"Do you see that man," remarked an honest laboring man, pointing to a drunken man pursuing his devious way along the street. "That man has a little place and ——" naming a prominent rum-seller, "has just foreclosed a mortgage on it, and the Town will have to support him. I have a little place of my own and am a sober man, and to reward me the Town licenses — to sell rum to this man and make him a pauper, and then taxes me for his support."

**FIRST PRIZE.**—At the Gymnastic Exhibition at Amherst College, this week, Mr. Ernest C. Richardson, of Woburn, took the first prize for performance on the parallel bars.

**MR. HERVEY'S BENEFIT CONCERT.**—Lyceum Hall is seldom so well filled as it was Monday evening, the occasion being the benefit of Mr. Frank Hervey, the manager of the Star Course. Mr. Hervey had advertised a course of first-class entertainments, and although he had hardly a pleasant night throughout the season, he filled all his engagements, even though it caused him a heavy loss. Our people, however, appreciated his efforts, and the result is that in all probability his losses were made good, a fact that every one will be pleased to know. Thirteen artists contributed to the pleasure of the evening. The Temple Quartette opened the concert with a Serenade by Eisenhofer. Mr. Myron W. Whitney followed with "Se oppressi Ognor;" he was heartily applauded, and acknowledged the compliment. Miss Dora Wiley, who is a great favorite in Woburn, sang "Ah mon credea," which was received in a most enthusiastic manner. Mr. C. N. Allen gave a violin solo, a Romance and Rondo by Wieniawski, and responded to repeated calls with a fine selection. "How Jane Conquest rang the Bell," was read by Mrs. Thomas Barry, and she followed, in response to the applause, with "Little Golden Hair" and the "Smack in School." Mr. W. H. Essenden, the 2d tenor in the Temple Quartette, sang "Sally in our Alley," with fine effect. Mr. Whitney followed with "The Sailor's Dream," and for an encore "The Lost Boat," by Studley, accompanied by the author. The first part closed with a quintette, Miss Wiley and the Temples, "Whence."

Miss Georgia Cayvan opened the second part with "Robert of Lincoln," and responded to the applause with a second poem in which the Bobolink imitations, in which she excels, were brought out with great spirit. Miss Marie Stone of the Phillips Opera Troupe, sang "Polonaise," from Mignon, and still further favored the enthusiastic audience with "Why don't you name the Day." Mr. Frank Littlefield played Gottschalk's arrangement "Sweet Home," on the piano with fine effect. Mr. W. H. Macdonald, of the Phillips Opera Troupe, gave the song of Toreador, from the opera of Carmen. Miss Cayvan recited "the story of the Little Hatchet," as told by the Burlington Hawkeye, in a charming manner, and the audience would not be satisfied until she told the story of Noah's Ark, from "Helen's Babies." Mr. Macdonald and Miss Stone sang a duet "Mira d'acquer lagrime," and were recalled to sing during the closing lines. Mr. Littlefield closed the entertainment with a "Polacca Brillante," by Weber. The concert was declared on all sides a complete success, and was a happy termination of what otherwise would have been an unpleasant experience. We hope that Mr. Hervey will feel like making another venture next year, when, there is no doubt, he will have a generous response.

**"GOIN' TER SPOT POND."**—Spot Pond, on a fair winter afternoon, after a period of severe cold, followed by a fall of snow, presents a very animated appearance. The ice is as solidly unyielding as the path of the iron horse, while enough snow lies above to give the sleigh-runners a hold. As the polished sleighs pass through Stoneyham, robed the strong and the fair, muffled and robed, the small boys on the roadside bestow the unnecessary information, "Goin' ter Spot Pond!" It is no use to try to disguise the fact, however. The interest and curiosity of those who have never been there, increases as they find that Spot Pond is the great rendezvous. At length you discover the moving panorama in the distance. Now you turn off into what seems to be a great level plain covered with snow. The new comers ask when they will reach the ice, and they are told "The ice is beneath you." Now you arrive upon the course. A crowd of men and boys who came hither, each on his own two feet, stare at the new arrivals as if to ask, "Whose ho is that?" or, "How much money hev they got?" Here is a perfectly level road, about 150 feet wide and a half mile long. Our popular drives of course suffer by comparison. On last Saturday afternoon, 400 or 500 sleighs were on the pond. Moving eastward at a moderate pace they would return at a flying pace, throwing up the (snow) dust in white clouds. Among the Woburn teams there, on Saturday afternoon, were those of Messrs. William Ellard, Robert Parker, John Cummings, Rufus C. Hayward, Horace Conn, G. W. Soles, and J. E. Gage. Mr. Cummings was represented by a pair of bays driven by Mr. Graham. Messrs. Z. A. Richardson and Frank Prince, were among the Winchester people present. Some good trotters were there—"Delightful," belonging to Jas. Golden, of Medford; "Lady Humphrey," Alden Walton, of Wakefield; "Col. Davis," Charles Jacobs, of Arlington; "Nellie S.," Augustus Tufts, of Malden. While Messrs. Bates, Day, Tufts, and Jacobs were enjoying a race with each other, "Nellie S." fell—probably choked by a tight rein. The day was a delightful one for riding, while a slight keenness in the westerly wind made head muffers acceptable.

**LITERARY ASSOCIATION.**—The Young People's Literary Association, which was organized at the Methodist church two months ago, is flourishing. The members number about sixty. The meetings are held on the first and third Thursdays of the month. The present officers are—Rev. W. J. Pomeroy, President; Miss Mary E. Pomfret, Vice President; Charles Spear, Secretary and Treasurer. There are also executive, literary and musical committees, and a board of directors.

**SEVERE BLOW.**—On Monday afternoon, Armistead Davis was passing out of True's Tannery, by a sliding door, when the door fell, and one of the heavy iron trucks hit him on the head. He re-entered the shop in such a dazed condition that he had to be assisted to his home. He recovered his senses, after several hours, and is now doing well.

**RUN OVER.**—On Tuesday morning Nellie Hood, a daughter of T. R. P. Hood, was crossing Main street, near Green, when she slipped and fell before a team driven by C. W. Carswell. She happily escaped any serious injury.

Now, to be Frank, when we want to Hervey another Star Course we know whom to go to.

## THE GOSPEL MEETINGS.

The special meetings at the churches are still in progress, and the interest has greatly increased. Friday evening of last week the Methodist church was filled. Mr. Moore referred to the three words—"mother, home, heaven"—which have been considered by some the most precious in the English language, and he said he would add another—"come." On Saturday evening, at the Congregational vestry, Mr. Shaw made an earnest address, taking the story of blind Bartimeus for his subject. On Sunday morning, at 9.30, a prayer meeting in the Baptist vestry was very fully attended. Mr. Moore having charge. Strong feeling and a general willingness to do Christian work characterized the meeting. At 10.30 services were held in the separate churches under the direction of the Committee-men. In the Baptist church Mr. Remington spoke upon the importance of Christian zeal and activity. At the Methodist church Mr. Lawrence opened with brief remarks after which Mr. Moore made a long address which was searching, earnest and exceedingly tender. At the Congregational church Mr. Shaw related his Christian experience, which was of an unusual character, and was at times quite affecting. In the Sunday Schools of all the churches a deep interest prevailed. In some cases the lesson was laid aside because the classes had even more important questions pressing upon their minds. On Sunday afternoon the union meeting at the Congregational church filled the floor of the audience room completely. Mr. Remington described the progress of the prodigal son in a very vivid manner. The same church was filled in the evening, a hundred or more persons—among whom were over forty young men—occupying the galleries. Mr. Moore followed Mr. Shaw with a deeply stirring address, taking for his text, "Incline thine ear." Mr. Remington led the singing with a volume of voice and inspiration of manner such as will make any congregation sing if they ever will. At the close of the regular service a second meeting was held for inquirers, at which over forty persons announced that they had been converted since the previous Sunday.

At the earnest request of the pastors and others it was decided to continue the Union meetings for another week.

On Wednesday afternoon, a meeting was held at the Congregational Church, to which parents, Sunday School teachers and others especially interested in the conversion of the young were invited.

On Wednesday evening, a large audience gathered at the Baptist Church. Mr. Winslow was listened to most attentively while he spoke. Mr. Lawrence followed with remarks upon the natural desire of man for things which cannot satisfy.

On Thursday evening Mr. Moore will speak in the Congregational church. On Saturday afternoon a children's meeting will be held in the Methodist church. In the evening there will be services at the Baptist church. On Sabbath morning there will be a union prayer meeting at the Methodist church at 9.15. At 10.30, the regular services will be held in the Congregational, Baptist and Methodist churches, conducted by the brethren of the State Committee. Sunday afternoon at half past two, there will be union services in the Congregational Church, and again at 7 o'clock, in the evening, the same as last Sabbath. Union meetings will continue next week, every night but Monday, and it is hoped that the assistance of the business men who have been engaged in this work the past fortnight can be secured for another week.

One day last week a young man called at the residence of Marcellus Littlefield, on Winn street, early in the evening and inquired of Mrs. Littlefield if her husband was at home. On being informed that he was not, and expressing a desire to see him, the young man was invited into the house, Mrs. Littlefield recognizing him as a person she had seen at the house of a neighbor. Soon after admitting him however, she detected him in taking up her pocket book which she had left on the table. On finding that he was observed he put down the book, and soon afterwards left the house, much to the relief of the lady. Several complaints coming from the neighborhood, of annoyances to the ladies, the police took the matter up, and called on a young man who was stopping in the neighborhood, claiming to be a nephew of his host, and that he came from Kansas. The fellow denied that he was Mrs. Littlefield's caller, but there could be no doubt of it, and he was given the alternative of leaving town or answering to a criminal complaint. He chose the former without delay.

**SEED INJURY.**—On Friday afternoon of last week, Mr. William H. Philbrook indicted a severe wound on his thigh with a table knife at the Danvers Insane Asylum. Mr. Philbrook was engineer at Bryant & King's tannery, becoming insane last fall through over work, he was taken to the asylum. Aside from one attempt to escape he has conducted himself very well and had been allowed some freedom until this attempt on his own life. The cut will not affect the muscles so as to prevent his walking after recovery. The doctors think that he has paralysis of the brain.

**PRESENTATIONS.**—The Gilcrest Hook & Ladder Co., No. 1, held a special meeting on Monday evening. A purse was presented to Foreman Herbert J. Pearsons, from members of that company, members of Hose 5, and other friends.

Mr. T. Marvin Parker, who was the efficient agent for the sale of tickets to the late "Star Course," received a flattering testimonial from Mr. Frank Hervey, on Monday morning. It was a heavily plated silver tea set of five pieces, the best of the kind. One piece bore Mr. Parker's full name and the date of presentation. The others were marked with a "P."

## Communication.

In the Boston Transcript of Thursday, Feb. 6th, is this article. "In these days of enforced publicity it is refreshing to read that the family of one of our distinguished citizens succeeded in having a strictly private funeral." Now this, to my mind, is what is very much needed, just what is called for. A funeral, I believe, should be as strictly private as a wedding, with no ostentatious display, no profusion of flowers, but a few choice ones from some kind friends or the family, with one-half or two thirds, at most, the usual expense for a coffin or casket. Then at some convenient hour in the day, with your minister and what particular friends and relatives you choose to invite, have the services performed, after which, just at twilight, or early morn, the Sexton should come with his hearse and one or possibly two hacks for the immediate family to follow the dear departed to the grave, and there see it laid peacefully at rest. This simple and quiet manner of conducting funeral ceremonies would be, as I believe, a very great improvement in many ways upon the old custom.

F. K. C.

**DRAMA.**—"Peep O'Day," an Irish romantic drama, was performed, entirely by Woburn talent, at St. John's Hall on Thursday evening. The music was by Ford's Orchestra. The leading character, Barney O'Toole, was represented by Mr. Leahy, in a very enjoyable manner. The ladies who took part had evidently studied the roles with unusual care and discrimination. All the performers acquitted themselves very creditably, and before a crowded house. The Club propose to give their next performance Mar. 12.

**ACCIDENTS.**—As M. Burnham, of Central Square, was leading a horse to water, on Thursday, the animal slipped on the ice, and one of its hoofs struck Mr. Burnham's right foot, breaking two of the small bones.

C. Walter Kelley while assisting to put a heavy casting under an upright drill, at Porter & Young's machine shop, on Tuesday, had the drill forced into the back of his hand, making a painful wound.

M. P. A.—The annual re-union of the Massachusetts Press Association which occurs in Boston, at the Revere House, next Tuesday, promises to be a very interesting occasion. Lt. Gov. Long, Pres. Cogswell, of the Senate, Speaker Wade of the House, Dion Boucicault, and other distinguished gentlemen will be present. The Weber quartette of male voices will contribute to the pleasures of the after dinner exercises.

**EVENING STARS.**—The noticeable evening stars just now are Venus and Saturn. Saturn sets at about 8.15, and Venus at 7. Venus will set later every night, until July 16th when she reaches her greatest eastern elongation. A small telescope directed toward the point just opposite the sun, on the 20th inst, will reveal that pale-greenish planet, Uranus, rising nearly as the sun sets.

**APRON SALE.**—The Ladies' Auxiliary Society connected with Post 33, G. A. R., announce an apron sale and supper, next Wednesday evening, in Grand Army Hall. There will be numerous attractions, including an old fashioned supper, and during the evening a beautiful diamond pin will be given to the most popular Old Fellow. The admission is only 10 cents, and 25 cents buys a supper. The supper will be served at 6 o'clock.

**"THE NEED OF A REVIVAL."**—Under this heading the Advertiser gives its views at some length, but it is very evident that the writer has not attended the Gospel Meetings, for if he had, he would have heard plain talk than any he has committed to paper. The men engaged in this work are practical men and thoroughly in earnest.

In a series of samples of glazed and plated papers examined for the State Board of Health, and intended to be used largely by children, Prof. E. S. Wood has found arsenic present in dangerous amount in all but one of the greens, one scarlet and one red, and a small quantity in one blue and one chocolate brown.

**RUNAWAY.**—On Thursday afternoon a horse attached to one of H. S. Converse's lumber wagons became frightened and ran from Winn street, near Franklin, colliding with a tree opposite A. Ellis's store the wagon was broken, and the horse ran on, dragging the broken shafts, until he was caught at Hayward's store.

**SOCIAL PARTY.**—One of the pleasantest parties of the season occurred in the Highland House last Friday night. About 40 couples were present. Joyce's Quadrille Band, of Boston, furnished the music.

**Y. M. C. A.**—The regular devotional meeting of the Christian Association on Monday evening, was one of especial profit to those present, owing to the interest excited by the Gospel meetings.

**NARROW ESCAPE FROM DROWNING.**—On Wednesday afternoon, Belle Spinnery, an adopted daughter of William H. Matthews, fell into a sink drain and was nearly drowned before rescued.

**ACCOUNTANT.**—Read H. H. Leathe's advertisement, offering his services as Accountant. He has had 12 years experience on books and will no doubt give satisfaction.

**Machinery Hall.**—"Centennial" visitors remember well, was sold at auction last Saturday afternoon for \$24,000. It cost \$800,000.

Thanks to Hon. Daniel Russell, our Senator, for copies of the Legislative Manual of 1879, and the Election Sermon.

**CATARH.**—Sufferers from this dreadful disease are referred to the advertisement of F. B. Campbell & Co., on the first page.

**J. T. Davis** lost a valuable horse on Thursday by spinal disease.

**POLICE COURT.**—Thomas Tuttle, drunk, \$3 and costs.

Chew Jackson's best sweet navy tobacco

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

*Harper's Magazine* for March offers an unusual variety of matter to its million readers, while it contains no article that is not especially noteworthy; and its illustrations, of which there are eighty-five, are remarkable examples of the best style of wood-engraving. Two illustrated papers are devoted to art subjects, without perceptibly diminishing the space given to topics of more general interest. The first of these, entitled "Present Tendencies of American Art," is the beginning of a series of papers on American Art—a sequel to the series given a year ago on "Contemporary Art in Europe" by the same author, Mr. S. G. W. Benjamin. The twenty pictures illustrating this paper are reproductions of recent paintings by W. M. Hunt, George Inness, Frank Rogers, B. G. Porter, J. J. Enneking, Louis Tiffany, C. H. Miller, F. Diehlman, J. Alden Wier, Eastman Johnson, R. Swain Gifford, Winslow Homer, W. Sartain, Samuel Colman, Fidelia Bridges, W. M. Chase, H. Muhrman, Thomas Eakins, Miss M. S. Cassatt, and Walter Shirlaw. Bold as is this attempt to reproduce paintings in wood-engravings in a popular Magazine, it is marvellously successful. The other art paper is devoted to Rembrandt, the first of the "Old Dutch Masters," with four beautifully executed engravings. Alfred T. Storey contributes a paper of great popular interest concerning the English home of Washington's ancestors, full of important facts, and containing, among its excellent illustrations, a picture of the ancestral mansion of the Washingtons in Northants. "A Few Sea-Birds," by H. W. Elliott, is excellently interesting, and beautifully illustrated. Especially timely and important is Mrs. Lamb's comprehensive and entertaining account of the origin, development, and present situation of the United States Coast Survey. With numerous happily selected illustrations, it explains the methods of work pursued by this department, and gives sketches of the four superintendents, with their portraits, and much amusing anecdote. George E. Waring contributes the first of his series of papers on the Austrian Tyrol—full of interesting sketches of the people and country, and magnificently illustrated. Charles Barnard, in a short illustrated paper, shows the superiority of the American over the English locomotive as a competitor in the markets of the world. E. M. Bacon contributes an interesting description of the magnetic motor and its inventor, Mr. Wesley Gary, with illustrations. There are other papers of timely interest: "The English in India," by Thomas Knox; "Climate for Invalids" (containing facts of the greatest importance), by Dr. T. M. Coan; "Afghanistan," by Z. B. Gustafson; and "The 'Tom' Side of Macaulay," by D. D. Lloyd. Abbey contributes a page illustration of Robert Herrick's poem, "A Ceremony upon Candlemas-Eve." Miss Mulock's new novel, "Young Mrs. Jardine," is continued; and short stories are contributed by Miss Thackeray, Constance F. Woolson, and Alice Perry. Besides this bewildering variety of interesting articles and exquisite pictures, there are the always well-conducted editorial departments, including the timely and graceful gossip of the *Easy Chair*, a comprehensive critical record of recent books, a summary of scientific progress, a resume of current historical events, and an amusing "Drawer."

For sale by Horton.

**HEREDITY.** Boston Monday Lectures by Joseph Cook: Houghton, Osgood & Co., pp. 268, \$1.50. This is the fifth volume of the Monday Course and the sixth is now in press. To the thousands who have read or heard these lectures, no review is needed to show their lasting value. In the present volume the author deals with the important subject of Heredity in a style so clear, strong and convincing, as to win the most skeptical and completely destroy the agreement of those who take exceptions to the plain and unalterable laws which were first proclaimed as coming from the Infinite Ruler, good for all time and wisely ordered for the highest good of the whole human race. No other public speaker in this country has ever drawn such crowds of the most intelligent and refined, and the fact that there has been no decrease in numbers or interest, shows that his hold on the minds of his hearers increases, and while as a reasoner and earnest defender of the doctrines advanced he stands at the head of the long list of eminent scholars who have given to these subjects the most careful study, we may well predict for him a career of usefulness in the future exceeding the achievements of the past.

**HARDWARE.**—Probably the largest stock of hardware, outside of Boston, may be found at the store of L. Thompson, Jr.

Hon. John Cummings was on Wednesday elected a Director of the Boston and Albany Railroad.

**Burlington.** Miss Ida L. Hutchinson being indisposed, Miss M. E. Sewall presided at the organ, Sunday evening. "The Morning Star" was appropriately represented and interspersed with good music and recitation. Misses Tebbetts and Haven rendered a duet in their usual excellent manner. Miss M. E. Sewall performed a solo admirably. The concert exercises were closed with terse remarks by Rev. C. Anderson.

**Wilmington.** The Citizens Committee have called a caucus for the nomination of town officers for the ensuing year, for Thursday, Feb. 20th, at 8 o'clock, P. M., in the Town Hall. We are pleased to inform the townspeople that Mr. Wm. H. Carter, our present town clerk, and Cyrus L. Carter, treasurer, have, at the earnest request of citizens, consented to hold their respective offices another year. This, we consider, is a step in the right direction, and much to be desired for the interests of the town, for it is an excellent thing in these troublous times to have men in these offices of trust in whose honesty and integrity we can have entire confidence.

The Wilmington Dramatic Club gave an entertainment, on the evenings of Friday and Saturday. The first piece entitled, "Above the Clouds," was followed by the farce, "A Little More Cider." The performances were complete successes. The

club was well filled both evenings. We cannot praise one of the actors or actresses more than the others, for they all performed their parts excellently, and received much applause.

The next meeting of the F. & M. Club will take place Saturday, the 15th inst., and we hope that all will attend.

**Winchester.** "Old Honesty."—The Good Will Club gave its annual dramatic entertainment in the Unitarian Vestry on Wednesday evening, presenting the old English Comedy of "Old Honesty." The entertainment opened with an Overture, performed on the grand piano, by Miss Orr. "Old Honesty" was cast with Mr. W. E. Boynton, in the title role, Mr. N. F. Marble as "Toby Perch," Mr. Webb, as "Septimus Hook," the lawyer, Mr. J. H. Dwinell who was cast as "Sir Perkins Besborough," consented at a late hour to also undertake "Joseph Bradshaw," which was down on the bills to Mr. Whitney. Mr. Dwinell performed his difficult task uncommonly well. Mrs. W. H. Bailey sustained the part of "Dame Bradshaw," and Miss Carter, the part of her daughter "Mary." The performance was a very satisfactory one. Between the Acts, Miss Stone gave a pianosolo, "Allegro from Sonata Op. 2, No. 3," by Beethoven. Mr. Preston Pond, and Miss Mathews sang a duet "On Mossy Banks," accompanied by Mr. C. H. Harrington. The Misses Metcalf, daughters of Robert C. Metcalf, gave a piano duet, "La fanfare des Dragons," by Boscewitz. The musical part of the entertainment was also well received. The Club issued its announcement in newspaper form, and copies were distributed in this and adjoining towns.

The Liquor Law.—Many Reform Clubs of the State were represented on Wednesday morning at the hearing given by the Legislative Committee. The speeches were strongly in favor of a prohibitory law. Mr. S. C. Small, of Winchester said that the difficulty he had found in keeping the members of the Clubs to their duty was the dram shops,—not in Winchester, because no licenses are granted there, but there are plenty, he said, in the adjoining town of Woburn and in Boston. He thought that the shops where lager beer and light wines were sold, were the worst thing which the Reform Clubs had to deal with. Mr. D. G. Frost, of Winchester, spoke of his struggles as a reformed man and of the perils of the license law.

**HOUSE EXTERIOR.**—While Mr. A. Sonnel is in Paris, his house on Pond street, is left in charge of John Moore who lives near by. Mr. Moore was in there last week and found things all right. On going in, last Wednesday, the house was found to have been ransacked thoroughly, with the exception of two rooms which were locked. A poker was found hanging in a crevice of one door as if they had tried in vain to force an entrance. The only clue to their mode of entering the house was found at a parlor window, where two panes of glass, together with the wooden piece between, were broken in. It is not known, as yet, what valuables, if any, Mr. Sonnel left in the house.

**LECTURE.**—The lecture on "What's what," by Rev. W. H. Cudworth, at the Congregational vestry on Monday evening, was highly satisfactory to the two hundred or more persons who were present. Mr. Cudworth told stories and cracked jokes for an hour and a half, hitting many of the popular foibles and hobbies with much humorous force. Toward the close he gave his views, in brief, on temperance, women's rights, and labor reform.

**BODY RECOVERED.**—Our readers will remember an account of the drowning of Benjamin Chaloner in the Potomac river, on the 3d of December last. A letter was received in Winchester, on Friday last, bringing the intelligence that his body had been recovered, some four miles below the place where his boat capsized. His identity was established by a letter in his pocket, written by his sister. The remains will be brought to Winchester for burial.

**REFORM CLUB.**—Mrs. Scott, of Medford, on the invitation of Mr. J. F. Stone, will speak before the Reform Club on Sunday evening. The lecturer will be entertained at Mr. Stone's house. It is expected that Messrs. Bonner and Bell, of the Lowell Reform Club, will speak on Thursday evening.

**OFF THE TRACK.**—Last Friday by the misplacement of a switch, the locomotive Rumford which comes down from Woburn for the 5.15 train, run off the track. It took nearly two hours to get it back on the rails. A new switchman is one of the results.

**A GOOD CATCH.**—A Black Bass was caught in Wedge Pond, last week, weighing five pounds. The fish was presented to J. F. Stone, Esq., who says it furnished one of the finest dinners ever seen.

**THIEVES.**—Clothes-line thieves operated at the residence of Mr. Thomas Norman, on Tuesday night.

The motto of the new switchman is, "Always ready."



every appointment that is truly *distingue*. Of the works of art, once the property of the donor of the building, we shall speak in detail at no distant day.

We noticed many fine works of some of the best French masters, and in the selection of subjects the collector showed a fine appreciation for the most important branch of painting—that of the human figure, and landscapes. Two of Volp's charming cattle studies as well as other German artist's works are prominent. This spot in the town is to be the means of refining and educating the young, as well as creating a feeling of honest pride in the citizen who can truly boast of one of the most classic and beautiful buildings in this country. We were pointed out the comfortable residence of Mr. Benjamin Champney, the well known Boston artist, and the home of one of our rising artists and engravers, Mr. Albert Thompson, which adjoins the grounds on which the Library building is erected. After nearly an hour is spent in this refined locality we were driven over the tragic grounds where our young citizen, Frank Davis, was murdered so mysteriously last June, and by the way, it is a strange fact that the perpetrators of this crime were never discovered, nor is it probable that they ever will be.

Over empty fields, all snow-clad and cold, over uplands of solitude, save from the glow of the sun and the warmer contrast of the light with the cold shadows of naked trees and dismal wood, we hurried on toward North Woburn. Arriving in this antiquated town we were pointed out the old Rumford house, where the inventor of stoves and the philanthropic old gentleman once lived. There were no trees in this vicinity to woo the soft breeze of winter, and but for the old well and sweep in the yard the place would, aside from its history, be uninviting. The mansion is in excellent repair and is to be preserved and used as a library and a place for the exhibition of relics. On our return we saw the home of Baldwin, the first engineer on the Lowell Railroad, and many other places of local interest. The air was invigorating and our drive delightful in the extreme, and it was with a keen appetite, after putting the horse up to eat at a beautiful table spread at the Central House and assatiated our hunger.

The hour for our departure arrived, and bidding our friend Parker good-bye, we took the early p. m. train for home and an enjoyable trip. We had the pleasure of the company of the assistant editor of the Woburn Advertiser, Mr. Horace J. Allen, on the train to Boston, and when we arrived in our sanctum our impression of Woburn and its people were of the pleasantest kind.—*Bunker Hill Times.*

Decision in the case of the B. & L. and N. & L. R. The Railroad Commissioners have rendered a decision in the matter of the petition of the Nashua & Lowell Corporation, praying the board to determine the rates to be paid by said corporation to the Boston & Lowell Railroad Corporation for drawing passengers, merchandise and cars between Lowell and Boston. The board opines the case stands simply as if the Nashua & Lowell sought to reach the terminal accommodations of the Boston & Lowell in order to make use of them.

The question as to which of two connecting companies a joint business belongs is one impossible to decide on any fixed principles. The laws of this, as of other states, were apparently framed on the theory in relation to the so-called ownership of business by railroad companies, on tracks other than their own, which the development of the railroad system has made wholly obsolete. However it may have been in the contemplation of the legislators of 40 years ago, in modern everyday practice no corporation has any special property in a business after it goes into the hands of another corporation. Had it such a right, the Boston & Albany, for instance, under the laws of the various states, might claim as its own all the business originating or ending on its line between Boston and Chicago, or even San Francisco. The idea of an ownership in traffic has, it is true, never been formally taken out of the law of connecting roads, but it was practically abandoned in the passage of the law of 1867, making the right to enter and use reciprocal. Considering the Nashua & Lowell Railroad as part of the through line, and not a branch, the commissioners award that the Boston & Lowell Railroad Corporation shall at reasonable times draw over its road the passengers, receipts and income of the transportation in which said corporations are so jointly interested shall be apportioned *pro rata* between them on the basis of the mileage of said transportation over their respective roads. For the use of the cars of the Nashua & Lowell Railroad Corporation, when upon the tracks of the Boston & Lowell Railroad Corporation, the latter corporation shall pay compensation as follows, viz.: for each passenger car three (3) cents per mile, for each baggage car two (2) cents per mile, and for each freight car three-fourths (3/4) of a cent per mile. This award shall take effect from the date of the filing of the petition, Jan. 21, 1879.

We have always thought that was rather a potent weapon wherewith to overthrow an opponent in argument, that is, if said opponent was in any way connected with a hebdomadal publication, however, no matter how well entrenched, he may be in common sense and logic, no matter how panoplied with facts, you can always call him a "moribund Times."

### Married.

In Woburn, Jan. 26, by Rev. Wm. J. Pond, Mr. Lewis P. Cannon, of Woburn, and Miss Annie Bennett, of Milford, N. H.  
In Woburn, Jan. 26, by Rev. Wm. J. Pond, Mr. George H. Hooper, of Woburn, and Miss Harriet L. Church, of Woburn, N. H.  
In Woburn, Jan. 26, by Rev. John Quay, Mr. Patrick Claffy and Miss Mary Beatty, all of Woburn.  
In Woburn, Feb. 4, by Rev. Wm. J. Pond, Mr. George O. Gleason and Miss Hattie E. Converse, all of Woburn.  
In Lowell, Feb. 4, by Rev. Smith Baker, Mr. George H. Boardman and Miss Emma J. Jones.

**OLD EYES. YOUNG EYES. WEAK EYES.**  
Far Sighted, Near Sighted, Eyes of Unpleasant Color, Itching, Redness, and all other ailments of the eyes, are cured by the use of our "Perfect Lenses," and perfect methods of fitting.

**GEORGE S. DODGE,**  
Pharmaceutical Chemist and Apothecary,  
169 Main Street, near Bank Block.

### Med.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notices 10 cents a line.  
In Woburn, Feb. 7, William Walker, aged 78 yrs., 6 months.  
In Woburn, Feb. 12, Charles Andrus, aged 54 yrs., 10 months.  
In Peabody, Feb. 12, Susan Catharine, daughter of Charles F. and Susan E. Winchester, aged 8 years, 2 months and 27 days.

In Winchester, Mass., Feb. 8, 1879, Miss Amanda A. Cutting, aged 23 yrs., 4 months.  
Her mother died while she was quite young. Her father, Esau B. Cutting, resides in Andover, N. H., where she came to Winchester about fifteen months ago. Her amiable disposition and Christian deportment endeared her to all who knew her. Being a devoted disciple of the Lord Jesus, she was a useful member of society. Many will miss her cheerful presence and sunny smile. Her departure has left a void in the family which will be sorely missed. Her death was a surprise to all who knew her. She was a devoted wife and mother, and her death was a great loss to her family. Her remains were interred in the family burying place on the 10th inst. by Rev. J. H. Carter. She was a devoted wife and mother, and her death was a great loss to her family. Her remains were interred in the family burying place on the 10th inst. by Rev. J. H. Carter.

The Rose of death. Do not wait the hectic flush which indicates advanced consumption, appear on the cheek. Check the hard cough and heat the irritated lungs with *Hale's Honey of Horsehound and Tar*, before the crisis comes. Be in time. Sold by all Druggists.  
Pike's Toothache Drops cure in 1 minute.

### For Sale and To Let.

**HOUSE TO LET** on Green street. Inquire of S. H. Cochran, 42 Mt. Pleasant St. 46

**TENEMENT TO LET** on Pleasant street. Inquire of A. V. Haynes. 47

**WANTED.** Ladies to know that Mrs. B. A. STEARNS teaches her world renowned system of dress cutting, which received the highest award at the Centennial Exposition, New York American Institute and Massachusetts Mechanics' Fair, at 476 Washington street, and is also exclusive agent for Andrews Bazar patterns, which are cut from her system and pinned in shape, and are the most reliable of any in the market. 49

### FARMS WANTED

To sell and for exchange; no expense to owner unless a sale is made. Houses in Cambridge, Malden, Hyde Park to exchange for farms.

S. B. KNOWLTON,  
No. 2 Bowdoin St., Boston.

### THE LADIES' SOCIETY

Connected with  
Burbank Post 33, G. A. R.

will hold an  
**APRON SALE.**

**AT GRAND ARMY HALL,**

Wednesday Evening, Feb. 19,

at which they will offer an

Antiquarian Supper, Ice Cream,

Confectionery, and Fancy Articles.

An Odd Fellow's Diamond Pin,

and a Ladies' Sewing Chair,

Are to be Voted for. 144

Supper Served at 6 o'clock.

**ADMISSION,** 10 Cents.

**SUPPER,** 25 Cents.

### TOWN OF WOBURN.

**PROPOSALS FOR PRINTING.**  
Sealed proposals for printing the annual reports of the Town of Woburn for the fiscal year ending Feb. 28, 1879, will be received by the Committee on Printing, at the Selectmen's office, on or before Thursday, Feb. 20, 1879, at 4 o'clock, P. M.

The proposals to be based upon an estimate of a book not to exceed 200 pages, of paper to be not less than 60 nor more than 60 lbs. per ream, bound in pamphlet form, with an index, and for 1000 copies, to be delivered at the Town Clerk's office on or before March 28, 1879. Samples of paper and cover accompany each proposal. The Committee reserve the right to reject any or all proposals.

THOMAS H. HILL,  
For Printing Committee. 145

Woburn, Feb. 11, 1879.

### John I. Munroe & Co.

DEALERS IN

Eastern, Western and Canada,

Long and Short

### LUMBER

OF ALL KINDS,

KALMIA,

LACKAWANNA,

LEHIGH and

CUMBERLAND

COALS,

PINE and OAK

WOOD,

CEDAR POSTS,

DOORS,

WINDOWS,

BLINDS,

HAY,

STRAW,

LIME,

CEMENT,

PLASTER,

CHARCOAL,

FIRE KINDLING, &c., &c.

**Office, 104 Main Street.**

Opposite the Depot. 139

**LUMBER YARD** in rear of the Depot.

**The Greatest Musical Success of the Day is**

**H. M. S. PINAFORE!**

It has attracted large audiences night after night, and week after week in all the principal cities, and having easy music, and needing but simple scenery, is being extensively rehearsed by amateurs everywhere. This success is merited by its innocent wit, its lively words and good music. Try it while it is in, in every village.  
Elegant copies with Music, Words and Libretto, mailed for \$1.00. Per dozen, \$9.00.

**Emerson & Tilden's HIGH SCHOOL CHOR, \$1.00**

**LAUREL WREATH, by W. O. Perkins. . . 1.00**

**C. Everett's SCHOOL SONG BOOK. . . . . 60**

are three of the best books for Seminaries, Normal and High Schools, &c.

**Octavo Choruses.**

A splendid stock of these on hand, cost but 6 to 10 cents each, and each contains a favorite Anthem, Glee, Gratitude and other Chorus, Quartet or Part Song. They are much used by Choirs and Societies for occasional singing. Try a dozen! Send for list, or send 10 cents for our full Book Catalogue.

**OLIVER DITSON & CO., Boston.**

**HARDWARE.**

**Farming Tools & Seeds,**

**PAINTERS' SUPPLIES,**

**Stoves and Kitchen Ware.**

**L. THOMPSON, NO. 213 MAIN STREET.**

**I. SARGENT, M. D.,**

**PHYSICIAN and SURGEON,**

191 MAIN ST., WOBURN.

A specialty of treating Cancers, Tumors, Wens, Scalds, Burns, Rheumatism, &c. 96.

**HENRY H. LEATHIE,**

**ACCOUNTANT.**

Accounts adjusted. Bills made out. Writing on any description done in a satisfactory manner, and on reasonable terms. 141

**OFFICE with George H. Conn, 159 MAIN ST.**

**JOSEPH B. McDONALD,**  
DEALER IN  
**COAL,**  
**WOOD,**  
**Charcoal,**  
**Cement,**  
**Plaster,**  
**Lime.**  
No. 111 Main Street.  
Woburn.

## FOR 30 DAYS.

WE HAVE ON HAND A LOT OF WARE CONSISTING OF

**Plates, Bowls, Covered Dishes,**  
**Ewers and Basins, Nappies,**  
**Tureens, Gravy Boats, Soup**  
**Bowls, Pickle Dishes,**  
**&c., &c., &c.**

Which we propose to sell at

**ONE-HALF THE FORMER PRICE!**

PLEASE CALL EARLY AND EXAMINE.

Just received, a fresh lot of T. & R. Bootes NO. 1 WARE

AT LOW FIGURES.

Also a large variety of latest styles GLASS SETTS, a large

stock of VASES and FANCY GOODS at a GREAT REDUCTION.

We have always on hand, Choice TEAS, COFFEES, SPICES

and FLOURS.

A. ELLIS.

## GONE MAD.

It may be well said, when it is

FULLY KNOWN

That we have made a strange

DEPARTURE

By introducing a splendidly illuminated

**GLASS COUNTER,**

On which may be found things useful and ornamental, for every

HOUSEHOLD,

At such Prices as will ASTONISH the most credulous.

Nothing like it has been exhibited in Woburn. It will please and instruct the curious, and make

glad the heart that has been sad. ADMISSION FREE. Remember that

**CUMMINGS' Fancy Dry Goods and Millinery**

Establishment is the place to buy elegant goods at Low Prices. 132

**JOSEPH B. McDONALD & Co.,**

DEALERS IN

**Lumber** and CHOICE

EASTERN PRESSED

No. 111 MAIN STREET, WOBURN.

**Dry Goods**

AT LOWEST PRICES.

**CHARLES A. SMITH & SON,**

177 JULY STREET, - - - - - WOBURN.

**NEW GOODS**

FOR AT VERY

WINTER WEAR LOW PRICES,

JUST RECEIVED BY

**G. R. GAGE & Co., Merchant Tailors,**

171 Main Street, - - - - - Woburn, Mass.

**W. N. GRAY,**

**Practical Roofer,**

Slate, Tin and Gravel. Roofing furnished and applied. Special attention given to repairing roofs of all kinds. 134

**North Woburn Street Railroad.**

Horse cars leave No. Woburn at 6.10, 7.05, 8.25, 9.45, 11.30 A. M., 12.45, 3.00, 4.15, 5.25, 6.35 P. M.

Mondays and Thursdays at 8.30 P. M. Saturdays at 8.50 P. M.

Leave Woburn Center at 6.35, 7.30, 9.00, 10.35, A. M., 12.45, 3.15, 5.35, 6.45, 8.00 P. M.

Mondays and Thursdays at 9.00 P. M. Saturdays at 9.15 P. M. 130

**DEXTER CARTER, Supt.**

**ICE. ICE.**

The subscribers have just stored over

3000 TONS OF ICE

of a very superior quality, from the waters of Horn Pond, especially for Woburn and Winchester trade. No pains will be spared to give

ENTIRE SATISFACTION.

**R. PICKERING & CO.,**

Ice Houses cor. of Beacon and Sturgis Sts.,

WOBURN.

Office, 2 Wade Block, over Savings Bank.

**WANTED.**

The public to know that S. T. Taylor's System of Dress cutting received the highest award at the Mechanics' Fair, exhibited and tested by MISS H. L. BURBECK, and taught at

ROOM 8, 6 HAMILTON PLACE, BOSTON, branch of S. T. Taylor's, established in 1870. OLD-EST AND MOST RELIABLE house in New England. Systems at regular prices. 56

**Commonwealth of Massachusetts.**

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the Heirs-at-Law, next of Kin, and all other persons interested in the Estate of Samuel Caldwell, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

GREETING.

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last Will and Testament of said deceased, has been presented to said Court for Probate; by Lemuel G. Richardson, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to him, the executor therein named.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once a week, for three successive weeks, in the newspaper called the Woburn Journal, printed at Woburn, the last publication to be two days at least before said Court.

Witness, George M. Brooks, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this twenty-ninth day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and seventy-nine.

J. H. TYLER, Register.

## A CARD.

We would inform our patrons

that owing to the increasing demand for the articles on our

FIVE CENT COUNTER,

we have devoted nearly the entire

space of our large center counter

to this department. We have

made large additions to it, from our

own stock as well as many new

goods, and advise our customers

that in it will be found many articles

that are worth three times

what we ask for them.

We have engaged extra help and

have special charge of this department,

so that the rush at this counter may not interfere with the

trade in our other departments.

We cordially invite all to inspect

the great bargains we are offering.

Respectfully,

JOHN P. FERNALD,

185 Main Street.

**Mortgagee's Sale.**

By virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain Mortgage Deed, given by John T. Wilson to the Winchester Savings Bank, a corporation having its usual place of business in Winchester, dated May 1, 1874, and recorded in Middlesex Registry of Deeds, (South District), book 1296, page 47, and for breach of the conditions of said mortgage, said Bank will sell at public auction, upon the premises hereinafter described, on Monday, the seventeenth day of February, 1879, at four o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed, to-wit:—

A certain parcel of land with the dwelling-house thereon, situated on Willow street in Winchester, and bounded and described as follows, to-wit:—Commencing at a point on the easterly side of said Willow street, at the intersection of the mortgage premises and land now or late of S. N. Pond, and distant from Church street, the southerly line of said six and 1/2 lot; thence running easterly along said Pond's land one hundred and sixty-seven feet to land now or late of S. S. Langley; thence southerly along said Langley's land sixty-six and one-half feet to other land now or late of said Pond; thence westerly along said other land of Wilson in a straight line one hundred and seventy-five feet to a point on said Willow street, distant from Church street, the southerly line of said six and 1/2 lot; thence northerly along said Willow street, fifty-eight and one-half feet to the point of beginning, said parcel contains about 10,755 square feet. Subject to unpaid taxes, if any there be.

Three hundred dollars of the purchase money to be paid at the time and place of sale. Further terms at sale.

WINCHESTER SAVINGS BANK,

By David N. Skillings, President.

John T. Manny, Treasurer.

Alfred C. Vinton, Solicitor,

27 Court Street, Boston.

January 24, 1879. 100

## Journal

STEAM

BOOK and JOB

Printing Office



## Journal Club Column

A lone-looking boy was recently hanging around a wood-yard in the northern part of the city, when the owner of the yard, having both charity and philanthropy for boys with tears in their eyes, asked the boy why he didn't peddle apples or do something to earn a few shillings. The boy replied that he had no capital, and the wood-yard man took out a nickel and said: "Now, my boy, I'm going to start you in life. Take this nickel and go and make a purchase of something or other. I'll buy it of you for ten cents, no matter what it is. Come, now, let's see what sort of a business head you have on you." The boy took the nickel and went off, but in ten minutes was back with a gallon jug which he had purchased with the nickel. "Well, you are a keeper," said the man. "I never knew one sold for less than fifteen cents to any one. I want such a jug, and here's its fair price. Go now and lay out your fifteen cents in apples and I'll buy half your stock." The boy did not return. Perhaps he fell into a sewer somewhere; but you can't make the wood-yard man believe so. When he lifted the jug from under the table where the boy had carefully placed it, he found a hole in the bottom large enough to let in a black and tan terrier.

Saturday afternoon a boy not over eight years old was observed to sit down on the curbstone on Griswold street and lean heavily against a hitching post. He looked pale, even through the dirt on his face, and several pedestrians halted to make inquiries. One of them observed an old stub of a cigar in the boy's fingers and queried:

"Bub, is this your first cigar?"

"N-o; it's m-m-y-s-second," gasped the boy; and after a long pause, attended by increased paleness, he added, "B-but I don't see any c-change in the symptoms!"

## OUR GRANDFATHER'S WATCH.

Our grandfather's ticker  
Was too big for his vest,  
So he wore it in his duster tail pocket;  
And one day 'goin' to town  
In that farm wagon of our'n,  
The jounce of the vehicle bruck it.

All of a sudden his big hand  
Under his duster tail he ran,  
As his eyes and his mouth he opened wide;  
But it had stopped short,  
Never to tick again,  
And the old man cried.

—From the *Yonkers Gazette*.

A traveller in Western Iowa, while riding along, came to a large sign, which implored him to "Look out for the locomotive." He accordingly rode down the track for a better view, and while he was obligingly "looking out" for it, it came along. He saw it, but he had to sit in the ditch and wait until a freight train of thirty-seven cars passed by, before he could get back to the other piece of his horse.

At a weekly meeting of a straight-laced and most exemplary deacon, residing in Harlem, submitted a report in writing of the destitute widows who stood in need of assistance from the congregation. "Are you sure, deacon," asked another solemn brother, "that you embraced all the widows?" He said he believed he had.

The colored engineer of a train in Georgia saw a cow on the track a few hundred yards down the track, he stopped the train, got out with a shovel in his hands, and striking the beast on the back, yelled, "Git off dar, dy heah; git off or I'll squirt steam all over yer!"

"Good gracious, what is that, Seth," said Mrs. Spicer, as a fruit peddler drove past at 6 A. M., howling: "Here yah! Here y-a-h! peechiz, ripe peechiz!" "That, my dear," said Spicer, drowsily boring his head into the pillow for a final nap, "That's peaches and screams."

A youth in the country, four years old, and his little sister, saw a rat hasten into a hole in the barn floor. Said he, "Sis, the Bible says, 'Watch and pray.' You pray while I watch the hole, and I'll swat him across the snout when he comes out."

"Ah, there are only a few more of us poets left," sighed the sweet singer of Michigan as she read the announcement of the death of Bayard Taylor. And then she resumed her poem on the "Sad Death of Johnny Hopkins by falling off a Shed."

"Ethel—Isn't it shameful! That young Parker declares that when the light was turned out for the dissolving views he kissed all of us—except one! All (simultaneously)—Except one? Which (could that have been?"

The son of a clergyman was delivering a college valedictory, when, in pulling out his handkerchief, he pulled out a pack of cards. "Hulloa!" he exclaimed, "I've got on my father's coat!"

The tradesman at the corner acknowledges that to give only 140 eggs in a box marked "12 doz." is a gross mistake, but holds that to have put in 145 would have been a grocer one.

Early one morning, a banker was found on his knees at his front door, trying to unlock it with a lead pencil, and saying, "Howze zhis? Somebozzy's been foolin' wih zee combination."

A young man went into a restaurant the other day and remarked that time was money, and added that, as he had a half an hour, if the proprietor was willing, he'd take it out in pie.

"The class in grammar will please stand up and answer this question: How do you parse the word dollar?" "Please sir, if it's a trade dollar you parse it for ninety cents."

"What constitutes the chief happiness of your life?" asked a serious Sunday School teacher. She blushed and then replied, "It is that John has fixed the day."

A man was boasting that he had an elevator in his house. "So he has," said his wife, "and he keeps it in the cupboard in a bottle."

A lady named Mary Magri-ah  
Had trouble in lighting her fish;  
The wood being green,  
She used kerosene,  
Then continued solemnly,  
She has gone where the fuel is dry-ah.  
—Fuck.

## Miscellaneous.

A grim old story is told in ancient law books of a murder committed at a little country inn. One wintry night there arrived two sets of guests. Our party consisted of an elderly invalid gentleman and his manservant; the other of two gentlemen friends, travelling in company. The accommodation was rather limited, and the man-servant was stowed away in a loft. The two friends agreed to share one chamber, while the old gentleman was to occupy that next to theirs. The three gentlemen spent the evening together in the common room, the landlord and the man-servant going to and fro in attendance. It transpired, somehow, that the elderly invalid was travelling in possession of considerable valuables. About midnight, all the travellers retired to rest. An hour or two after, one of the friends awoke. Lying in silence, he heard something like a groan, and on its being repeated he aroused his companion, and both listened. The sound came from the next apartment. They sprang to their feet, and thinking their neighbor might be suddenly taken ill, they struck a light and went to his room. But they found they had been anticipated; light already streamed from his open door, and at his bedside stood the landlord, with a face of horror, and in his hand a bloody knife. As the gentlemen entered the room, the invalid gave a last groan, and expired from a deadly wound in the throat. Naturally, the two gentlemen roused the house and secured the landlord. Between the tell-tale weapon in his hand and the extreme trepidation which he manifested, he might almost be said to be taken in the act. So great was his terror that it was some time before he could utter a single word. At last he found words to declare that, like the gentlemen, he had been roused by the groans, and, fearing robbers, had armed himself with a knife, and hurried forth, hoping to be in time to give help; that when he saw the awful sight in the bed-chamber the knife had fallen from his hand into the blood, and he had remained for a few moments powerless. Such a story seemed credible enough, but there were sundry circumstances which falsified it. The room where the landlord had slept was too remote from the scene of the murder for any groans to have reached it; and the knife was not one of those in ordinary use, which might have been hastily snatched up, but resembled others which were kept locked in a chest in his bed-room. Of these circumstances he could offer no explanation, and ultimately he was condemned to die. The night before his execution he made a singular confession. He acknowledged that he had resolved to kill his visitor and possess himself of his valuables. For this purpose he took out a knife and entered his visitor's bed-room. When his light fell on the awful scene, and he saw his own crime had been anticipated, his knife fell from his palsied hand; and when he found himself in the grasp of his accusers, he had cried that "God's judgments were on him." He owned that though he was in act guilty of the murder, yet he was justly judged. But though he died with every appearance of sincere repentance, the general impression was that even his final confession was but another vagary of a criminal nature, playing with truth and falsehood to the very end. But years afterwards a clergyman was summoned to receive the last confidences of a man sinking in consumption. This was the servant of the murdered invalid. Then he owned that it was he who had slain his master. He had stolen from his remote loft, and had just inflicted the mortal wound, when he was disturbed by the landlord's approaching footsteps, and fled barefoot in an opposite direction, regained his bed, and remained there until he was summoned by the cries of the other lodgers. He indicated how and where he had disposed of the weapon with which he killed his master, details which were subsequently verified. He was too near death to be seized by justice, but the particulars of his confession were made public.—*Good Words*.

WRITING FOR THE PRESS.—Waste no time on introductions. Don't begin by laying out your subject like a Dutch flower garden, or telling your motives for writing. The key note should be struck, if possible, in the first sentence. A dull beginning often spoils the effect of an article. A spiky one whets the appetite, and commands what follows to both editor and reader. Above all, stop when you are done. Don't let the ghost of your thought wander about after the death of the body. Don't waste a moment's time vindicating your production, against editors or critics, but expend your energies in writing something which shall be its own vindication.

The little life boat of an earth, with its noisy cry of mankind, and all their troubled history, will one day have vanished; faded like a cloud speck from the azure of all! What then is man! He endures for an hour, and is crushed before the moth. Yet in the being and working of a faithful man is there already (as our faith, from the beginning, gives assurance) a something that pertains not to this wild declination of time, that triumphs over time, and is, and will be, when time shall be no more.—*Thomas Carlyle*.

When playing in "Guy Manning" recently, Mr. Sims Reeves strained his leg through his foot sticking to some pitch which had been dropped upon the stage. So the newspapers say; but they have blundered as usual. The story seems to have had its origin in the fact that some years ago Mr. Reeves altered his pitch for fear he should strain his voice, and has been sticking to this pitch ever since. As the great tenor knew what he was about, it isn't likely he would go and put his foot in it.—*Funny Folks*.

Little Bessie is the five-year old daughter of a Portland lady who married a clergyman. Not long since, when her father was away, and she was playing in the yard, a stranger came along and inquired if the minister was at home. "No," she replied, "but mother is in in the house, and she will pray with you, you poor, miserable sinner."

A MEAN ADVANTAGE.—There was a score or more of women gathered together at Mr. Johnson's house. Mr. Johnson is a good-hearted man and a respectable citizen, though he is rather skeptical in some things. The women had just organized "The Foreign Benevolent Society," when Mr. Johnson entered the room. He was at once appealed to, to donate a few dollars as a foundation to work on, and then Mrs. Graham added:

"It would be so pleasant in after years for you to remember that you gave this society its first dollar and its first kind word."

He slowly opened his wallet, drew out a ten dollar bill, and as the ladies smacked their lips and clapped their hands he asked:

"Is this society organized to aid the poor of foreign countries?"

"Yes—yes—yes!" they chorused.

"And it wants money?"

"Yes—yes!"

"Well, now," said Johnson, as he folded the bill in a tempting shape, "There are twenty married women here. If there are fifteen of you who can make oath that you have combed the children's hair this morning, washed the dishes, blacked the cook stove and made the beds, I'll donate ten dollars."

"I have," answered two of the crowd; and the rest said:

"Well, now, Mr. Johnson!"

"If fifteen of you can make oath that your husbands are not wearing socks with holes in their heels, the money is yours," continued the wretch.

"Just hear him," they exclaimed, each one looking at the other.

"In ten of you have boys without holes in the knees of their pants, this X goes to the society," said Johnson.

"Such a man!" they whispered.

"If there are five pair of stockings in this room that do not need darning, I'll hand over the money," he went on.

"Mr. Johnson," said Mrs. Graham, with great dignity, "the rules of this society declare that no money shall be contributed except by members, and as you are not a member, I beg that you will withdraw and let us proceed with the routine business."

ADVERTISING WITHOUT PAY.—A good many tradesmen spend much time and ingenuity in trying to advertise their business without paying for it. A tailor in San Francisco recently hit upon what he conceived to be an excellent plan for achieving such end. He put his business card into a number of empty bottles, and wrapping each bottle in a piece of poisoned beef, threw them from a ferry boat into the bay. He supposed that some of them would be swallowed by sharks, that the sharks being poisoned would float ashore, be cut open, the bottle discovered, and his card published in the newspapers. His supposition proved to be correct in part. A yachting party picked up a dead shark near Alcatraz, dissected it, found the bottle and card which was handed to a reporter. The journal which he represents prints the account and adds: "The name or the ingenious tailor will be published, if he so orders, at our regular rates, for which see inside page." The tailor thinks he has been badly treated by the press, as men are apt to think when they fail to get something out of it for nothing. He has spent money enough for bottles, beef and poison to have advertised his trade legitimately, and has decided to confine himself henceforth to the accepted manner of making it known. There is a moral in this which a good many men fond of an eccentric method of doing things might turn to advantage.

WASHINGTON'S REDUCE.—Gen. Washington was dignified in manner and speech. He exacted appropriate consideration for himself and his position; but he exhibited a trait rare among men of high station—he was always considerate toward his associates. An anecdote illustrates this high-bred courtesy, and also his tender sympathies. Stopping one day during the war at a house in New Jersey, he found there a wounded officer. The man was confined to his bed, and was so feeble that the least noise agitated him. Washington spoke in such a low tone, and while at dinner was so quiet, as to influence his officers to a similar consideration for the wounded man. When he had dined he left the room, and the officers unrestrained by his presence, forgot in their hilarity the poor sufferer. Suddenly the door opened quietly and Washington entered on tiptoe, walked to the mantel, took a book, and without uttering a word quietly retired. The delicate suggestion, too courteous for a hint, was not lost. It was followed by a considerate quietness.

A MAMMOTH SAFE.—The new bullion vault which has been in course of construction for some month past in the subterranean regions under the Sub-Treasury, at New York, was put into use recently, when \$100,000 in silver was deposited, which was supplemented by another \$100,000 the next day. The new silver dollars are being stowed away in it like the corn in Egypt's store-houses which Pharaoh gathered up against the famine. There seems to be little probability, however, that there will soon be a silver famine in this country, to judge from the condition of the money-box at the Sub-Treasury. Against about \$50,000,000 in currency, there is nearly three times that amount of coin. It is true that the greater portion of this is gold, but a goodly amount of silver is on hand and is constantly increasing. To afford a convenient and safe place of deposit for this bulky treasure the new vault was built. The silver is placed in canvass bags, not quite so large in bulk as a small-sized bag of buckwheat flour, and is stacked and measured by the cord. It is lowered from the coin room by means of an iron elevator, worked by hydraulic pressure, which lands the bags just outside of the vault. Here also an iron stairway leads to the coin room. The new vault, which is the largest of the kind in the world, is in every way a remarkable structure. It is the most complete and finished piece of work of its kind in this country or probably anywhere. It was built by a Boston contractor and cost about \$25,000.

Most people intend some time or other, to accomplish some great thing or other, but usually fail, some how or other.

A CAPITAL JOKE.—One of the best practical jokes we have heard of for a long time, occurred one day last week. A lady of this city, prominent both in business and social circles, dressed herself in a costume of centuries ago, and went into the "cold world" seeking a "boarding place." The dress was one evidently hung on the door of Noah's Ark, and was left forgotten by some member of his family when the Ark was vacated, to be found years after and sent to Cambridge. Well, the lady first called upon Mrs. D—, on Main street, and desired to see rooms. Failing to get suited the first time, she called again and again, very much to the annoyance of the landlady and her guests. She then called on Mrs. J— at 28 William street. Here she succeeded in frightening the inmates, they failing to discover the identity of the caller. Soon after, the "forlorn" creature was persuaded to go to a hotel, but she backed out and said she "preferred to stay in the horse-cars all night." Then two very philanthropic gentlemen, whose bumps of generosity are largely developed, and who were "touched" with pity for the "poor old lady," insisted upon making up a purse to send her home. This was the "thread that broke the camel's back," and the lady unable to longer conceal her identity, was forced to discover herself by bursting into laughter. Much might be said of the movements of the lady but space forbids. All we can say is it was a well-conceived joke, and finely consummated.—*Cambridge Press*.

HUMAN LIFE ON MARS.—Professor Lockyer is of the opinion that human life on the planet Mars might be very much like on the earth—the light cannot be so bright, but the organs of sight may be so much more susceptible as to make the vision quite good; the heat is probably less, as the polar snows certainly extend farther, but by no means less in proportion to the lessened power of the solar rays. He agrees with others, that several very remarkable seas—including inland seas—some of them connected by straits with larger seas—are now definable in the southern hemisphere, in which, as is the case also with the earth, water seems to be much more widely spread than in the northern hemisphere. There is, for example, a southern sea, exceedingly like the Baltic in shape; and there is another and still more remarkable sea, now defined by the observations of many astronomers—one near the equator, a long, straggling arm, twisting almost in the shape of an S laid on its back from east to west, which is at least a thousand miles in length and a hundred in breadth.

HABIT OF SHRINKING.—The habit of shrinking is a great evil in our land. Sad and bitter are the experiences of multitudes who have lost high positions of emolument and trust by shrinking duties and responsibilities devolving upon them. It is a bad sign to see a young man contracting the habit of shrinking. You may set it down at once that sooner or later he will be a drone in the great hive of human industry, living without any purpose in life and scorned by all who have willing hands, and follow up what they can find to do. Young man, if you want to get the confidence and esteem of your employer, never shrink from a duty. If overtaken, lay in your complaints, and you will always get a hearing. If you begin life a shirk, you may set it down as a fixed fact that the habit will follow you through life, and as a "success you will be an utter failure."

THE LITTLE COUNTRY PAPER.—It is the best read paper in the world. No other contains news of the marriages and deaths, no other relates the accidents happening before the doors of the villagers; no other gives the time for the next ball, picnic, or political meeting; no other discusses the affairs of the town and county, the arrival of the new goods on the merchant's counters, or of a new hat on the editor's desk. Occasionally defects and errors in a newspaper are overlooked by those who have become attached to it through its perusal for years. They sometimes become dissatisfied with it on account of something which had slipped into its columns, and may stop taking it; but the absence of the familiar sheet at their homes and offices for a few weeks, becomes an insupportable privation, and they hasten to take it again.

STOP THE PAPER.—Times are hard, money is scarce, business is dull, retrenchment is duty—please stop my—beef? O, no! times are not hard enough for that yet. But there is something that costs me a large amount which I wish to save. Please stop my—tobacco, cigars and snuff? O, no! not those, but I want to retrench somewhere. Please stop my—ribbons, jewels, ornaments and trinkets? Not at all! pride must be fostered if times are so hard, but I can see a way of savings in another direction. Please stop my—tea, coffee, and needless, unhealthy luxuries? No, no; not these; I cannot think of such a sacrifice; I must have something else. Ah! I have it now, my paper; that will take me through the panic easily. I believe in retrenchment and economy, especially of brains.

RUM AND POVERTY.—The dealing of the American people with the rum traffic is about the unwise. They issue licenses to sell the poison to parties who will be sure to be ruined by the indulgence, and in not a few cases are reduced to the condition of paupers, and then expend thousands in the courts to rejudicate the questions arising therefrom, with other thousands to support the victims, whom their license system has reduced to beggary. Their poor laws are only a system of rescuing from the river, in a drowning and dying condition, the men and women they themselves have arranged to tumble into the stream a few miles above. To prevent the indulgence in drink, is the prime remedy for the evil; to keep men out of the river, is better than to get them out.—*Zion's Herald*.

Life is a great conundrum, but how can we tell whether it is a good or a bad one till we hear the answer?—*Boston Traveller*. Give it up, and you'll probably get the answer.—*Somerville Journal*.

1851. 1879.

# THE Woburn JOURNAL.

With the beginning of the new year the Journal commenced its

29th VOLUME.

For more than a quarter of a century it has been a welcome visitor to the homes of Woburn, and of those in other places to whom the memory of the old town is dear. It has in the past taken a lively interest in all

LOCAL AFFAIRS,

and will in the future keep up with the times, by urging and encouraging progress in every direction that will add to the wealth, importance or influence of the town.

The Journal is essentially a news-paper, and first of all it will continue to give

ALL THE WOBURN NEWS,

together with that of surrounding towns, as it has been demonstrated that the people desire to have and will sustain, a paper which is a journal of the news about affairs in which they have a personal interest.

THE STORIES

which are given each week constitute a feature of the paper and have always met with favor.

Connected with the paper is an experienced book reviewer and his

LITERARY NOTICES

have been highly commended, and they will be continued during the coming year. Our

CORRESPONDENTS

are scattered all over the world, and contributions from their pens have added much to the interest of the Journal. Communications on any topic are invited, and

ANY ONE

can secure the insertion of a letter in the Journal provided it is written in proper terms, and the writer's name given as a guarantee of good faith, on any subject, without regard to the position of the paper on that subject. Believing that there is nothing like discussion to bring out truth and that truth never fears the fullest scrutiny, it is the policy of the Journal to encourage discussion, and while it will continue to

FEARLESSLY ADVOCATE

all such principles and measures as it deems important and essential to the public welfare, it will concede space upon its platform to any who see fit to differ, and admit that in argument as well as in other things, free fight shall survive.

Believing that whatever helps the Town helps the individual citizen, the Journal will always be found jealously guarding the honor of the Town against assaults on defamers, and earnestly seconding any efforts for public improvement or growth. The Journal will continue to be a live newspaper treating of

LIVING ISSUES

with an independent pen, giving its readers the best selections from

CURRENT LITERATURE

in the shape of stories, original and selected, sketches, paragraphs, &c., together with all the news, and discussions of current topics. The above has made and will maintain it as the

Popular Newspaper of the Town

and this fact should assure the business men that it is the best

ADVERTISING MEDIUM

they can possibly have. There is no better way to reach the people than through the newspaper, which is welcomed and read by every member of every family to which the paper goes.

SUBSCRIPTION \$2 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

JOHN L PARKER, PUBLISHER,

204 Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

**W E**

**Don't know**

of any way better calculated to gladden the hearts of our busy friends, than to present them with one of these Light Runners.

**"DOMESTIC SEWING MACHINES,"**

which has attained the highest degree of excellence. It combines, with its remarkable simplicity and ease of running, great quietness of operation, with a wonderful range of work, self-acting in light or heavy fabrics with equal perfection. Don't fail to examine it.

FOR SALE BY

**A. GRANT,**

**Merchant Tailor**

and Dealer in

Gent's Furnishing Goods,

White Shirts made to order. Shirt Patterns cut from measure.

169 Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

**SPAULDING'S**

**SPANISH CHOLERA REMEDY,**

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**ONE YEAR'S FILE OF THIS PAPER CAN BE FOUND AT,**



# WOBURN JOURNAL.

VOL. XXIX.

WOBURN, MASS., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1879.

NO. 8.

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the second hall in size in town, and fitted up with  
the same with two large ante rooms and all modern  
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**PROTRUDING TOES.**  
PARENTS, you need no longer throw away  
your children's shoes before they are half  
worn, on account of holes through the Toes.  
Either the  
**SILVER**  
OR "A. S. T. & Co."  
**BLACK TIP,**  
WILL PREVENT THIS.

Ask for these shoes when buying.

### Poetical Selection.

**LOOKING BACK.**  
A barefoot child, by the meadow stile,  
Sets down her basket to rest awhile,  
And, turning, swings her hat, with a smile,  
To a classmate, taking another way  
O'er sunny fields, with springflowers gay;  
And looking back.

With bright face saddened a young girl leans,  
One glimpse to catch of fading scenes;  
Learning the sorrow that parting means,  
As, borne along by the hurrying train,  
Living her school-days o'er again,  
She's looking back.

A fairer picture there cannot be  
Than your vessel, sailing, proud and free,  
Out to the billowy, open sea;  
Yet a fair young bride with wistful eyes  
From deck, to where the blue shore lies,  
Keeps looking back.

A widow stands by a lonely grave,  
Where she the sheltering grasses wave,  
Marked by a stone with no record, save  
The meagre traces of changing years;  
And to the left, bright past with tears  
Is looking back.

Whitely and stately falls the snow  
On the meadow still, and cold winds blow  
O'er the darkening fields, as, sighing low,  
An aged woman, for the last time, seems  
A child again; in happy dreams  
Still looking back.

Thus all through the world, where'er we turn,  
There are aching hearts, and souls that yearn  
Over gone hours; and thought still burns  
Within us that were uttered years ago,  
As in the midnight watches slow  
We're looking back.

But angels, kneeling before the throne,—  
The loved ones found; the long race won;  
Are thrilled with joy by this thought alone;  
Their eyes "the King in His glory" see.  
Yes, in His presence there can be  
No looking back.

### Selected Story.

**FAN.**

We were a very sociable set at Mrs. Wickes' boarding-house—quite convivial, so to speak, with lots of young people, some pretty girls, and more lively ones, and altogether, it was quite a fair substitute for "comforts of a home." There were no discordant elements, none, at least, that could harass the soul of a man, though I dare say the feminine portion managed to while away the day with the usual amount of light skimming among themselves; but we were always serene at dinner time, and decidedly jolly. Under the circumstances, we naturally rather resented the arrival of any new boarders, and when Mrs. Wickes announced at dinner one evening that she had let the third suite of rooms to some Boston people, there was much disgust expressed down the length of the table.

"And I must say," observed our landlady, "that they don't appear to be very pleasant—quite exclusive and stuck-up; and Mrs. Minot remarked she hoped I made it a rule not to introduce my boarders, for that she always avoided making acquaintances in that sort of way; and, in fact, only intended knowing literary people—if there was a literary circle in New York at all."

Here we all roared with laughter, and the ladies recovering first, began to cast animadversions upon the coming woman.

"I wish I were a married man," said one of the young fellows, "with a wife whose name was Fan."

And had the satisfaction of hearing a gasp, and the immediate and violent opening and banging of the door, followed by a confusion of voices and an explosion of giggles inside.

Miss Trowbridge did not appear at breakfast next morning, and I longed to inquire after her health, but wisely abstained, as her sister and brother took their places in the usual silence, and with grim, hostile looks.

As I entered the room at dinner time, how ever, I had the pleasure of seeing the golden chignon in its usual post, and the rapture of observing a blush dawn over the face of its owner.

Of course I renewed my attentions without alluding to the episode of the night before, carefully suppressing even a twinkle of the eye that might recall it. Nevertheless, I was quite assured that Miss Trowbridge bore it in lively recollection; also, that she did not consider herself personally insulted by my vocal exercises.

Heaven knows how my wooing would have sped, how long we two, the fair Fannie and I, would have stood shivering and looking at each other over the ice, without daring to advance a foot, but for a merciful and special interposition of Providence in my behalf.

An event occurred in which the superior powers caused Mrs. Minot herself to be our good genius, and all unwittingly to cast us together. It happened in this wise:

I was descending one evening to dinner, and was passing Mrs. Wickes' door, and on my way to the subterranean apartment where the meal was served, when I heard the voice of the enemy giving a parting direction of some sort to her landlady, and immediately the door flashed open, and Mrs. Minot's silk train swept out. It was rather dark in the hall, for the gas had not been lit, and I couldn't see the lady's face, and of course did not linger to identify her or outrage her lofty feelings by a bow. I advanced briskly, and was two or three steps down the basement stairs, when I was physically and morally staggered by the descent of a female form upon my shoulders, and found that the Boston dame had leaped bird-like upon my back, and was holding on there with infantile playfulness and freedom.

"Give me a ride, dear! There's nobody else near."

I have been in many positions of danger, and, leaving the rebel cannon, and the various phases of "our late unpleasantness," out of the question, many awkward situations, but never in one that required more nerve. I hope, however, that I was equal to the emergency, for, notwithstanding the overwhelming shock of this frank and confidential proceeding on Mrs. Minot's part,

seeing the old gentleman squirm in his chair, and cast awful side-glances at me, while the young lady herself exhibited slight symptoms of mirth conflicting with a little uneasiness.

The days rolled on, and while the assembled household amused itself with criticizing, and, metaphorically speaking, flaying the Minots after each day's desert, I ceased to regard them at all in the light of an affliction.

I presume they passed their days in looking up the "literary circle" of New York, or in revealing therein when found; night after night saw them file in, solemn and magnificent, eat and drink in deathly silence, broken by whispers of a chilling distinctness, and then file out again, without looking to the right or the left. Occasionally they spoke in German, which was always started by madame, and I must say, sustained solely by herself and her spouse.

Miss Fan, or Miss Trowbridge, more correctly speaking, only responded at these times by a smile or a nod, and generally looked ashamed. I decided that she was quite a jolly little girl, on the whole, and in other circles, and was convinced that she embodied Mr. Spenser's idea of womanhood—"no nonsense about her"—Mr. and Mrs. M. to the contrary notwithstanding; and then she was so bewitchingly pretty!—in short, I determined to make her acquaintance. I renewed hostilities at the table, and with redoubled ardor; and though I gained nothing for my pains but black looks from this pair of guardians, and brief and low "thanks" from the pink mouth of my neighbor, yet I kept cheerily on in the path of duty, and, inspired by the consciousness of virtue and merit, braced myself to go in and win. I had the consolation of finding out before very long that I was not ignored at all events.

One night, when I had left the table first and ascended to my room, which adjoined the Minot's parlor, I left the door ajar to light me on my way to the match safe, and had just successfully fumbled for that article, when I heard the swish of feminine drapery on the stairs, and the voice of my chamber close at hand. Being human, I listened.

"Nonsense, Venetia! If a man is a gentleman, what difference does it make whether we become acquainted in a boarding-house, or meet him somewhere else? He looks nice, and perhaps he belongs to the Boston Reverses—you don't know."

I did not catch the answer, for it was lost in the rattle of the key which Mrs. Minot was applying to their door; but I heard broken hints thereof from his wife in the shape of "chance acquaintances," "very dangerous," and "boarding-house people," to which Miss Trowbridge remarked, "Rubbish!"

"Oh, of course!" said her sister, with a rising infection; "the man's evidently struck with you, and naturally you want to persuade yourself that he is all right. I never saw such impertinence, and Robert says—"

Here Miss Fan giggled, and I, being unwilling to let them monopolize the fun, smote a match with great gusto, and, uplifting my voice, began to sing quite gaily:

"I wish I were a married man,  
With a wife whose name was Fan!"

and had the satisfaction of hearing a gasp, and the immediate and violent opening and banging of the door, followed by a confusion of voices and an explosion of giggles inside.

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betrayed no sign of surprise. I only put my hands behind me, so as to sustain her fairly in a position of more security, and then pranced airily down stairs into that abyss of darkness, the basement hall.

"Did you notice how glum Fan was when you came in just now?" whispered Mrs. Minot, nestling her nose in the back of my neck. "I've been scolding her all day about that horrid Revere man; and I actually believe it serious. She vowed she wouldn't be rude to him, when I insisted upon her putting a stop to his impertinence, and the first thing I knew she began to cry, and said we were insulting, and—oh, put me down, Robert, for goodness sake!—good gracious!" cried Mrs. Minot, struggling, as I marched straight to the dining-room, and disengaged a hand to grasp the lock; "what are you thinking of?—everybody's down at the table—they'll see us!—Oh-h-h!"

I held on tight, and with quite a Boothian gesture I flung wide the portal, and presented my fair burden and myself in a blaze of light. The first thing I beheld was Mr. Minot choking with a spoonful of soup, and his eyes nearly flying from their sockets. Next to him sat Miss Fan, open-eyed and mouthed with amazement; and down the long length of the boarding-house tables, four rows of upturned and astounded faces. Mr. Minot uttered an indefinite sort of roar, while his wife gave a piercing shriek and collapsed on my shoulders.

Not daunted by the situation, I marched cheerfully in, passed on to her seat, and moving the chair out with my foot, turned and shot her into it; after which I bowed politely and turned to my own seat. But I was interrupted by Mr. Minot.

"What's the meaning of this?" shouted he, shaking both fists in the air.

"Of what, sir?" I politely inquired.

"This behavior, sir! This abominable behavior!" bawled the old gentleman, gasping, as two or three of the young men got up hastily, and plunged into the hall to relieve their feelings, while Mrs. Minot's hysterics increased every moment.

"Really, I don't understand you. If you refer to this lady"—blantly waving a hand toward my rider—"and myself, I can only say that she requested me to give her a ride; and, as she had already taken a seat on my shoulders, I could not possibly be so impolite as to put her down."

Here Mrs. Minot's screams became piercing, and several ladies flew to assist Mrs. Trowbridge in calming their violence. In vain did Mr. Minot cry, "Explain this, Venetia!" and even stamped his feet with rage. In about two seconds he was obliged to pick up his struggling lady and bear her from the apartment, her cries being wailed back fainter and fainter, with convulsive giggles between.

There was an awful pause, and then a shout of laughter from both tables, while I drew up my chair and attacked the soup. Such is the malicious nature of slighted humanity, that one and all joined in joyful peans over Mrs. Minot's little mistake; and I heard five whispers of "Served her right!" in as many minutes. As for myself, I have seldom felt more powerfully that serene and gentle glow of gratulation that always does (or ought to, at least), accompany a good action.

When I went to my room that night I couldn't avoid hearing the trio in the Minot parlor, and catching, amid the confusion of sobb, broken exclamations, and a feeble effort to two, some sentences as "How could I tell in the dark?" "Brute! he never said even a word!" and a broken wail of "Never ask me to see him again!" which was most pathetic. Then I gleaned that they were berating Fan because she had indulged in the titter aforesaid, and that both the sister and brother-in-law agreed to be, in a great measure, responsible for the vile, audacious, impertinent, etc., conduct of "that Revere man." Here I vacated the apartment with a cheerful bang of the door, which might or might not remind them of the possibility of my playing caves-dropper a second time.

The next morning nobody appeared at breakfast but Mr. Minot himself, who walked in just as Mrs. Wickes finished detailing a brief interview with the offended pair, late on the previous evening, when Mrs. Minot, with strong signs of implacable wrath, had declared that she and Col. Revere never could face each other again, and one of us must at once leave the house.

I had just briefly remarked that the one would not be I, when the old gentleman entered and took his seat, with an air by no means so lofty as I had been prepared to see. He partook of the meal in stately silence; and, leaving the table at the same time as myself, button-holed me in the parlor, where, to my astonishment, he proceeded to apologize in behalf of his wife, and likewise for his own his own "hasty and unseemly anger" at the little affair.

Evidently the indignation meeting of last night had wound up in favor of amicable adjustment, for he ended his remarks with a most gracious proposition to introduce me to both ladies "as soon as Mrs. Minot had recovered from the first shock of mortification caused by her own carelessness."

And, of course, I met the proposition half way; and subduing any too demonstrative bursts of rapture, expressed my pleasure in firm terms. So, although not literary, and with no proofs of my superiority to, or distinction from, the "boarding-house people," I was actually presented to the Bostonians, and passed an agreeable evening in their private parlor.

To acquit them of any suspicion of "going back" on their principles, I will observe, that any account of kinship to the "Boston Reverses" was given at an early stage of the acquaintance, or, perhaps—who knows?—I should never have been able to testify how

the course of true love never runs smooth, nor to tell you how I actually had the audacity to marry Miss Trowbridge, before the year came round.

**SABBATH DESERATIONS.**—There are two classes of progression, one onward and upward, the other onward and downward. The first, for its object, has honor, probity, purity and reverence for all that is high and noble; the other ignores the nobler attributes, panders to the lower tastes and baser desires, and eventually culminates in temporal and spiritual ruin. This progress is observable in its different phases in art, science, invention, literature and morals. We are constantly growing wiser, labor is being reduced to a science, and invention accomplishes wonders every day. But it is to be feared that, with our wisdom, wickedness also increases, and that among the inventions of the age are those of the great adversary who is ever upon the alert to present some new scheme of wickedness, skillfully disguised, and calculated to deceive the very elect. Very plausible arguments are used by the arch enemy of mankind to induce men to indulge in wrong doing, and very tempting is the bait with which he attempts to allure victims to his snare.

One of the most vulnerable points assailed by the prince of evil is man's love of pleasure. There are but few who do not love recreation of some kind, and when this desire is legitimately indulged in, is right and proper. But so soon as the seeking of pleasure involves the breaking of civil or moral laws, and tends to corrupt the minds of the people, does it not become a peril to the nation where it is practiced, and a curse to the people. And on this point there may be a word of warning spoken to the citizens of even staid New England. If there is one feature more to be commended in the history of New England than another, it is the great respect ever held in the past for the Sabbath. This has been noted by all who have visited this section, and though some professed to sneer at what they termed Puritan notions, there was in their hearts a deeper regard for the high principle involved in this observance than for the sentiments which scouted the idea of a Sabbath, and sought to transform it into a holiday.

But it seems to us that we are progressing downward now, and drifting away from our good old New England Sabbaths. Not that we have a desire to return to the traditional severity of the "blue laws" of Connecticut, which, we are told, would not let a mother kiss her babe on Sunday, but we would have the sanctity of the Sabbath preserved for both spiritual and temporal reasons. That there is a departure from this very obvious to the most careless observer. Instead of being a day of quiet rest for man and beast, the Sabbath is converted, by many, into a season of revelry and pleasure seeking, while even those who are disposed to observe it as it should be are annoyed and disturbed by the noisy mirth of ribald Sabbath breakers. In summer the pleasure resorts are thronged by gay parties, the conveniences are crowded with boisterous passengers hurrying to the grove or seaside to indulge in festive amusements, long trains of cars arrive and depart from the city bringing and carrying hundreds of revellers, and with the chime of the evening church bells is mingled the sounds of merriment of the returning parties. In winter the dashing turnouts, guided by fast young men on their way to some resort where fast horses are put to their speed, or some drinking saloon, give the streets the appearance of a sleighing carnival. It is often the case that animals which should be resting on that day are over-driven and abused, as in the in-related elsewhere. The younger portion of Sunday breakers take the cue, and repair to the coasting ground with their "double-runners," and the skaters pursue their pastime as though the day was a veritable holiday.

Is this progress? Is this the boasted advancement which New England is making? Is it progress in the right direction when stores are open on Sunday morn to sell cigars, confectionery, knickknacks or whatever the purchaser may wish for, under the plea of convenience? But we are told that the times have changed so much that working people can find no time for recreation except Sundays. Indeed! Allow that ten hours are passed in labor—which we think is the average work time—then give each persons eight hours of sleep, and there remains six hours. What is done with this time? Is not that a liberal supply for recreation? In thirty-six hours, or one day and a half each week, any one ought to get a goodly amount of pleasure. The argument is fallacious, and is only made to defend those who recklessly and willfully gratify Sabbath breaking propensities. It is, without question, progress in the wrong direction, and the penalty will surely come. Never yet did a nation which set at naught the laws of God and converted the Sabbath into a day of revelry maintain its standing as a steadfast power. Let the people ponder upon these things, and arouse themselves to a sense of the great importance of checking an evil against which morality and humanity should cry out with one accord.—*Lyman Reporter.*

**THE MENTAL DISCOMFORT.**—Of the man who slips down on an icy pavement, and who knows that a number of his acquaintances witnessed his fall, is only equalled by that of the man who claps his hands enthusiastically in applause of a speaker or singer, only to find that no one else joins in his expression of delight, but all the rest of the audience are turning their heads to find out who the impulsive fool is.—*Fon du Lac Reporter.*

On the ice.—Mary Ann went to the front door last Friday morning to see if the *Chronicle* had come. She had been delivering a short address to me concerning what she is pleased to call my "cold molasses style" of moving around. As she had opened the door she remarked, "I like to see a body move quickly, prompt, emphatic,—that is all; but I heard some one bumping down the steps in the most prompt and emphatic manner, and I reached the door just in time to see my better-half sliding across the sidewalk in a sitting posture. I suggested, as she limped back to the door, that there might be such a thing as too much ebullency, but she did not seem inclined to carry on the conversation, and I started for my office.

Right in front of me on the slippery sidewalk strode two independent knights of St. Crispin. They were talking over their plans for the future, and as I overtook them I heard one of them say: "I have only my two hands to depend on, but that is fortune enough for any man who is not afraid to work. I intend to paddle my own canoe. I believe I can make own way through the world"—his feet slipped out from under him and he tumbled back to the door, that there might be such a thing as too much ebullency, but she did not seem inclined to carry on the conversation, and I started for my office.

Then I slid along behind a loving couple who were on their way to get tickets for "Our Boys." Their heads were frozen together; their hearts beat as one. Said he: "My own, I shall think nothing of hard work if I can make you happy. It shall be my only aim to surround you with comfort. My sympathy shall lighten every sorrow, and through the path of life I will be your stay and support; your 'I'—he stopped. His speech was too flowery for this climate; and as I passed by she was trying to lift him up.

Two lawyers coming from the court house next attracted my attention. "Ah," said one "Judge Shove would rule that out. We must succeed the first two points; we can afford to do it if the evidence sustains us in the third, but on this position we must make our firm stand, and"—his time was up. I left him moving for a new trial.

I muse. What a lesson the ice teaches us. How easily is humanity controlled by circumstances—and the attraction of gravitation. What a sermon might be based—I got up, and took the middle of the street to prevent further accident.

**WISHED HE HAD HIS CURB.**—An Irish priest was standing at the corner of a square about the hour of dinner, when one of his countrymen, observing the worthy father in perplexity, thus addressed him:

"Oh, Father O'Leary, how is your riverine?"

"Mighty put out, Pat," was the reply.

"Put out! Who'd put out your riverine?"

"Ah, you don't understand! This is just it: I am invited to dine at one of the houses in this square, and I have forgotten the name and I never looked at the number, and now it's seven o'clock."

"Oh, is that all?" was the cry. "Just, now, be aisy, your riverine; I'll settle that for you."

So saying, away flew the good-natured Irishman round the square, glancing at the kitchens, and when he discovered a fire that denoted hospitality, he thundered at the door, and inquired, "Is Father O'Leary here?"

As might be expected, again and again he was repulsed. At length at angry footman exclaimed, "No—both on Father O'Leary!—he is not here; but he has to dine here today, and the cook is in a rage, and says the dinner will be spoiled. All is waiting for Father O'Leary!"

Paddy, leaping from the door as if the steps had been on fire, rushed up to the astonished priest, and cried, "All right, your riverine; you dine at 43—and a mighty good dinner you'll get."

"Oh, Pat," said the grateful pastor, "the blessings of a hungry man be upon you!"

"Long life and happiness to your riverine! I have got your malady—I only wish I had your cure," returned Pat.

**THE GARDENER'S LESSON.**—Two gardeners had their early crops of peas killed by the frost. One of them was very impatient under the loss, and fretted about it very much. The other went patiently to work at once to plant a new crop. After a while, the impatient, fretting man went to his neighbor. To his surprise, he found another crop of peas growing finely. He wondered how this could be.

"These are what I sowed while you were fretting," said his neighbor.

"But don't you ever fret?" he asked.

"Yes, I do; but I put off till I have repaired the mischief that has been done."

"Why, then you have no need to fret at all!"

"True," said his friend; "and that's the reason I put it off."

**A Wetzel County man** went into a Wheeling restaurant, the other day, and asked for a dozen oysters. The polite waiter asked him how he would like them dressed. "Dressed!" exclaimed the fellow, "hang it, I don't want 'em dressed at all. I want them naked, and don't you forget!" This was a nude departure in the oyster trade.

A careful man went to his room and noticed that there was only one match remaining in the box. "Now if that shouldn't burn to-night when I come in," soliloquized he, "what a fix I should be in." So he tried it to see if it was a good one. It was.

Gold and silver are the finest mint's meat we know of.



## Woburn Journal.

John L. Parker, Editor and Proprietor.  
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## WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.

It is difficult to realize, venerating Washington as we do, to-day, that, as President, he was constantly and bitterly assailed in his character, motives, and abilities. And yet probably no man in American history has been at once so highly praised and so deeply blamed. If to have enemies proves a man's manhood, Washington was, most signally, a man. His fellow-citizens must actually have watched him, if history be true, with as jealously critical an eye as we watch the Presidents of our day; and doubtless we have more reason for our watching. Washington took the executive chair when the duties of the position were without precedent and of an especially delicate and complicated nature. The new republic, whose territory, even then, was fifteen hundred miles in length, had been created in suffering and blood; and the people would naturally watch with jealous eye the conduct of even so perfect and beloved a leader as Washington, after committing their dearly-bought liberties into his hands. Their veneration for him as the commander-in-chief of the victorious army at first lessened criticism and obloquy. But untoward events gradually found utterance, until, after four years of suffering, Washington, in an outburst of feeling, told his Cabinet that he "would rather be in his grave than in the position of President any longer."

The Press was unsparing in its abuse of the President. He was totally destitute, according to the newspapers of the day, of any merit either as a soldier or as a statesman. He had "embezzled the public funds" and "violated the constitution;" and it was even publicly suggested that he be impeached. Sectional animosities sprang up as early as 1790. There were reports of a jealous feeling against the North having arisen in Virginia. It was feared by some that States of such dissimilar interests could not remain united; and the secession of some of the States was talked of as a possible result of the assumption of the States debts. There were bitter feelings in those good old times against those members of Congress who were suspected of being (bloated) bond-holders! It was thought to be criminal to live in the public debt. The dissensions in Congress in 1790 were exceedingly bitter, and long-continued. The assumption of the State debts, the change of location of the seat of Government, the Indian question, the collection of duties on spirituous liquors, the redemption of the public debt, the misappropriation of public money by the Secretary of the Treasury,—these were some of the questions which were fiercely contested in Congress. A few of these questions have not yet ceased to cause differences of opinion.

For at least two successive years the House was opposed by a majority, to the President's political system. To make matters worse, communistic disturbances had begun in western Pennsylvania where there was riotous opposition to the enforcement of the excise law on ardent spirits. Perhaps the most general and excited opposition which Washington met with, and which most severely tested his popularity, was aroused by his proclamation of neutrality in the war between France and England, and in all European wars. The country was in a fever of enthusiasm to espouse the cause of France, and Washington could have rode, like Genet, the hot-headed French ambassador, on the top-wave of popularity, by simply consenting to the demands of the people that privateers be allowed to go out in aid of France. But he held to what he believed was the right course.

With all this opposition at home, and with a war going on abroad in which our people deeply sympathized, Washington stood in the fore-front, opposing, with unflinching integrity, with great wisdom and an iron will, these storms of popular and private feeling. And his success as a President in the face of such opposition was an additional, though unneeded, proof of his greatness. Of some men it is said, "They have outlived their usefulness;" this last honor or responsibility was too much for them. Washington, however, entered upon his second term of office at the earnest and anxious solicitations of those giants of intellect, Thomas Jefferson and Alexander Hamilton. Leaders of opposing parties, they were estranged from each other in other matters, but agreed in one thing—the warmest affection and admiration for Washington, and unqualified confidence in his abilities. They declared that the welfare of the country required that the President should accept a second term. Such was Washington's power over the greatest minds. But while able to hold his own in the presence of any man, Washington sought for, and carefully weighed, the opinions of those best qualified to advise on any difficult question.

His promptness and efficiency, when sudden and decisive action was called for, was well illustrated in the matter of the liquor riots. On the same day that he issued his proclamation forbidding any uprising, he made a requisition upon the governors of four states for twelve thousand troops. The would-be rioters were speedily frightened out of their lawless designs. For Washington's firm refusal to interfere in European wars, we must be ever grateful, and ever admire his statesmanship and integrity as displayed under those trying circumstances. If Washington had perished in those French wars in the west, before the Revolution, we can hardly say that this republic would never have arisen, but, doubtless, in the fallible judgment of all who celebrate this 22d of February, to no one of Washington's asso-

ciates in power would we so willingly have given the high and two-fold commission of founding the new republic, and of establishing it on a firm basis.

## AT THE RIFLE RANGE.

By invitation of Mr. James N. Frye, President of the Massachusetts Rifle Association, we last Saturday visited Walnut Hill, and witnessed the competition for the Maynard Rifle, which is in progress at the Range. We found the winter shed almost crowded with marksmen, some busy cleaning their rifles, others carefully measuring the powder with which they filled the shells, and all in turn stepping out to have a shot at the unoffending targets, 200 yards away, which patiently endured the poundings of the bullets, of 121 ambitious riflemen. The shed is a great convenience. Within its walls the riflemen may comfortably pursue their sport, stepping out for a moment as they are called by the markers, and then returning to the warm shelter. Apparently the winter shooting is more enjoyable than that of the summer months. At first thought the bringing together of six score marksmen in one small room, for a match, might seem dangerous, but a glance at the careful manner of the men, and the precautions taken to avoid accident, one is reassured. The men use breechloaders, altogether, and the cartridge is never inserted in the shed, but every marksman loads his rifle as he faces the butts. Capt. W. H. Jackson, the world-renowned marksman was present and made some good strings, twice achieving 47 in a possible 50. Mr. H. Tyler, was equally fortunate, and still another, Mr. E. B. Souther, a one-armed man from Quincy, scored 47 and 46. The day was a good one for shooting, and the averages were very high. The Medford Club was represented by several of its best shots, and their record was well up in the forties. At noon the caterer of the range Mr. W. T. Kendall, served a dinner that would have done credit to a city hotel. The *Journal*, *Transcript*, *Herald*, *Traveler* and *Globe*, were represented, and Hon. Hocum Hosford, Gen. Burrill, and William Parkman, Esq., were among the guests. Many of the more enthusiastic members kept up their firing until a late hour, and only ceased in season to take the last train. The range is in charge of Mr. George Fowle. It is a fine place for the practice of gunnery, and the officers and members are so much enamored of it, that they seem determined that nothing shall be left undone to render it one of the best ranges in the country. Extensive improvements are in contemplation for the coming season, and it may be reasonably expected that some very fine records will be made there this summer. Capt. Jackson, the custodian of the "Palma," which was contested for by the "riflemen of the world," has placed the token on exhibition in Boston, where it may be seen at Shreve, Crump & Low's, for a few weeks.

**SUDDEN DEATH.**—Mr. William St. Clair, aged 83 years and 3 months, died very suddenly of heart disease, on Saturday last week. For the past six months he had been living on Beacon street, at the house of Mr. J. A. Merrill, a distant relative. Last Christmas he conceived the idea of walking to Melrose to see relatives there. He left Mr. Merrill's, privately, and had gone more than half way to Melrose when he fell, overcome with heart disease. He rallied gradually and had been, lately, quite active. At 2 o'clock P. M., last Saturday, he made up a fire and was afterwards heard moving about the woodshed. Miss Merrill, on going there a few minutes later, found him lying on a lounge in the kitchen, dead. It was his third and last attack. Dr. Winsor was summoned and he pronounced it heart disease. Mr. St. Clair's immediate relatives reside in Maine, but he has lived with Mr. J. P. Cooper, of Dorchester, most of the time for many years. He served in war of 1812.

**BURGLARY.**—About nine o'clock, Wednesday evening, Mrs. Getchell, who lives over the fish market of E. D. West & Co., heard a noise in the store, and went down stairs to see about it. While there two young fellows rushed past her and out of a rear window. On summoning assistance it was found that the money drawer had been smashed with an axe, but her sudden appearance prevented the robbers from securing the small sum of money which it contained. Officer Walsh had noticed two young fellows come out of the carriage way in the rear of the store a few minutes before he was notified of the breaking, and soon afterward took into custody Christopher Smith, whose boots were found to fit the tracks at the window where the burglars entered. He stoutly denied being the culprit, but the officers felt authorized in locking him up, which was done. He was arraigned on Thursday, when the case was heard, and the Judge decided that there was not sufficient evidence to warrant his holding him, and Smith was discharged.

**SENTENCED.**—The burglars caught in McGonagle Bros., store last week, were sentenced on Monday, Frank North getting three years, James Reynolds three years and three months, and John Riley three years and six months in the State Prison. Reynolds and Riley are yet to be tried in Norfolk County, for burglary in South Abington.

W. L. Townner pleaded guilty on Wednesday, and was sentenced to two years and six months in the House of Correction.

**GREENBACK CLUB.**—The following are the present board of officers of the Woburn Greenback Club; president Erank McManus; vice president, Patrick McHugh; secretary, David Cronin; treasurer, John Shingwin. The club meets every Monday evening in their room, in White's Block, for the transaction of business, and is open all other evenings for the use of members.

**PHOTOGRAPHS.**—We understand that the graduating class of '79 are to sit at Stratout's, for their class pictures, which is a guarantee that the work will be well done. With his new light, his facilities for good work were never better.

**TOMATOES.**—Out of season, but the man who has the tin can eat them any time.

**CHOCOLATE.**—Best sweet navy tobacco

**MUST THE CHINESE GO?**—If Anson Burlingame could have foreseen the recent action of Congress on the Chinese matter, with what eloquence would he not have denounced the departure from the doctrine of the fathers, that all men are born free and equal and entitled to the pursuit of happiness anywhere in this broad land. To think that the Dennis Kearney's of the Pacific Coast have become so potent, that the Senate of the United States has become a "sand lot," and many of the oft-time champions of the oppressed, notably Senator Blaine, should take up and re-echo the California drayman's cry "the Chinese must go." For more than a century it has been our proud boast that America was the home of the oppressed of all nations, and now it is proposed to reverse that rule, and in this nineteenth century build a Chinese wall, and adopt the exclusive policy so long affected by the Celestials. But that might be done, if deemed advisable, and by proper action, but the abrogation of a solemn treaty as is proposed, cannot be done by a nation with safety. Not that the Chinese could punish us for it, but honor is as sacred to a nation as to an individual, and the nation that disregards it will surely suffer. But there is a point our honorable Senators overlook, or perhaps they do not care for it; the treaty with China was procured by our solicitation, and was reluctantly granted by the Chinese. The present government does not regard foreigners any too highly, and such action as is contemplated will surely re-act upon American merchants, missionaries and travellers, who may unhappily be within reach of Chinese retaliation. It is a cheerful sign of the time that the press almost without exception, condemns the action of Congress, and it is hoped that the President will yet interpose his veto. The purpose of the demagogues, among whom we must class Thurman and Blaine, is too apparent, and ought not to succeed.

**THE UNION MEETINGS.**—The Union meetings during the past week have been characterized by, if possible, a greater interest and larger attendance than heretofore. The Association Committee who, with such Christian earnestness, power and good common sense, enter into the labors of the church pastors and all Christian workers of Woburn, will carry away with them the heartfelt blessings of very many who have been benefited by the meetings. We notice some features of the meetings of the past week. On Friday and Saturday evenings of last week union meetings were held. On Sunday morning there was a very impressive morning prayer meeting, followed by services at the several churches. Mr. Winslow, at the Methodist church, spoke upon the Christian duty of making our residences, homes of the best and most attractive character. He took the appropriate text, "what have they seen in thine house?" Mr. Shaw and Mr. Moore spoke effectively at the Baptist and Congregational churches. Union meetings were held in the afternoon and evening at the Congregational Church. The attendance was very large and the interest intense. Mr. Humphrey sang, accompanying himself on an organ placed upon the platform. "Where is my boy to-night?" and "Christ, the Corner Stone." Union meetings were also held on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday evenings of this week.

On Sunday the sermon advertised by the Woburn Y. M. C. A., will be postponed. There will be services in all the churches, conducted as usual by the pastors.

**ACCIDENTS.**—Last week Friday, Willard Sawyer, a grandchild of Mr. Martin Hay ward, was playing with an "unloaded" pistol, at the house of Mr. George Fowle, Walnut Hill, when the pistol went off, sending a ball through the hand of the boy. The ball struck the floor, bounded across the room and lodged in a flower pot which was on the window sill. A number of persons were in the room, but very happily the ball did not encounter them while on its way to its lodging place. The pistol had been considered a harmless one, as no cartridges had been found to fit it; hence the boy used it to snap caps with. The cartridge used was given young Sawyer by an older companion.

On Saturday evening, Mrs. James Eaton, of North Woburn, fell on a slippery walk, and fractured her right wrist.

Peter Hanson, Jr., cut his left hand with a currier's knife, at Bryant & King's tannery, one day this week.

This Friday morning John Beatty, at work at Simonds' shoe store factory, while trifling with a rolling machine, had his hand crushed. He was taken to the Mass. Gen. Hospital, and it is thought he will lose his hand.

**SELECTMEN.**—The second regular meeting of the Selectmen was held Thursday evening. Messrs. Cummings, Samson and Wyman absent. The Overseers of the Poor were instructed to engage Mr. and Mrs. Adams as master and mistress of the Almshouse for another year. The Assessors were authorized to settle with the Collector. The Finance Committee were instructed to examine the notes, securities and trusts in the hands of the Treasurer, and report. Voted to hold their next meeting for the approval of bills on the 28th of February. S. O. Pollard was appointed measurer of upper leather. The contract for printing the Town Reports was awarded to John L. Parker.

**TOWN REPORTS.**—There were three bidders for the Town printing, and the contract was awarded to the *Journal* office, our bid being the lowest. W. H. Lounsbury, representing the Boston Stereotype Foundry bid \$440 for 50 lb. paper, and \$460 and \$480 for 60 lb. Mark Allen bid \$410 for 50 lb. and \$430 for 60 lb. J. L. Parker offered four samples of 50 lb. and two of 60 lb., showing different qualities for \$396.62, \$404.75, \$411.62, \$429.12, \$434.00, and \$463.25. The Committee selected the lowest priced paper, and the contract was awarded at \$396.62 or \$1.98 per page.

**DISSOLUTION.**—Cushing & Buck have dissolved, and Mr. Buck continues the business at the old stand. He has a good stock, and offers some fine bargains. See advertisement.

**VALENTINES.**—Last Friday, Mr. Morris Carroll, 69 Main street, received two very fine valentines in the shape of twin daughters.

**SURPRISE PARTY.**—On Wednesday evening of last week there was a pleasant and informal gathering at the house of Major A. L. Richardson.

**FREIGHT TRAIN.**—Hereafter the freight train will leave Woburn for Boston at 11 A. M.

## ANNUAL RE-UNION OF THE PRESS.

The annual re-union and banquet of the Mass. Press Association was held at the Revere House, Boston, on Tuesday last. The members with their wives and daughters, to the number of one hundred and thirty, assembled in the parlors and for an hour enjoyed the renewal of old acquaintance and the formation of new, going over again the pleasant routes they have travelled in past summers, and discussing the probabilities of the seasons of the future. At the business meeting the Treasurer reported the annual receipts as \$2,357.74, the expenditures \$2,120.40, leaving a balance of \$237.34 on hand. A committee consisting of Francis Proctor of the *Cape Ann Advertiser*, E. A. Hall of the *Greenfield Gazette*, and A. B. Moss of the *Medford Chronicle* were appointed to nominate officers for the ensuing year. The committee reported the following list, which was adopted:—President, Nathaniel A. Horton of the *Salem Gazette*; Vice Presidents, Charles W. Slack of the *Commonwealth*, E. B. Haskell of the *Boston Herald*, Francis Proctor of the *Cape Ann Advertiser*, G. A. Marden of the *Lowell Courier*, Henry Chickering of the *Pittsfield Eagle*; Recording Secretary, Luther L. Holden of the *Boston Journal*; Corresponding Secretary, John L. Parker of the *Woburn Journal*; Treasurer, John S. Baldwin, of the *Worcester Spy*; Auditor, James Cox of the *Cambridge Press*; Historian and Biographer, Alphonso Ross of the *Daily Advertiser*, in place of Hon. Stephen N. Stockwell, who declined a re-election. The subject of the next annual excursion was discussed and referred to the Executive Committee with full powers, after which the meeting was dissolved.

At three o'clock the banquet was served, as it only can be at the Revere House. President Horton presided, and was in his happiest vein. The guests were His Honor Lieut. Gov. Long, Speaker Wade of the House of Representatives, Orlando Tompkins, Noble H. Hill, Eugene Tompkins and H. A. McGlen of the Boston Theatre, Hon. Frank Miller of Portsmouth, E. H. Elwell of Portland, John Boyle O'Reilly of the Boston Press Club, A. A. Folsom of the Athenian Club and others. President Horton in introducing the post prandial exercises took an early opportunity to announce his membership in the General Court, and stated his belief that the sessions of that body could be shortened by arranging for several to speak at once. By way of illustrating how such a rule would work, he introduced the Weber Quartette, consisting of the following artists: Mr. W. R. Bateman, 1st tenor; Mr. E. F. Webster, 2d tenor; Mr. J. L. White, 1st bass; and Mr. J. L. Ambrose, 2d bass; with Mr. L. F. Brackett, pianist; and Mr. W. H. Chambers, cornet soloist. The quartette sang "Comrades in Arms," in a manner which elicited much applause. Lieut. Gov. Long gave an amusing account of his boyish notions of the newspapers, and then proceeded to speak of the powers and responsibilities of the press, which he said was the freest thing in Massachusetts. Its freedom should teach us that freedom of suffrage, of thought, of faith and of man, is not only good but safe. Speaker Wade was a little disposed to arraign the press for its free criticism of the Legislature and a rather too flippant treatment of the affairs of State, and thought the press should take the people in hand, they being the real cause of long sessions and other evils generally charged to the legislators. John Boyle O'Reilly thought the press could not thus be induced to quarrel with one another, any more than lawyers. Mr. Elwell, of Portland, was full of wit, and Frank Miller of Portsmouth, also proved himself a worthy companion. Hon. C. W. Slack, made a ringing speech, on the recent action of Congress on the Chinese question, and thought the press did well to criticize it. S. B. Noyes followed in a few pleasant words. The quartette interspersed the exercises with some charming music, concluding with the "Soldiers' Farewell." The re-union broke up about 7 o'clock, the most of the members concluding the evening at the Boston Theatre, by invitation of Messrs. Tompkins & Hill, where they witnessed the performance of "The Shaughraun."

**APRON SALE.**—The apron sale of the ladies' society connected with Post 33, G. A. R. had two stormy evenings to contend with, which materially marred its success. There was as good an attendance as could be expected, and the ladies received a fair return for their outlay. The lady's chair was awarded to Mrs. T. Marvin Parker, she having received the highest number of votes. The Old Fellow's pin was withdrawn, and will be put up again at a fair which will be given in the same place some time in March.

**BIRTHDAY PRESENT.**—The birthday of George H. Conn, Esq., occurring last Tuesday, some of his friends assembled at his home, No. 335 Main street, and presented him an easy chair. Rev. Dr. March made the presentation, which was responded to in fitting terms by Mr. Conn.

**REV. WM. H. CHAPMAN, Pastor of the M. E. Church, Georgetown, D. C., writes:** "Having had an opportunity to test the excellent qualities of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup, I hesitate not to say, it is the best remedy I have ever used in my family."

**Acting upon our suggestion, the Advertiser sent a young man to the gospel meeting last Sunday evening, with very encouraging results. A just and impartial report of the proceedings was given.**

**FIRE.**—A passenger car in the freight house caught fire from the stove, on Tuesday. After burning a hole in the roof of the car, the fire was extinguished, without an alarm being given.

**POLICE COURT.**—Christopher Smith, charged with breaking and entering E. D. West's fish market, acquitted on Thursday, and discharged. Hugh McMorro, drunk, \$3 and costs.

## North Woburn.

**BONNET SMASHED.**—The horse car ran against a tree this Friday morning, near School street, and smashed her "bonnet," so that the car had to be laid up for repairs, and the omnibus sleigh resorted to.

**PRESENTATION.**—Mr. Thomas J. McFeely was most agreeably surprised one evening last week, on entering Dearborn Brothers store, to find quite a large gathering of friends around the stove, and after the usual salutations of the evening, Mr. Henry P. Flint arose and said:—

Mr. McFeely, your friends have gathered here this evening to bid you welcome; and having heard with thankful hearts of your success in trapping the wild and savage rabbit, which infest our forests, they have resolved to provide you with a suitable outfit of weapons, wherewith to dispatch the savage creatures as you take them from your traps; hoping that in the future none of you will escape. Allow me then, in behalf of your friends here, to present you with these (holding up a belt containing two murderous looking knives, and a steel two foot long, with handles more fit for a giant than for ordinary man) as a testimony of their high esteem and confidence in your ability, that not one of these savage creatures will escape.

Mr. McFeely received the presents and said:—

My friends, this is so unexpected indeed it is such a surprise that I cannot find words to suitably thank you for this kind remembrance, but I assure you gentlemen, that if the success attends me in the future, that I have had in the past, I will soon rid the forests in this vicinity of that dangerous animal, the rabbit. It is true that for the want of proper weapons, some of those creatures have escaped me when I thought I had them dead; but armed with this outfit there can be no such word as fail.

**ANOTHER PRINTER CALLED.**—We have a sad duty to perform this month in announcing the death of Mr. John Seymour, an employee in the *Daily Telegraph* book and job office, which took place on the morning of February 12th, of congestion of the lungs, after an illness of only three weeks.

Mr. Seymour was born in St. John, in 1844, being in his thirty-third year at the time of his death, and was unmarried. He served his apprenticeship in the book and job office of Messrs. J. & A. McMillan. Shortly after the expiration of his apprenticeship he went to Boston, Mass., where he worked for a short time. Soon rising of morning newspaper work, he went to Woburn, Mass., where he secured a situation in the office of the *Woburn Journal*, John L. Parker, proprietor. He remained in Woburn some years, making many friends, as, in fact, he did wherever he worked. In 1876 he returned to his native city and shortly after his arrival went to work in the *Daily Telegraph* book and job office, where he continued up to the time of his illness.

Mr. Seymour leaves a father, two sisters and four brothers to mourn his early death. Two of his brothers are printers, one working on the *Daily Telegraph* and the other (a twin brother) living and working in Cambridge, Mass.

Mr. Seymour was naturally of a very retiring disposition, kind and quiet in his manner, strong in his friendships and honorable in his dealing with his fellowmen. He was by nature sensitive and charitable, always ready and glad to be of assistance to those in distress. He was very domestic in his habits, and seemed to derive more genuine pleasure from home associations than from the most of men.

Mr. Seymour was a member of Pioneer Lodge, F. O. E., and was R. S. at the time of his death. He was also a member of the Masonic fraternity, but had not affiliated with any lodge in this city after his arrival home in 1876. While he was an ardent admirer of both societies, his unobtrusive nature and retiring disposition would not permit him to mount the ladder of office in either.

As a printer, Mr. Seymour displayed excellent taste and judgment in jobbing, and with slight additional experience and opportunity would, without doubt, have taken rank with the foremost in a very short time. In his death the printers have lost a good color and friend, while his family have been bereft of a kind and affectionate son and brother.

We tender our heartfelt sympathy to his family and relatives in their sad affliction, and would remind them that what may seem their loss is, without doubt, his eternal gain.—*St. John, N. B., Printer's Miscellany.*

Mr. Seymour will be long remembered in Woburn, where he spent several years, and made many friends. We are glad to add our testimony of his worth and manliness, and extend our sympathy to the bereaved family in their loss of a brother who possessed more than the ordinary fraternal regard for those dear to him. Mr. Seymour's funeral occurred last Friday, and was attended by a large concourse of people. The funeral was under the direction of the Odd Fellows, and the remains were escorted by Pioneer Lodge, with a band, and a large procession of friends, including nearly all the printers in the city. At the grave the Episcopal service was read, followed by the impressive service of the Odd Fellows. The large gathering was an indication of the esteem in which he was held by those with whom he was brought in contact.

The President wrote: "Let no man be put out merely because he is a friend of Mr. Arthur, and no man put in because he is our friend," and then he went and put out the collector of Bangor because he was a friend of Mr. Hamilton, and put in a new man because he was "our friend."

**BIRTHDAY PRESENT.**—The birthday of George H. Conn, Esq., occurring last Tuesday, some of his friends assembled at his home, No. 335 Main street, and presented him an easy chair. Rev. Dr. March made the presentation, which was responded to in fitting terms by Mr. Conn.

**REV. WM. H. CHAPMAN, Pastor of the M. E. Church, Georgetown, D. C., writes:** "Having had an opportunity to test the excellent qualities of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup, I hesitate not to say, it is the best remedy I have ever used in my family."

**Acting upon our suggestion, the Advertiser sent a young man to the gospel meeting last Sunday evening, with very encouraging results. A just and impartial report of the proceedings was given.**

**FIRE.**—A passenger car in the freight house caught fire from the stove, on Tuesday. After burning a hole in the roof of the car, the fire was extinguished, without an alarm being given.

**POLICE COURT.**—Christopher Smith, charged with breaking and entering E. D. West's fish market, acquitted on Thursday, and discharged. Hugh McMorro, drunk, \$3 and costs.

## North Woburn.

**BONNET SMASHED.**—The horse car ran against a tree this Friday morning, near School street, and smashed her "bonnet," so that the car had to be laid up for repairs, and the omnibus sleigh resorted to.

**PRESENTATION.**—Mr. Thomas J. McFeely was most agreeably surprised one evening last week, on entering Dearborn Brothers store, to find quite a large gathering of friends around the stove, and after the usual salutations of the evening, Mr. Henry P. Flint arose and said:—

Mr. McFeely, your friends have gathered here this evening to bid you welcome; and having heard with thankful hearts of your success in trapping the wild and savage rabbit, which infest our forests, they have resolved to provide you with a suitable outfit of weapons, wherewith to dispatch the savage creatures as you take them from your traps; hoping that in the future none of you will escape. Allow me then, in behalf of your friends here, to present you with these (holding up a belt containing two murderous looking knives, and a steel two foot long, with handles more fit for a giant than for ordinary man) as a testimony of their high esteem and confidence in your ability, that not one of these savage creatures will escape.

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**Winchester.**

**UNCLE SOLOMON.**—There will be a Grand Entertainment complimentary to Mr. Solomon Lawrence Fletcher, Lyceum Hall, this Friday Evening, when the following programme will be given:—Chorus, by the scholars of the Grammar school, under the direction of Mr. Charles Swett; piano duet Overture to "Wm. Tell," Misses Whittins and Hammond; song Miss Edith Billings and Master Leone F. Quimby; cornet solo, Mr. Marrian; Star Spangled Banner, solo by Mrs. W. H. Bailey, chorus by 13 young ladies; reading, "Painter of Seville," Mr. Elmore Pierce; song, Miss Grace Carter; "The Old Maid," (Imitation of Sol Smith Russell), Mr. W. C. Pierce; chorus, Scholars of the Grammar School; piano solo, (a La Chappelle de Foret, b. Selected), Mr. Chas. Harrington; poem, Mr. James Russell; cornet solo, Mr. Marrian; song, Mrs. W. H. Cooper; reading, "Guides in Europe," Mr. Elmore Pierce; song, Mrs. W. H. Bailey; character sketch, "Mr. Perkins at the Dentist's," Mr. W. C. Pierce; quintette, Mrs. W. H. Bailey, Miss Addie Pressy, Messrs Russell, Dearborn and Pond.

**FIRE.**—About 3 o'clock last Sunday morning the double house owned by Mrs. Mary Fiddler, near the Mystic station, was burned to the ground. Chief-engineer Symmes and a few others noticed, from their homes, the blazing roof. The engine companies were as prompt as possible but too late to do any good. The origin of the fire is unknown. It was probably set. Mrs. Fiddler went to Boston, at 1.30 P. M., on Saturday, leaving a fire in the kitchen stove. Thomas Eaton who lives there, also was in the house at 6 P. M. The fire in the stove was left alone. Missing the late train, they spent the night in Boston, and returned to Winchester only to find themselves homeless. It is reported that persons passed the house at 11 o'clock and at 2, without noticing anything wrong. There was an insurance of \$2,000 on the houses and \$200 on the furniture. Mrs. Fiddler had been preparing to take boarders and she thinks that the furnishing of the house was worth \$1,000.

Mr. A. Sonrel, who was for several years a resident of Woburn, and later of Winchester, died in Paris on the 25th day of January. Mr. Sonrel was a life-long friend of Prof. Agassiz, who induced him to come to this country, on account of his skill as an engraver, to assist in illustrating the professor's works. After years of work for Prof. Agassiz, failing eyesight induced Mr. Sonrel to practice photography. Of late years he confined himself to scientific photography, and maintained a high rank in that profession. Mrs. Sonrel, and their son, Louis X. Sonrel, were with him in Paris at the time of his death.

**SAD DEATH.**—Mr. Ira Cook, who resided in Winchester for a few years ago, had been missing, in Northampton, for several days when his body was found, on Saturday of last week, hanging by one leg caught between the pickets of a high wooden fence surrounding the State Hospital Grounds. He had probably crossed the grounds for a short cut home. Mr. Cook, whose age was 67, was a native of Amherst, Mass., where he spent most of his life. He was a brother-in-law of the late Mr. Cephas Church of Winchester. He was employed for some time at Mr. J. F. Dwinell's.

**ANNUAL ELECTION.**—The annual election of the Ladies Friendly Society of the Unitarian church was held on Thursday evening of last week. The following officers were chosen: president, Mrs. J. F. Stone; vice president, Mrs. Marble; secretary, Miss A. F. Symmes; treasurer, Mrs. E. A. Wadleigh; directors, Mrs. S. T. A. Cushing, Mrs. H. C. Wheaton, Mrs. William Webb, Mrs. Edward Shattuck, Mrs. Geo. Eustace.

**REFORM CLUB.**—The Reform Club will hold a meeting at 3.45 P. M., next Sunday. A delegation from the Wakefield Total Abstinence Society will be present and make addresses.

## Burlington.

**GOSPEL MEETINGS.**—On Thursday evening Mr. E. A. Lawrence, whose face has become pleasantly familiar to Woburn people within the past two weeks, addressed the people of Burlington, on Thursday evening, at the Burlington church. On Sunday Morning next he will speak in the same church upon "The Prodigal Son." In the evening Hon. J. G. Pollard, of Woburn, will make an address. A male quartette from Lexington is expected to assist in the singing.

## Wilmington.

**AN ACT OF BRAVERY.**—Charles Baker, a young man, residing at Silver Lake, had a narrow escape from drowning last Friday. At about 1 o'clock of that day, a party of young men were fishing for pickerel, for the superiority of which Silver Lake is famous, when young Baker stepped on a thin piece of ice which broke and precipitated him into the water. He sank immediately and E. Milton Carter of this town, who was one of the party, without a moment's hesitation, plunged into the water to his rescue. He succeeded in grasping Baker and placed him on his shoulders. By this time young Carter was quite numb and exhausted from the excessive cold and called out to the others who were standing around in a great state of excitement: "If you are going to help us, you must be quick about it!" Thereupon they passed him one of the fishing poles and he made an effort to take hold of it, but his fingers were so frozen that he slipped out of his hands; thereupon he sank and when he rose the second time, he made one superhuman effort and succeeded in sustaining himself upon the pole until his friends drew him and Baker upon the ice, in an almost lifeless condition. They were both taken into Captain Pierce's house near the pond and restoratives applied. This is a remarkable act of bravery as there is not one man in a thousand who would jump into such a sheet of icy water, regardless of his own safety and E. Milton Carter is entitled to the greatest amount of credit for this heroic deed. We are happy to say that the two young men are doing well.

**FARMERS & MECHANICS CLUB.**—The last meeting was well attended. The subject

for the evening, "Would it be economical for the farmers of Middlesex Co. generally to raise their own cattle rather than buy?" was discussed in a very animated and interesting manner. The principal speaker was H. Allen Sheldon, who proved conclusively that it was economical to raise our own stock, provided a superior breed was selected. The Devon, in his estimation, ranked first. Othniel Eames, Henry Sheldon, J. A. Shepard and other speakers, followed and handled the subject in a concise and able manner. Another subject that was brought up caused considerable discussion. It referred to the origin of the Baldwin apple. As is well known to many, Wilmington claims the honor of possessing the exact spot where the tree was located. On consideration of the subject it was decided to erect a memorial upon this interesting spot and a committee of five was appointed, consisting of H. Allen Sheldon, Ed. A. Carter, Dr. Henry Hiller, Geo. T. Eames and Henry Sheldon, to investigate and report at some future meeting. The noteworthy fact was brought out that this now famous apple was originally called the Woodpecker apple, on account of the immense flocks of woodpeckers that congregated in that vicinity. Subject for the next meeting, which will take place March 1st, "Does poultry pay on the farm?" to be opened by Geo. T. Eames and "Is it profitable to give an animal all it will eat when you wish to fatten quickly?" to be opened by Dr. Henry Hiller.

**SURPRISE PARTY.**—A very pleasant incident occurred last Saturday in the shape of a surprise party to our townspeople, Mr. &







 Twins are the paropets of a house.

wnship names all his pigs after Greek  
ots.

an surmount the pyramids—the eagle and  
the snail!"—*James T. Fields.*

celebration, lately: "And take a pill, and  
take a pill, and take a pilgrim home."

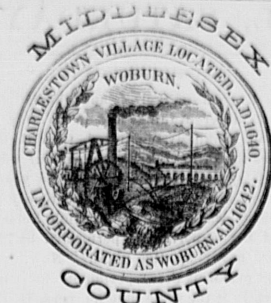
04 Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

Mr. Simmons having had a large experience in the  
business, is fully capable of supplying the want  
the public with satisfaction.

**3** **BILLHEADS**, Cards, Circulars, Note and Letter  
Heads, and every variety of printing neatly and  
promptly executed at this office.

100





VOL. XXIX.

WOBURN, MASS., SATURDAY, MARCH 1, 1879.

NO. 9.

## Reed's East India Remedies.

## A Cure for Rheumatism.



We have received a store of these goods and will be pleased to furnish circulars containing full particulars, and answer any questions about their worth. The manufacturer was afflicted with Rheumatism more than 20 years; when in an almost helpless state, he commenced the use of these Remedies and was thoroughly cured. Being a man of wealth and having full faith in the goods he has put them on the market and advertised them thoroughly, and is constantly hearing from persons they have helped.

WILLIAM W. HILL, AGENT.

Opposite the Common.

161

WOBURN.

## Florist.

S. W. Tremont & Sons,  
FLORISTS,  
And dealers in  
ANTIQUE POTTERY,  
161 Tremont street,  
BOSTON, MASS.

## Professional Cards.

J. P. WOODMAN, M.D.,  
Physician and Surgeon,  
OFFICE:  
Cor. of Pleasant & Bennett Sts.,  
Opp. the New Public Library Building.  
Office Hours—2 and 7 P. M.  
WOBURN, MASS.

JOHN G. MUIR,  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
192 MAIN STREET,  
WOBURN, MASS.  
Office Hours from 8 to 12 A. M., 1 to 5 and 7 to 9 P. M.

George H. Conn,  
INSURANCE AGENT,  
NO. 159 MAIN STREET,  
WOBURN, MASS.

CHARLES D. ADAMS,  
Attorney and Counsellor-at-Law,  
No. 54 Devonshire street, Boston.  
No. 159 Main street, Woburn.  
Office (At Boston, 10 A. M., to 4 P. M.;  
At Woburn, 8 to 9 A. M., 5 to 7, and 9 P. M.)

A. B. COFFIN,  
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,  
No. 4 NILES BLOCK, BOSTON.  
Entrance from Court Street and 38 School Street.

DE. O. P. ROGERS,  
DENTIST,  
139 1/2 Main Street, 145 Woburn, Mass.  
HENRY HILLER, M. D.,  
24 TREMONT ROW, BOSTON, MASS.  
SPECIAL ATTENTION PAID TO  
THROAT AND LUNG DISEASES.  
Hours from 11 to 3. Residence, WILMINGTON.

Auctioneers.  
WILLIAM WINN,  
AUCTIONEER,  
BURLINGTON, MASS.  
Sales of Real and Personal Estate attended to on  
seasonable terms. Orders left at the JOURNAL Of-  
fice, Woburn, promptly attended to.

E. PRIOR,  
AUCTIONEER,  
Office, 89 Court Street, Boston.  
Orders left at H. F. Smith's Tea Store, 154 Main  
street, Woburn, will receive prompt attention.

Musical.  
Miss A. J. Campbell,  
desires a few pupils on the  
PIANO FORTE,  
and will also teach THEORY. Terms reasonable to  
suit the times. For particulars call at her residence,  
No. 70 Main Street, near Green St.

CENTRAL HOUSE  
Livery, Hack & Boarding  
STABLE,  
212 MAIN STREET, WOBURN,  
G. F. JONES, Proprietor

M. ELLIS & Co.,  
BUILDING MOVERS, STONE MASONS,  
CELLAR BUILDERS, AND JOBBERS,  
OFFICE—Under Post Office. Residence—Winn St.  
M. Ellis, Woburn; A. M. Ellis, Malden; John So-  
ley, Chelsea.

E. C. COLOMB,  
TAILOR,  
Church Street, Winchester.  
Having had many years experience as a Practice  
Tailor, in some of the best tailoring establishments  
in the country, he offers his services to the citizens  
of Winchester, and will guarantee satisfaction to all  
who may favor him with their custom.

HALL TO LET.  
Post 33, G. A. R., having recently leased the Hall  
No. 194 Main St., Woburn (Fox Building), it being  
the second Hall in size in town, and fitted up the  
same with two large ante rooms and all modern  
conveniences, will let it to parties on reason-  
able terms. Enquire of Trustees, JOHN L. FAIR-  
KER, NEWELL Z. TAYLOR, T. MARVIN PAR-  
KER.

PROTRUDING TOES.  
PARENTS, you need no longer throw away  
your Children's shoes before they are half  
worn, on account of Holes through the Toes.  
Either the  
SILVER  
OR "A. S. T. & Co."  
BLACK TIP,  
WILL PREVENT THIS.

Ask for these shoes when buying.

## Poetical Selection.

## FORSYDOWING.

I know, my friend,  
We never have been lovers, but when we  
Of these sweet summer hours shall find the end,  
And there shall be  
A courteous close to all our pleasant speech—  
When you go out into the hurrying crowd,  
To battle like a warrior iron-browed,  
For all the worldly blessings which you claim,  
Wealth, power, and fame—  
Things which I do not crave and cannot reach—  
I wonder if your heart will be the same,  
I wonder as even and as tranquilly  
Away from me?  
If, when you find your separate life once more,  
'Twill be as whole and happy as before?  
It may be so—  
Ambition has broad leaves, which overgrow  
The feeble heart-plants, blooming small and low:  
And yet, I think,  
When time, or change, or both, have snapped the  
link  
Which holds us near or slightly heart to heart,  
When you have found out new and pleasant ways  
From these apart—  
I've loved fair women, and have known great men,  
Perhaps grown great yourself, and tasted praise;  
Despite the roses which blind you then—  
You will look back to these times, quiet days—  
With dim, strange pain—  
And happily in your dreaming think of me  
Half mournfully,  
Saying—while all surrounding wretchedness  
Seem dull and vain,  
And beauty's smile, and flattery's ministries  
Lose for the time, their hold on heart and brain,  
"Ah, me! how little she was like to these?  
Would I could look upon that face again."

## Selected Story.

## HUMPHBACK SENE.

Asenath Martyn was slightly built and undersized. The children used to cry out, "Humphback! Humphback!" and people in passing would say, "Look at that girl!" Her face was gravenly lined, but womanly and pleasant. The world had, indeed, dealt harshly with her. Her deformity had caused by a blow at the hands of a drunken mother. Sene remembered that, and her unhappy childhood; and when the wretched mother had met a violent death, she also remembered having heard some one say at the funeral, "How glad Sene must be!" Since that, life had meant three things—her father, the mills, and Richard Cross. The latter had, by chance, become a resident of the same home with Sene and her old father. A tender sympathy, combined with a oneness of interests, soon ripened into love and resulted in an engagement.

After a time Sene discovered that Dick's affections were being drawn away from herself and centered upon Del Ivory, a pretty, fascinating, giddy creature, whose beauty she sometimes envied, but whose frivolity she despised. Dick, not knowing his secret was discovered, was too honorable to think of breaking his engagement, and consequently attempted to resist and suppress his new love by avoiding Del and redoubling his attentions to Sene. The latter had long been trying to release him, but could not find the courage to do so; and he, seeing that she suffered, wearied himself with plans to make her eyes shine; and did she try to speak her wretched secret, he suffocated it with kindness, and struck her dumb with tender words. It was the morning after the last of these ineffectual attempts on Sene's part that this sketch opens.

The silent city steeped and bathed itself in rose tints; the river ran red, and the snow crimsoned on the distant New Hampshire hills; Pemberton, mute and cold, frowned across the disk of the climbing sun, and dripped, as she had seen it drip before, with blood.

The day broke softly, the snow melted, the wind blew warm from the river. The factory-bell chimed cheerily, and a few sleepers, in safe, luxurious beds, were awakened by hearing the girls sing on their way to work.

Sene was a little dizzy that morning—the constant palpitating of the floors always made her dizzy after a wakeful night—and so her cotton threads danced out of place and troubled her.

Del Ivory, working beside her, said, "How the mill shakes! What's going on?"

"It's the new machinery they're h'isting in," observed the overseer, carelessly. "Great improvement, but heavy, very heavy; they calculate on getting it all into place to-day; you'd better be tending to your frame, Miss Ivory."

Years before, an unknown workman in South Boston, casting an iron pillar upon its core, had suffered it to "float" a little, a very little more, till the thin, unequal side cooled to the measure of an eighth of an inch. That man had provided Asenath's way of escape.

She went out at noon with her luncheon, and found a place upon the stairs, away from the rest, and sat there awhile, with her eyes upon the river, thinking. She could not help wondering a little, after all, why God need have made her so unlike the rest of his fair handiwork. Del came bounding by, and nodded at her carelessly. Two young Irish girls, sisters, were singing a little love-song together, while they tied on their shoes to go home.

"There are such pretty things in the world!" thought poor Sene.

The wind began at last to blow chilly up the staircases, and in the cracks; the sun dipped above the dam; the mill dimmed slowly; shadows crept down between the frames.

"It's time for lights," said Meg Match, wearing a little at her spoons.

Sene, in the pauses of her thinking, heard snatches of the girls' talk.

"Del," said Sene, "I think to-morrow—"

She stopped. Something strange had happened to her frame; it jarred, buzzed,

snapped; the threads untwisted and flew out of place.

"Curious!" she said, and looked up. Looked up to see her overseer turn wildly, clap his hands wildly to his head, and fall; to hear a shriek from Del that froze her blood; to see the solid ceiling grate above her; to see the walls and windows stagger; to see iron pillars reel, and vast machinery throw up its helpless, giant arms, and a tangle of human faces blanch and writhe!

She sprang as the floor gave way. As pillar after pillar gave way, she bounced up an inclined plane, with the gulf yawning after her. It gained upon her, leaped at her, caught her; beyond were the stars and an open door; she threw out her arms, and struggled with hands and knees, tripped in the gearing, and saw as she fell, a square, oaken beam above her head and crash; it was of a fresh red color; she dimly wondered why—as she felt her hand slip, her knees slide, support, time, place and reason go utterly out.

"At ten minutes before five, on Tuesday, the tenth of January, the Pemberton Mill, all the hands being at the time on duty, fell to the ground."

So the record flashed over the telegraph wires, sprang into large type in the newspapers, passed from lip to lip, a nine days' wonder, gave place to the successful candidate and the muttering South, and was forgotten.

Sene's father, working at Meg Match's shoes—she never was to wear these shoes, poor Meg!—heard, at ten minutes before five, what he thought to be the rumble of an earthquake under his very feet, and stood with bated breath, waiting for the crash. As nothing further appeared to happen, he took his stick and limped out into the street.

A vast crowd surged through it from end to end. Women with white lips were counting the Mills—Pacific, Atlantic, Washington, Pemberton. Where was Pemberton?

Where Pemberton had winked its many eyes last night, and hummed with its iron mouth this noon, a cloud of dust, black, silent, horrible, puffed a hundred feet in the air.

Asenath opened her eyes after a time. Beautiful green and purple lights had been dancing about her, but she had had no thoughts. It occurred to her now that she must have been struck upon the head. The church clocks were striking eight. A bonfire which had been lit at a distance, to light the citizens in the work of rescue, cast a little gleam in through the debris across her two hands, which lay clasped together at her side. One of her fingers, she saw, was gone; it was the finger which held Dick's little engagement ring. The red beam lay across her forehead, and drops dripped from it upon her eyes. Her feet, still tangled in the gearing which had tripped her, were buried beneath a pile of bricks.

A broad piece of flooring that had fallen slantwise, roofed her in and saved her from the mass of ironwork overhead, which would have crushed the breath out of Hercules. Fragments of looms, shafts, and pillars were in heaps about. Some one who she could not see was dying just behind her. A little girl who worked in her room—a mere child—was crying, between her groans, for her mother. Del Ivory sat in a little open space, cushioned about with a reel of cotton; she was wringing her hands. They were at work from the outside, sawing entrances through the labyrinth of planks. A dead woman lay close by, and Sene saw them draw her out. It was Meg Match. One of the pretty Irish girls was crushed quite out of sight; only one hand was free; she moved it feebly. They could hear her calling for Jimmy Mahoney! Jimmy Mahoney! and would be sure and give him back the handkerchief! Poor Jimmy Mahoney! By and by she called no more, and in a little while the hand was still. On the other side of the slanted floor some one prayed aloud. She had a little baby at home. She was asking God to take care of it for her. "For Christ's sake," she said. Sene listened for the Amen, but it was never spoken. Beyond they dug a man out from underneath a dead body, unhurt. He crawled to his feet and broke into furious blasphemies.

Del cried presently that they were cutting them out. The glare of bonfires strunk through an opening; saws and axes flashed; voices grew distinct.

"They never can get at me," said Sene. "I must be able to crawl. If you could get some of those bricks off my feet, Del?"

Del took off two or three in a frightened way; then seeing the blood on them sat down and cried.

A Scotch girl, with one arm shattered, crept up and removed the pile; then faintly. The opening broadened, brightened; the sweet night-wind blew in; the safe night-sky shone through. Sene's heart leaped within her. Out in the wind and under the sky she should stand again, after all! Back in the little bright kitchen, where the sun shone, and she could sing a song, there would yet be a place for her. She thought of her father, of Dick, of the supper-table set for three. Life—even her life, grew sweet, now that it was slipping from her. She worked her head from under the beam, and raised herself upon her elbow. At that moment she heard a cry—

"Fire! fire! God Almighty help them—the ruins are on fire!"

A man working over the debris from the outside had taken the notion—being rather dark just there—to carry a lantern with him.

"It's time for lights," said Meg Match, wearing a little at her spoons.

Sene, in the pauses of her thinking, heard snatches of the girls' talk.

"Del," said Sene, "I think to-morrow—"

She stopped. Something strange had happened to her frame; it jarred, buzzed,

That was at nine o'clock. What there

was to see from then till morning could never be told or forgotten.

"Del," said Sene, presently, "I smell the smoke." And in a little while, "How red it is growing away over there at the left." To lie here and watch the hideous redness crawling after her, springing at her!—it had seemed greater than reason could bear, at first.

Now it did not trouble her. She grew a little faint, and her thoughts wandered. She put her head down upon her arms and shut her eyes. Dreamily she heard them saying a dreadful thing outside, about one of the overseers; at the alarm of fire he had cut his throat, and before the flames had touched him was taken out. Dreamily she heard Del cry that the shaft behind the heap of reels was growing hot. Dreamily she saw a tiny puff of smoke struggle through the cracks of a broken fly-frame.

They were working to save her, with rigid, stern faces. A plank snapped, a rod yielded; they drew out the Scotch girl, her hair was singed; then a man with blood upon his face and wrists held down his arms.

"There's time for one more! God save the rest of ye—I can't!"

Del sprang; then stopped—even Del—stopped, ashamed, and looked back at the cripple.

Asenath at this sat up erect. The latent heroism in her awoke. All her thoughts grew clear and bright. The tangled shroud of her perplexed and troubled winter unwound suddenly. This, then, was the way. It was better so. God had provided himself a lamb for the burnt offering.

So she said, "Go, Del, and tell him I sent you with my dear love, and that it is all right."

And Del at the first word went.

Sene sat and watched them draw her out; it was a slow process; the loose sleeve of her factory sack was scorched.

Somebody at work outside turned suddenly and caught her. It was Dick. The love which he fought so long broke free of barrier in that hour. He kissed her pink arm where the burnt sleeve fell off. He uttered a cry at the blood upon her face. She turned faint with the sense of safety; and, with a face as white as her own, he bore her away in his arms to the hospital, over the crimson snow.

Asenath looked out through the glare and smoke with parched lips. For a scratch upon the girl's smooth cheek, he had quite forgotten her. They had left her, tombed alive here in this furnace, and gone their happy way. Yet it gave her a curious sense of relief and triumph. If this were all that she could be to him, the thing which she had done was right, quite right. God must have known. She turned away, and shut her eyes again.

When she opened them, neither Dick, nor Del, nor crimsoned snow, nor sky, were there; only the smoke writhing up a pillar of blood-red flame.

The child who had called for her mother began to sob out that she was afraid to die alone.

"Come here, Molly," said Sene. "Can you crawl around?"

Molly crawled around.

"Put your head in my lap, and your arms about my waist, and I will put my hands in yours—so. There! I guess that's better."

But they had not given them up yet. In the still unburnt rubbish at the right, some one had wrenched an opening within a foot of Sene's face. They clawed at the solid iron pines like savage things. A fireman faintly in the glow.

"Give it up!" cried the crowd behind.

"It can't be done! Fall back!" then hushed awe struck.

An old man was crawling along upon his hands and knees over the heated bricks. He was a very old man. His gray hair blew about in the wind.

"I want my little gal!" he said. "Can't anybody tell me where to find my little gal?"

A rough-looking young fellow pointed in perfect silence through the smoke.

"I'll have her out yet. I'm an old man, but I can help. She's my little gal, ye see. Hand me that ere dipper of water; it'll keep her cool. Sene! Your old father'll get ye out. Keep up good heart, child! That's it!"

"It's no use father. Don't feel bad, father. I don't mind it very much."

He hacked at the timber, he tried to laugh; he bewildered himself with cheerful words.

"No more ye needn't, Senath, for it'll be over in a minute. Don't be downcast yet. We'll have ye safe at home before ye know it. Drink a little more water—do now! They'll get at ye, sure!"

But above the crackle and roar a woman's voice rang out like a bell:

"We're going home, to die no more."

A child's notes quavered in the chorus. From sealed and unseen graves, white young lips swelled to the glad refrain:

"We're going, going home."

The crawling smoke turned yellow, turned red. Voice after voice broke and hushed utterly. One only sang on like silver. It uttered defiance down at death. It chimed into the lurid sky without a tremor. For one stood beside her in the furnace, and his form was like unto the form of the Son of God. Their eyes met. Why should not Asenath sing?

"Senath!" cried the old man out upon the burning bricks; he was scorched now, from his gray hair to his patched bow.

The answer came triumphantly:

"To die no more, no more, no more!"

"Sene! little Sene!"

But some one pulled him back.

"A set of false teeth was found on the floor at a ball in New Haven, Conn. The loss occurred soon after the formation of a new set.

MAKING A NEWSPAPER.

It was an exceedingly cold night and Mr. and Mrs. Bunby huddled the stove closely; he passed the time in reading a paper, and she sat looking at the fire.

Without any preface whatever, she dropped the poker. With so much force did it strike the hearth that Mr. Bunby stopped his reading abruptly, and looked over the top of his spectacles inquiringly.

Mrs. Bunby had a happy thought; quickly in was transmitted to Mr. B.

"John," said she, "you remember some time ago you promised to tell me how newspapers are made."

"Yes, yes; but some other time, love."

"Do now, please, John."

Again he tried to content her with a promise, but it was of no avail; she wanted to know then, just "how papers are put together."

He hesitated. The longer he hesitated the more impatient she grew, and he felt it. Seeing that postponement was of no avail, he heaved a sigh, laid aside his paper and reluctantly began to unravel for his wife's edification the "inner life of a newspaper."

"In the first place," said he, "the copy is sent to the composing room."

"Where does the copy come from," she queried.

"From the editors and the reporters, of course."

"Do you mean?"

"Then it is given to the type-setter—"

"What do they do, sit on it?"

"No—thunder, no; they are the compositors who set it up."

"Oh, they compose the copy, and then set it up. But how does it sit?"

He drew another long sigh and then calmly replied: "The editors compose the copy, and then send in to the composition room, and the type-setters put it in type."

"What! the copy?"

"Yes; they set the types up so that they will read as the copy reads."

"Oh, I see."

A pause ensued.

"John," said Mrs. Bunby, "you stopped at the compositors setting the type. What do they set it in?"

"In a stick."

"A stick! what kind of a stick?"

"O, a stick is a device that is just the width of the column of the paper, and holds just seventeen lines of brevier."

"And what is brevier?"

"A kind of type that is pleasing to the eye and easily read."

"Oh, I see."

"When the printers get a stickful," he went on, "they empty—"

"Are printers different from the compositors?"

"No!" he replied, a little out of temper, "They are one and the same."

"Oh, I see."

"When they get a stickful of type, as I was about to say, they empty it on a galley—"

"And in throwing it upon a galley don't it all go apart?"

"No, they lift it from the stick and place it gently, very gently, on a galley—"

"And what's a galley?"

"A long article made of brass, in which the matter is proved—"

"What kind of matter, and how do they prove it?"

"Will you wait a moment? if so, I will try and explain—but give me time," he said, nettled a little at her cross-examination.

"All right, go on."

"Type, when it is set up is called 'matter,' and when the first impression of it is taken, they call it—"

"Impression of what?"

"Oh, bother—the type, when it is first printed on the galley, that is called a proof, and they call it 'proving the matter.'"

"Oh, I see. Does the galley print it?"

"No, the devil."

"Oh, John!" she cried in tones of reproach. "Why will you use such words?"

"I was not swearing. The apprentice around a printing office is known as 'the devil.'"

"Oh!"

"The proof sheet which makes, after going to the proof reader, is returned to the printers and the corrections are made."

"Corrections made in what?"

"The matter, my dear. It is then given to the foreman."

"What, the proof?"

"No, the matter."

"What does he do with it?"

"Will you wait a moment? The foreman takes the matter and places it in the form."

"What kind of a form?"

"An iron chase, which, when it has all the news in it which is in type, and is locked up, is called a form."

"Locked up? How?"

"With quoins and side-sticks."

"Sticks and coins—ha, ha, ha—what kind of coins?"

"Not coins, but quoins, q-u-o-i-n-s."

"And what are they?"

"Good gracious, any more questions?"

A quoin, he resumed, "is a small block, and is wedged in between the chase and side-sticks with a 'shooting-stick.'"

"A shooting stick! How does it shoot?"

"Shoots the quoins into place with the aid of a mallet."

She did not quite understand, but saw by the white of his eye that it would not be well to question him too much, so she bided her time and he went on.

"Sometimes the matter is 'pied—"

"How's that?"

"Why, when some type is knocked over or dropped on the floor, it is useless, and is called by the fraternity 'pi.'"

He thought he had gotten through, but the irrepressible wife continued:

"Where do they make the form up?"

"On 'the stone,'" was the rejoinder.

"What kind of a stone—a round one?"

"No, a flat one—a piece of level marble."

"Oh, I see."

"Well, when the form is made up it is put on the printing machine, and the edition goes to press."

"What do they press the papers for?"

"They don't press the papers, press means printing; after they are printed they are circulated throughout the city."

"Oh, I see," and after waiting some little time for him to continue, Mrs. Bunby asked, "Is that all?"

"Thank Heaven, yes!" he grumbled from behind the paper he had resumed. Silence followed. He read on undisturbed for fully an hour. His wife having regained her hold on the poker, was occupied twirling it, at the same time murmuring, while looking intently at the ashes, "Types, matter, galley, proof, devil, coins, presses."

The United States Fearfully Cut Up.

I met him in the cars on my way from Albany. He was a pleasant-looking old man, and his better-half sat beside him. The car was as full as an election-day politician, and I was compelled to take a seat immediately in front of the happy couple. There was something about him, however, that made me feel sorry right away. He had more talk in him than a school boy's head has of something else, and I hadn't fairly settled before he began to unload some of it:

"Nice day!"

"Beautiful!"

"Fearful road!"

"Fearful!"

Here was a small opening for him, and he got the wedge in. Oh! if I'd only made believe that I was deaf and dumb.

"I've travelled all over this country, and never saw worse roads in all my life. Why, the road over the Rocky mountains ain't half so rough."

"Summit better," I responded.

He looked at his companion, whom he called Minnie, winked, and said:

"Funny man! Wonder who 'tis. Looks like Mark Twain—"

Then he paused, and just as I was bracing up and endeavoring to put on a Twainish look, he continued by saying:

"Around the feet."

This made me mad.

"You've been all over the United States, have you? Then of course you New York. How is he getting along?"

"Oh! he Kentucky way as much whisky as ever."

"Much Florida, in consequence, I suppose," I suggested.

"Utah thought so if you'd seen him when I did—"

Here the passengers began to look worried, and one of them asked the conductor how far it was to the next station. Another ventured that maybe we weren't going far.

"Yes," continued the old party, "he tried to make love to Minnie when I saw him last."

"Arizona foolin'," blushing remarked the old woman.

"Minnesota liked it, didn't she?" I asked, and gave him a look that intimated that I guessed that would settle it.

"You mustn't call her Minnie. It makes her mad. She'd have Georgia if she'd heard you. She Kansas back whenever she wants to."

"If it Illinois her, of course I'll refrain," I answered.

Here one of the passengers was carried out to the rear platform, and nine-tenths of the others were tearing the lining out of their coats for wadding to put in their ears.

"Perhaps Iowa an apology," I continued.

"No, I guess not," he said, without moving an eyelash. "It Texas English people to understand folks. I don't a Montana thing, Tennessee-sary."

I felt for my pistol. At this moment the cars stopped at a station, and most of the passengers got out and waited for the next train. The majority had their heads tied up. I was determined to fight it out to the bitter end, if it took every state in the union. As the train moved out of that station the conductor came up and asked me to keep still, for God's sake. He said the wheels were getting weak, and the coal refused to burn. The passengers had all departed to the other cars, with the exception of six. I here looked determined. They were not over-pale, I was satisfied to give it up if he was. Just as I had made up my mind that the whole thing was settled—

"Ohio!" yawned the fiend. "I'm getting tired of this journey."

"I think it has been very pleasant. Wouldn't Michigan for \$100. Jersey?"

Without noticing the last query he said: "Hope we'll meet again. I Nevada pleasant time. Hope I Maine never have a worse."

At this point one of the passengers fell off his seat. He died in a few minutes. Before the conductor could get to the water tank another one had breathed his last. Two of the remaining ones were staring at each other, and it was found that they had both gone crazy. The remaining two were deaf and dumb. I grasped my valise as the train reached Jersey City, and started for the boat. As I was passing out of the door the fiend yelled after me:

"Yes, I New York and Jersey and New Hampshire. I've Rhode Island, Connecticut, Idaho-le lot of land in Colorado. I Missis \* \* \*



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SATURDAY, MARCH 1, 1879.

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## OUR KINDERGARTEN EXPERIMENT.

A modified kindergarten system has now been on trial in several Woburn schools for some months—long enough for us to note the results, and to pronounce it a success. Through the kindness of Superintendent Davis, we are enabled to give some notes on the subject. The old methods of teaching young children were too mechanical, artificial and constrained. The new system is taking our Woburn boys and girls as they are,—in the freshness, naturalness, and lively curiosity of childhood,—and, instead of repressing, it is developing and turning to the best account, these qualities. The effect of such treatment, on timid children, especially, is most excellent. Attractive and valuable traits of mind and character are shyly unfolding, and the rough treatment of fifty years ago would have a repressing effect. Under this new system, the child's curiosity and quick sympathy are constantly stimulated and satisfied. His natural desire to know and do something useful is turned to the best account, and not left to work mischief on the child himself, and on everything about him.

In attaining these desirable results, the mode of teaching is made so simple as to be easily grasped by the child. The first aim is to make the exercises interesting; the second, to make them clear. Hence, the reading lessons all relate to matters which the child is familiar with, so that his interest and sympathy are enlisted. The learning to read is made simply a continuation of learning to talk, so that the former is as interesting to the child as the latter. But not until he has acquired a considerable acquaintance with spoken language is he prepared to learn to read by this system. Instead of holding him to the study of unmeaning syllables, his attention is directed, at the outset, to whole sentences, which the teacher writes on the blackboard. She then asks, "What is it?" The use of toys and other objects in connection with the written sentence, soon make the children very quick at answering the question. This exercise precedes the learning to spell, and even the ability to separate one word in a sentence from another. The advantage is that the child grasps the whole thought at once. He soon learns to give expression to the sentence, though his first impulse is to pronounce the whole sentence as one word. After learning the art of reading in this way, the child is trained to read at sight from books which he has never seen before. The production of these new books excites his interest greatly, and he does his best in the reading. One only needs to see this method of learning to read in operation, to feel satisfied that it is decidedly superior to the old, mechanical process.

The child learns to write in the same way—by taking, first, the sentence as a whole, and then the separate words. In this way, he learns in six months to write a legible hand from dictation. Before leaving the primary school he can write a good hand, and originate sentences. He has been trained to write down on paper his simple thoughts concerning the objects around him just as he would talk about them. That is, he writes "compositions," but he is made to understand that they are simply written talks. And he is not allowed to use any words which he does not understand. This process makes ready writers and thinkers, and perfect spellers. Their knowledge of grammar is better than under the old system. No spelling book is used, because better spellers can be made without it.

The new system gives the children useful and interesting employment when not under instruction. They have free access to a table covered with blocks and other objects which serve to teach them addition, division and other arithmetical operations. Sometimes a picture is placed before a child, and he is encouraged to talk about it,—that is, to read from the picture. He often makes up quite a story from it.

There is no merely mechanical work in our primary schools; no "toeing the mark," no walking on tiptoes, with the hands behind. Now, the child does his school-room work spontaneously, and all unconscious of everything else. His mind works naturally, and he becomes fruitful in resources. In fact, the success of the system, since its introduction last fall, into three or four schools in Woburn, has been so marked, that the School Committee have decided to adopt it in all the primary schools of the town. We expect that the result will be a higher type of mind and character in the men and women who will come after us.

ANOTHER POSTAL IMPROVEMENT.—Last Monday a new mail was received by the 8.12 A. M. train, and it will continue to arrive at that hour. The special convenience of it is that it brings the New York mail. We have received several packages, since this new arrangement, that were mailed from New York City the previous evening. The mail is opened about half an hour later than the first morning mail. This morning the mail arrived at 8.15 and contained letters mailed last evening in New York at 8 o'clock, Newark N. J., at 6 o'clock, Bangor, Me., at 6 o'clock, and from other points, showing how rapidly the mails are handled, and how near we are, by this new arrangement, to distant points. This is a great improvement and will be much appreciated by our business men.

We are in receipt of newspapers from Dr. S. G. Cowdrey, U. S. Army, stationed at Fort Cameron, Utah.

## Inspection of the Fire Department.

The annual inspection of the houses and apparatus belonging to the Woburn Fire Department was made on Friday last, by Messrs. Grammer, Hill, Thompson, Munroe, and Wyman, Fire and Military Committee of the Selectmen. They were accompanied by Engineers Ferrin, Porter, Doherty and Poole. The material was found in excellent condition, the houses in good order, and everything betokening care and readiness. An inspection of the material without seeing the men was regarded as only a partial inspection, and it was decided that the men should also be seen. Rather than call them away from their daily labors, however, it was considered best to rally them at the Centre of the town some evening, and the Chief Engineer was entrusted with the responsibility of naming the time and place, the only stipulations being that he alone should know the hour. It soon became noised about in some mysterious manner, and that the Central House would be the objective point. The firemen became at once intensely interested in the matter, and the most careful preparations were made to make quick time. The only knowledge of the time that could be gleaned was that the call would occur some evening this week. On Monday the firemen were all in their houses, those having horses at their command ready with their steeds to start at a second's warning. Monday evening passed off without the alarm. Tuesday afternoon snow commenced falling, and as night drew on the streets became heavy, and the chances for making quick time, should the gong blow, became small. It was thought by some that the storm would prevent the muster, and as seven o'clock tolled from the church towers, and no alarm, the men began to say, "It won't come tonight." They did not relax their vigilance, however, but the doors of eight engine houses stood wide open, the men and horses all ready on the thresholds for the expected sound, and when at ten minutes past the hour the gong gave forth its grum alarm a hundred men sprang into the streets and rushed, with all the energy for which firemen are celebrated, toward the goal, each man determined to do his best to secure for his company, in spite of the unfavorable condition of the streets, the best possible result.

Main street was comparatively deserted, but the gong put new life into the scene, and when Tom Boyce appeared at the Central House, driving the pung used by "L. W. Perham" Hose 1, in just 45 seconds, he was greeted with a hearty round of applause. Jim Rice, with the Steamer, was close behind and was given a record of 1:20, which with the heavy travelling was good enough. Next came the Hook & Ladder truck, without a horse, and a small crew, but they arrived in 2:20. The Highlands were the next to appear, they having a horse on their rope, and they must have come fast, for only three men were able to keep up, and their time was just three minutes. Their route was through Prospect, High and Main. They were closely followed by the "Swamp Angels" No. 6, a volunteer organization, not regularly in the Department. They ran with an ordinary two-wheel jumper, and were aided by a horse, and passed the Central House in 3:10. The crowd by this time had become large, and the companies had come so rapidly, that the spectators almost expected miracles of speed. Hose 3 from Cummingsville came in next in 7:25, with a horse attached by shafts to the hose pump, and carrying a driver and one man. Hose 2 from North Woburn, arrived in 14:40, with the men on the rope, and a horse on the lead. Hose 4 from East Woburn, came over by the way of Woods Hill, without the aid of a horse, and arrived in 19 minutes. They did not hear the gong at their house, and did not know that it had been blown, until they were informed by persons in the village, so that they were several minutes late in starting. Considering the condition of the roads and the storm that was raging, the time made was extraordinary. From measurements made on the Town Map, we compile the following table of distances, and with the foregoing explanation, the time and distance considered, the performance will be better understood.

Hose	Dist. in feet.	Time.	Power
Hose 1,	1,000	0:45	Horse.
Steamer	1,000	1:20	Horse.
Hose 2, 1,	1,075	2:20	Men.
Hose 3,	3,100	3:00	Horse and men.
Hose 4,	3,380	3:10	Horse and men.
Hose 5,	9,415	7:25	Horse.
Hose 6,	10,427	14:40	Horse and men.
Hose 7,	8,700	19:00	Men.

After all had arrived, Gilecast Hook and Ladder gave an exhibition of their proficiency with the Bangor Ladder, which they ran up to the roof of the Central House. This exhibition over, the firemen were invited into the Central House, where a bountiful collation was provided, and which proved a pleasant termination to the inspection.

After discussing the generous bill of fare, Chief Engineer Ferrin introduced Col. W. T. Grammer, the chairman of the Fire and Military Committee of the Selectmen. Col. Grammer spoke of the origin of the inspection, the offer of the Chief to parade the men, and his desire that each company should have fair play in the friendly contest. He believed they had had it, and complimented them on their promptness. He spoke of the good feeling that was apparent between the companies. He hoped they would keep it up, and assured them of the sympathy and support of the citizens of the town. Mr. A. E. Thompson said that the officers of the town consider the firemen a great honor as well as an aid to the town. Mr. T. H. Hill said he was much pleased with the appearance of the engine houses and also to witness their promptness. The people of the town have great cause to be grateful to the firemen, and in their hands there is no danger of any great loss by fire. He was glad to hear on all hands, words of commendation. Mr. John I. Munroe heartily appreciated the compliment of being called upon to speak to what he believed the ideal firemen. He did not believe a single word of disparagement could be said of them by any one. He hoped the citizens, whose safety they assured, would ever be ready to give them all necessary aid and assistance. Capt. L. W. Perham said that if he should live to be 150 years old he would still love the fire department, and enjoy an opportunity to speak to it. He complimented the men on their achievements in

he street and at the table, and he knew that they could do their whole duty. Speaking of the false alarm that had been sounded during the afternoon, he spoke earnestly in favor of a telegraph fire alarm. Brief remarks were then made by engineers Poole, Porter and Doherty, and Foreman Abdlington, Dodge, Ellard, Murray, Fountain and Parsons, H. L. Andrews, clerk of Highland Hose, spoke of a library that is being collected by his company, and recommended it as a good thing to have in all the houses. Chief Ferrin described in an amusing manner how he was watched and followed by members of the Department who were anxious to find out when he was to call in the men. He stated that it was his purpose next summer, if still in his present position, to have a similar muster of the men, with the addition of putting on all the streams, some 14, and to test the ability of the water works to endure a heavy draught upon them. He thanked the department for its prompt response, and gave the order to "limber up." The companies separated, each taking its apparatus, and by ten o'clock the department was once more safely housed.

MASQUERADE PARTY.—The fifth annual sheet and pillow case party of Crystal Lodge No. 9, was held at their hall Wednesday evening, and though the weather and travelling were very bad, about sixty couples did participate in the good time always enjoyed by the members of this flourishing lodge at its annual parties. About twenty-five couples were masked, and their comical appearance, with the perfection in which they represented the different characters assumed, called forth the warmest praise. Five orphans from the Black Hills,—Messrs. Sweetser, Grammer, Reed, Gwynn and White were as perfect a set of greasers as ever seen from that wild region. The office of drum major was ably filled by Mr. Geo. L. Tyler, of Lynn; with an immense bear-skin cap on, he towered high above all. The Fat Boy, by E. C. Colomb, was as perfect a representation of one over-burdened with flesh as could be produced. Miss Mary D. Converse as a Highland Lassie showed fine taste in the arrangement of her costume, and the peculiar Scotch manners were well represented. Miss Jennie Webster, as the Goddess of Liberty, fully represented her part. The Old Man represented by Walter Kelley, reminded one of the nimble, active old gentlemen, whom we always look upon with surprise. The court dresses of the young of Charles II, by E. D. West and Frank Chase, of Winchester, were very fine specimens of the display in royal circles. Richard III, by T. Marvin Parker, was like all his attempts in this line,—a perfect success. Mrs. A. A. Ferrin, as Topsy, carried out her part satisfactorily. The never-dying Tom Collins, who is always round when any fun is wanted, was represented by Amos Pettengill in an excellent manner. Capt. J. P. Crane, well known for the earnestness with which he engages in any enterprise, took the part of the clown, and acquitted himself in a manner that would have done credit to many a professional member of the ring. Others, representing Spanish ladies, pink, white and blue dominoes, and other characters, added to the variety which is one of the attractions of such gatherings. The party unmasked at 9:30. Music was furnished by Ford's Band. Dancing was continued until one o'clock, and under the management of Mr. O. M. Wade, floor director, and A. Murdock, F. D. Merrill and L. A. Sweetser as aids, the party proved to be one of the most successful of the many pleasant parties given by this lodge.

G. A. R.—There was a pleasant entertainment at Grand Army Hall, on Thursday evening, at which the audience entirely filled the hall. The programme opened with a reading by C. K. Conn, of Artemus Ward's account of the birth of his twins; Miss Helen D. Samson gave piano selections from "Babes in the Wood"; Elmore A. Pierce read "The Horses and the Eggs," and the "Modest Wit"; Misses Calman and Spinney gave a piano duet; Rev. W. S. Barnes gave a patriotic address; which was very timely and well received; Miss Amy Morgan gave variations of "Old Oaken Bucket," on the piano; Miss Rebecca G. Ellis sang "Market Day"; and "Sweetheart"; Edward Cummings declaimed "Bernardo del Capiro"; Miss Samson gave variations of "Believe me if all those endearing young charms," and "Nearer my God, to Thee"; F. W. Bosworth, Jr., recited "On the Shores of the Tennessee"; Mrs. E. N. Cummings sang "Birds of Spring," and "Welcome my bonny lad." The entertainment closed with the singing of "Keller's American Hymn." These entertainments are very interesting, and the Post has shown good taste in their selection, and by furnishing to their friends a series of free entertainments, are deserving, as they have, the good wishes of the citizens of Woburn.

PIANO-FORTE RECITAL.—A piano-forte recital was given, by the pupils of Mr. F. H. Lewis, on Wednesday evening at the Unitarian vestry. The young ladies did themselves and their teacher credit. The "Minuet and Turkish March," by Miss Howland, and the "Marche de Fur," by Miss Lang were stirring pieces and played with stirring effect. Mrs. Gilecast gave several pieces finely. The Highland Quartette being unexpectedly absent, Mrs. G. P. Bartlett favored the audience with several songs.

A GOOD IDEA.—The Y. M. C. A. have placed boxes in the stores of Messrs. W. W. Hill and G. S. Dodge, in which any persons desiring the assistance of the Association, or having suggestions or information to offer concerning the work, can leave a written note. Matthew 25:36, and Isaiah 41:6, are referred to on the front of the box.

THE LIBRARY.—The monthly meeting was held on Tuesday evening. Messrs. George M. Champney and O. F. Bryant were appointed a committee to draw up regulations to govern the reception and delivery of books and the general library work. Mr. George M. Champney was appointed Librarian.

Hon. S. Z. Bowman, Representative to Congress from this district, went on to Washington Thursday evening. He was accompanied by Mr. George W. Cook, foreman of shipwrights of the Charlestown Navy Yard, who has obtained a week's leave.

## Communication.

Mr. Estlin.—Progress and change are two very different things and in no way is this more strikingly illustrated, than in the changes that have taken place in our educational system within the last ten years. Ten years ago an outline of the theory of Chemistry was taught in our High School, with a few experiments performed by the master, never by the pupil. Now each student performs the experiments for himself, while at the same time he masters the theoretical branch of the subject in connection with the experiments. Chemistry is an experimental science, and hence it is natural to expect an improvement in our courses from such a change in the methods of instruction; and such an improvement is evident in the results attained. Another change which has taken place in the same period, is the introduction of Prof. Smith's system of Geometrical Drawing. In this the scholar is taught the definitions of Geometry, and the solutions of numerous problems, but none of the principles on which those solutions depend, and in most instances the teachers themselves are profoundly ignorant of these principles. In fact, in the courses of instruction given to the teachers, no attempt is made to remove this ignorance. The scholar is taught to erect a perpendicular to the centre of a given straight line, to inscribe a circle in a given triangle, and many other things, but is never told why the solutions are as given. Here, then, all the experiments, as it were, of a science, are taught without a single principle on which those experiments depend; and this, too, in a branch of pure mathematics, than which nothing can be more strictly dependent upon theoretical deductions from general principles. Chemistry, as has been said, is strictly an experimental science, yet no one would be so foolish as to place the students in the laboratory and designate to them just what instruments and materials to use in the performance of their experiments, and never explain the nature of those materials and the reactions that take place. Were such instructions given we might expect to find students using concentrated acids for the renovation of spotted clothing or investigating the odor of arsenic hydride with a far different measure of success. Now it would be interesting to know on what grounds the teaching of Geometrical Drawing, as presented in Prof. Smith's works on the subject, can be considered an advantage in an educational point of view. The writer has no doubt but that scholars who are of age, could be taught to write out correctly solutions of algebraic problems, or even to write out in full the development of Maclaurin's Theorem, with numerous applications, but they could not possibly understand the work and could only write out the solutions from having actually memorized them. So is it in the Geometrical Drawing; they must memorize solution after solution of these problems, all of which are simple and easy to him who is familiar with the general principles of the science. What has already been said of these books on Geometrical Drawing applies with equal or even greater force to the works on Perspective Drawing, by the same author, which are an imposition on the pupils ability to learn by rote. In all three books upon this subject appears only one very poor demonstration of one of the principles used in the development of the subject and even this is placed on the last page of the third book, in this one single, "Why?" till after he has learned all the "hows." In the practical problems of our age where scientific attainment is required, we look to the man who has knowledge of all the principles involved and who can determine for himself whether or no the rules given him by his text books are correct. We shun the man who can only apply those rules, good or bad, for the desired result. It is the man who works from general principles and not he who blindly follows rule, whom we trust. Shall we then teach the child to work by rule, and leave him ignorant of the better part of what he studies? Rather should he avoid the subject altogether, until such time as he may be able to master its principles. We may well doubt if such a change this can be considered a progressive one. X

"THE LOST COLONIES."—Miss Fletcher, an experienced lecturer, will speak at the Unitarian Church next Monday evening, concerning the races who inhabited this continent 2500 years ago. The flattering notices of this lecture which have appeared in the journals of other places, lead us to expect an entertaining and instructive address.

BACK FALL.—In attempting to get out of the bad morning fog, Artemus Wood fell to the ground, and injured his legs so that he is unable to walk at all without assistance. Mr. Wood has been for years a sufferer from lameness, and has moved about with great difficulty; but this additional trouble makes him entirely helpless.

TIPPED OVER.—On Sunday night Chester W. Clark was going home to Wilmington, when his sleigh tipped over near Central Square, and the horse went on home alone. The damage done was a broken shaft. Mr. Clark rode home with one horse.

The barge "City of Boston" brought to the Central House, on Saturday, the employees of Lewis Coleman & Co., with flags and banners, and a determination to have a good time. Their expectations were more than realized.

DON'T.—Don't go to Boston for dry goods when you can get such good bargains at the store of C. A. Smith & Son. Few dry goods stores carry a larger stock, or a better variety of goods.

W. H. S. G. A.—The annual meeting of the Woburn High School Graduates Association for the election of officers, will occur next Monday evening.

SCHOOL COMMITTEE.—The monthly meeting was held on Tuesday evening, at which the contents of the coming annual report were debated.

RE-COMMISSIONED.—E. E. Thompson, Esq., has been re-commissioned by the Governor and Council a Justice of Peace for Middlesex County.

Chew Jackson's best sweet navy tobacco

SEASON OF LENT.—During Lent there will be services at the Catholic Church on Wednesday and Friday evenings, at 7:30; on Wednesday, Vespers and Benediction, on Fridays, the Stations of the Cross. It is the intention to have a different priest, from out of town, to officiate on each Wednesday.

The rector of Trinity will hold services at the West Side, on Tuesday evenings, and in the church, on Wednesday and Friday evenings. Rev. Mr. Winkly will speak on Wednesday, on "Lessons from the life of Christ," and on Fridays, on the "Miracles of Christ." On Sunday Mornings there will be Full Litany at the church. On Saturday afternoons, at 3:30 there will be services in the church for the young, and some "Stories from the Bible." During the last week of Lent, or Holy Week, services will be held in Trinity Church, on Wednesday and Good Friday mornings and every evening.

A NEW INDUSTRY FOR WOBURN.—We understand that Mr. Samuel M. Richardson, who has invented a revolving shoe heel, is about to engage in their manufacture in Woburn. L. B. Norris will at once put a three and four prospect streets, covering the ground between the mill and Prospect street, which will be fitted with the necessary machinery. The heels are hollow and made of cast iron, jappanned to imitate leather. In their interior is an ingenious mechanical device by which at every step of the wearer the heel is made to revolve one sixteenth part of an inch. The wear of the heel is thus made even, and the wearer cannot "run down at the heel." There is already a great demand for these heels, and the prospects of the new business are quite promising.

ON THE BRANCH.—Waterman Brown the veteran railroad man, may be found at the Conn street crossing, in Woburn, waving a flag as the trains go by. Wat. was a little homesick at first, but he says he can stand anything, and the longer he stays the better he likes it. C. C. Munroe who has held the position of flagman at Conn street for some time has been moved up the track, to Fowle street. Timothy Andrews who has flagged Fowle street, retires. Mr. Andrews has been at that station for twenty-two years, and has made an enviable record. In recognition of his past services the railroad company will allow him to continue to occupy his shop in the station, where he will be glad to meet former and new customers.

FIFTH REGIMENT.—The Fifth Regiment, M. V. M., has decided to go on an excursion to New Haven, Connecticut, leaving Boston on Monday evening, June 16, and returning the following Wednesday evening. At a meeting of the staff and line officers Wednesday evening, Col. E. J. Trull presided, and there was a large attendance of officers. On the twelfth ballot for a junior Major, Capt. J. E. Phillips, of Co. A, received the necessary number of votes, but declined the office, and the thirteenth ballot resulted as follows: Capt. H. C. Snow, of company D, 1; Capt. Whitney, of company E, 1; Capt. Robinson, of company B, 9; Capt. G. F. Frost, of company F, 12, and the latter was declared elected.

We are gratified to learn that Mr. George S. Delano, the coal merchant, has proved the charges made against him by W. H. Bailey, of Winchester, groundless. The Grand Jury last week found no bill against Mr. Delano, and thus a conspiracy embracing parties in Woburn, Winchester and Medford, has been defeated, and Mr. Delano, the man whom his business enemies sought to crush, stands before the world to-day with his good name unsullied.—Medford Chronicle.

No one should fail to read carefully the advertisement in another column from Oak Hall, Boston. It will cost but a stamp to secure the neatest of sample cards, with rules and everything complete, and by it you may save many dollars in your Spring purchases. Write before it is too late.

FALSE ALARM.—On Tuesday afternoon, the fire alarm was struck for East Woburn. Hose 1 and the Hook and Ladder went as far as Wood's Hill, when they decided that there was no fire, and returned. We have since learned that the cause of the alarm was the blowing of the Stoneham gang for a fire in that town.

A lady in our neighborhood, who has suffered for over three months the most extreme torture by a violent cough, has become completely cured by Dr. Ball's Cough Syrup. For sale in every drug store.

BROKEN SHAFT.—J. F. Stone, Esq., of Winchester, was at Bank Block this morning, and in turning around, his horse slipped on the ice and fell, breaking one of the shafts of his buggy.

RUNAWAY.—On Monday afternoon the horse of Mr. William Thompson ran from the rear of C. M. Stone's store to Mr. Jones' stables. The dash-board of the sleigh was broken.

HEARING.—There will be a Legislative hearing on the extension of the Mystic Valley R. R. to Chelmsford, at the State House next Tuesday morning, at 10 o'clock.

BREAKING JAIL.—Several hundred people gathered at the lock-up on Monday, at 4 o'clock, to witness the Jail Feat of Signor Guernella. A committee of two citizens, with two policemen, were selected to examine the Signor, and see that he had nothing concealed upon his person to aid him in breaking out of the cell after he was fastened there. Messrs. Tyler, Brooks, W. L. Coudridge and A. Blaney examined him and his clothing, article by article, till they were fully satisfied that he had nothing upon his person in the shape of a key or other instrument to aid him. He was then locked into cell No. 2, by Officer Pearce, and then his wrists and ankles fastened to the grating about as high as his arm-pits, while he stood with his back to the door; his right leg was also fastened by hand-cuffs to the door near the floor, and his left foot by strings securely tied to the grating. After thus being manacled, the spectators were allowed to pass by the cell door, and see how he had been secured. A blanket was then hung up before the door, and in eleven minutes it seemed impossible to recompish.—Natick Citizen.

ANDRE FORTIER.—Preparations for the production of "Andre Fortier, the Hero of Calaveras," the new drama written by Victorien Sardou, expressly for the Boston Theatre, have so far progressed under the management of Mr. Eugene Tompkins; the acting manager, that everything will be in readiness for the promised presentation. "Andre Fortier" is in four acts and six tableaux, and the scene is laid in California and Mexico during the "golden days" of 1850. The piece is crowded with many exciting incidents peculiar to the early days of gold mining, and offers the fullest opportunity for stage effect. The principal characters are Andre Fortier, a young French doctor and naturalist; Pongnasse, a thief; Yannos, his companion; Don Alvarado Carvajal, a Mexican capitalist; Simon Fortier, Andre's father, and treasurer of a mining company; St. Lubin, a young prodigal from France; Labastide, an innkeeper, who has "seen better days;" Marianne, daughter of Don Alvarado; Eva, a San Francisco character, and Carmelita, Marianne's companion. The play opens in the French quarter of San Francisco. Don Alvarado and Simon Fortier have come to this city from the headquarters of their mining company, and their conversation in regard to \$300,000 in gold dust which they are to divide among the members of the company on their return, is overheard by Pongnasse, who immediately lays a plot to secure the treasure. After Simon and Don Alvarado have left, Andre, who has crossed the continent in search of his father, and Marianne, just from Mexico, in search of her father, meet, and their conversation shows that it is a case of love at first sight with them. While preparing for supper, a fire breaks out, endangering the hotel where they are quartered; and learning that their parents are both at the Calaveras mines, Andre procures horses, and proposes to start at once for the mines to avoid the tumult. A regiment of volunteers marches by to embark for Sonora, and by convenience of Pongnasse, Andre is seized and taken with him as surgeon (they having none), in spite of his desperate resistance, leaving Marianne defenceless. Act 2 opens with a scene in the mines. Simon and Don Alvarado arrive, and at night retire to their hut. Yanos and Pongnasse assassinate and kill the sentinel, and go to the cabin. Pongnasse cries out that Andre is drowning in the river, and Simon rushes out to save his son. Carvajal is not awakened by the noise, but being uneasy about the safety of the treasure, rises in his sleep, and hides it in a hollow tree. He is attacked by the ruffians, who stab him with a knife they stole from Simon in San Francisco, secure the gold and flee. The miners rush in, and finding the Mexican insolent from his wounds, and Simon's knife lying beside him, accuse Simon of treachery and murder, try him by lynch law and hang him on a tree. Marianne arrives just in season to witness the execution, and to care for her wounded father. The third act opens in the palatial residence of Don Alvarado, near the city of Mexico. Don Alvarado, partially recovered, is still nursed by his daughter, who has lost all trace of Andre, mourns his loss, and fears he is dead when a letter arrives, giving the intelligence of his going to Sonora. While reading the letter, Yanna, Eva and Pongnasse, all richly dressed, and bearing evidence of wealth, arrive and ask for shelter, having met with a series of accidents on their way to the Isthmus and thence to New York. Labastide, the inn-keeper, comes also to look after title deeds to mining lands. Last of all come the long-missing Andre, who does not care to be recognized. It is soon evident that he is on the track of the robbers. Andre at first believes that Don Alvarado was the accomplice of Pongnasse and Yannos; but the truth is soon revealed. He meets the long-suffering Marianne, and the two lovers are united and happy. Pongnasse stabs Yannos fatally; the wounded robber







## Journal Club Column

Coming down on the car the other morning they got to talking about their coal stoves, and one man said:

"Well, I don't want to brag, but I think I've got the best stove. I haven't burned but three tons of coal yet, and the stove has kept three rooms warm."

"You must have a poor stove," remarked the second. "I haven't burned but two tons of coal yet, and my stove heats parlor, dining-room, two bedrooms and a hall."

"Well, when you come to stoves," quietly remarked the third, "I claim to have the best coal stove in Detroit. I have burned but a ton and a half of coal, so far, and we have to keep all the dampers shut and a back door open all the time."

Some men looked out at the windows and some down at the straw, but no one seemed to doubt any of the assertions. At length a heavy sigh was heard from the rear end of the car, and a clerical-looking man arose and said:

"Gentlemen, there goes a fire alarm. It strikes the box in front of my house. I have no doubt that my residence is at this moment in flames and the lives of my family in peril. It is all owing to my coal stove. I set up the stove last November and put in one peck of coal. Every room has been so hot ever since that all the baseboards have warped off, and we finally had to move down into the basement. This morning the water in all the pipes in the house was boiling, the shingles on the roof hot, and I had just hired four men to form a snow bank around the stove. Too late! alas, too late! That stove has accomplished its fiendish purpose and I no longer have a home. It may not, however, be too late to save the baby. Good bye, gentlemen!"

He opened the door and got off the car, and not a passenger spoke again for four blocks.—Free Press.

Some years since, there arrived at the Revere House, in Boston, a newly-wedded pair from Bangor. They took the best room in the house, had a private table, and spared no expense. On the morning of the third day, the groom ordered the trunks taken down and marked "Fifth Avenue Hotel, New York," at the same time asking the boy to bring up his bill. He got it soon after, and started for the office. "Is this bill right?" he asked. "Yes, sir, all right," answered the cashier, glancing over the items, and running up the figures; "yes, sir, \$91.25, that's exactly right." "Very well," said the groom; "if that's your figures, here's the money. I've no fault to find, but you'd better mark those trunks for Bangor."—Boston Transcript.

A class in the Baptist village (Holyoke) school was up for a lesson in spelling and defining. The teacher wrote the letters e-o-w on the blackboard and asked the class how that word should be used. "To sew with a needle and thread," was the correct reply. S-o-w was the next variation, and the answer was prompt, "To sow grain in the field." The teacher then wrote s-o and asked what that meant. The class hesitated. Then a small girl near the end of the class answered, "It's what we say when we want the old cow to stand still."

One of the saddest lingual mistakes on record occurred a few evenings ago in a local prayer-meeting. The bulk of the audience consisted of elderly females. A worthy printer, with more faith than oral rhetoric arose to speak, with the remark that he probably could not do "as well as the old hands about him." The elderly females, being hard of hearing, understood him to say "old hens," and he was promptly hustled out.

There was an exhibition of tableaux in Pon du Lac, Wis., and the small boy was present. A scene was presented—"The Execution of Mary, Queen of Scots," Mary kneeling, with her head on the block, the executioner standing with uplifted axe poised for the death-blow, and breathless silence. Suddenly in a loud whisper, the small boy exclaimed:—"Pa, why don't he chop?"

Master Willie (anxiously, to elder brother, who has been made a happy parent)—Well, Tom, is it a boy or a girl? Happy Parent—A boy. Master Willie—Oh, I'm so glad, because my sister says if it were a girl I should be Aunt Bill.

"Buy a trunk," said a dealer. "And what for should I buy a trunk?" rejoined Pat. "To put your clothes in," was the reply. "An' go naked?" exclaimed Pat. "The devil bit it up it."

The sea-sick lady refused the steward's invitation for dinner and called for the chambermaid instead. A case of basin gratitude.—Puck.

A Chicago girl's foot got asleep, not long since, and it took four wheels and a canal-boat load of alarm clocks to get it awake again.—Wheeling Leader.

If you are too poor to get a telescope that will discover planets invisible to the naked eye, buy a pair of club socks, strike out boldly on the ice, and when your blood is up and your heels are also up, look right into the blue sky, and the planets will come right down and play tag around the tip of your nose.

It makes a young man feel very much as if some things in the world were in vain to sing. "Come to my bosom, come love," under a window, and then happen to see a sign "To Let," on the door.

It is very difficult to find fault with a dear little three-year-old who buries her head under the clothes, and sings:—"Now I lay me down to sleep; Pop goes the weasel."

A young lady will sit in the dark with a great big man beside her for hours at a time; but you couldn't get her to stick her nose in the cellar-way, after six o'clock, for love or money.

Senior is questioned:—"What is the name of that lady to whom you are engaged?" Senior blandly responds:—"Which one?"

When a Colorado girl is kissed she looks surprised and says:—"How could you?" The woman replies:—"It will give me pleasure to show you," and gives her a duplicate.

## Miscellaneous.

WASHINGTON'S SENSIBLE HUMOR.—An incident of more than unusual interest occurred to-day, just after the class in constitutional law was dismissed, at the university.

I had been lecturing upon the advantages of the bi-cameral system, had dismissed the class, and was about to leave the room, when a young man, whom I knew had taken instructions under Laboulaye in Paris, approached me, and said that what I had urged in regard to the bi-cameral system reminded him of a story which he had heard Laboulaye relate.

I was interested, of course, and as the class gathered around, he proceeded with the following:—Laboulaye said, in one of his lectures, that Jefferson, who had become so completely imbued with French ideas as even to admire the unicameral system of legislation, one day visited Washington at Mt. Vernon, and in the course of the conversation that ensued, the comparative excellence of the two systems came up for consideration. After considerable had been said on both sides, finally, at the tea-table, Washington, turning sharply to Jefferson, said:—

"You, sir, have just demonstrated the superior excellence of the bi-cameral system, by your own hand."

"I! How is that?" said Jefferson, not a little surprised.

"You have poured your tea from your cup into the saucer to cool. We want the bi-cameral system to cool things. A measure originates in one house, and, in heat, is passed. The other house will serve as a wonderful cooler; and by the time it is debated and modified by various amendments there, it is much more likely to become an equitable law. No, we can't get along without the saucer in our system."—F. Liber.

KEEP THE GATE SHUT.—An English farmer was one day at work in the fields when he saw a party of huntsmen riding about his farm. He had one field that he was specially anxious that they should not ride over, as the crop was in too good condition to be injured by the tramp of horses. So he dispatched one of his workmen to this field, telling him to shut the gate, and then to keep watch over it, and on no account to suffer it to be opened. The boy went as he was bid, but was scarcely at his post before the huntsmen came up, and peremptorily ordered the gate opened. This the boy declined to do, stating the orders he had received and his determination not to disobey them. Threats and bribes were offered alike in vain; one after another came forward as spokesmen, but all with the same result; the boy remained immovable in his determination not to open the gate. After a while one of noble presence advanced and said in a commanding voice, "My boy, you do not know me; I am the Duke of Wellington—one accustomed not to be disobeyed; and I command you to open so that I and my friends may pass through." The boy lifted his cap and stood unconcerned before the man whom all England delighted to honor; then answered firmly: "I am sure that the Duke of Wellington would not wish me to disobey orders. I must keep this gate shut; no one is to pass through but with my master's express orders."

Greatly pleased, the sturdy old warrior lifted his hat and said: "I honor the man or boy who can be neither bribed or frightened into doing wrong. With an army of such soldiers I could conquer not only the French but all the world," and handing the boy a glittering sovereign, the old duke put spurs to his horse and galloped away, while the boy ran off to his shop shouting at the top of his voice, "Hurrah! hurrah! I've done what Napoleon couldn't do—I've kept out the Duke of Wellington."

One peculiarity of the proposed new English criminal code, drawn by Sir James Fitzjames Stephen, is its manner charging crime. For instance, an indictment for murder will simply recite that "A murdered B at—on the—day of—," and any amendment which does not operate in the defendant's prejudice may be allowed to this simple pleading.

Anybody can understand it, and it is just both to the State and the accused, and far better than a half dozen pages of cap paper. It is said that recently in England a gamekeeper was tried for shooting his employer's rabbits and offering them for sale. He had been captured in the very act. But rabbits are "feral natura," (of a wild nature), and may not be the subject of theft. So he could not be convicted of embezzlement for though the rabbits were his employer's property, and the keeper had converted them to his own use, the court declares that he did not receive them as his master's property; he shot the rabbits not as his master's, but with the original purpose of taking them himself. This is not embezzlement, and therefore it was resolved by the whole Court of Crown Cases Reserved, that the defendant had committed no crime and must be discharged! Some Massachusetts criminals have escaped on almost as fine technicalities.

THE COUNTRY PAPER.—It is the best read paper in the world. No other contains news of the marriages and deaths; no other relates the accidents happening before the doors of the villagers; no other gives the time for the next ball, picnic, or political meeting; no other discusses the affairs of the town and county, the arrival of the new goods on the merchant's counters, or of a new hat on the editor's desk. Occasional defects and errors in a newspaper are overlooked by those who have become attracted to it through its perusal for years. They sometimes become dissatisfied with it on account of something which had slipped into its columns, and may stop taking it; but the absence of the familiar sheet at their homes and offices for a few weeks, becomes an insupportable privation, and they hasten to take it again.

A CLINTON YANKEE.—The Courier tells of a young man in that town who has arranged an ingenious clock work attachment by which he opens the furnace damper two hours in advance of the morning occupancy of the store—a nice arrangement for cold, frosty weather.

## CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION.

As hearing upon the pending proposition for a Constitutional Convention, it may be well to state that the Constitutional Convention of 1853 cost the State nearly \$175,000 and the State refused to accept its work. Some notes of the Constitutional Conventions which have been held in this State may be found of interest. The General Court of 1777-8 met together as a convention and adopted a form of Constitution for the State of Massachusetts Bay, which was submitted to the people and rejected. Then the General Court submitted a resolve to the people asking them if they desired the calling of a Constitutional Convention, and a large majority of the inhabitants having voted in favor of it, delegates were chosen, and the first Constitutional Convention opened at Cambridge Sept. 1779, with James Bowdoin as President and Samuel Barrett as Secretary.

On the 11th of November the convention adjourned, to meet at the Representatives' Chamber, in Boston, Jan. 5, 1780. On the 2d of March of the same year, a form of Constitution having been agreed upon, a resolve was passed by which the same was submitted to the people, and the convention adjourned to meet at the Brattle street Church, in Boston, June 7. At that time and place the convention again met and appointed a committee to examine the returns of Votes from the several towns. On the 14th of June the committee reported, and on the 15th the convention resolved, "That the people of the State of Massachusetts Bay have accepted the Constitution as it stands in the printed form submitted to their revision." A resolve providing for carrying the new Constitution into effect was passed and the convention then, on the 16th of June, 1780, was finally dissolved. In accordance with the resolves referred to, elections immediately took place in the several towns, and the first General Court of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts met at the State House, in Boston, on Wednesday, October 25, 1780. The Constitution contained a provision for taking, in 1795, the sense of the people as to the expediency or necessity of revising the original instrument. But no such revision was deemed necessary at that time. On the 16th of June, 1820, and act was passed by the General Court calling upon the people to meet in their votes upon the question, "Is it expedient that delegates should be chosen to meet in convention for the purpose of revising or altering the Constitution of Government of this Commonwealth?" A large majority of the people of the State having voted in favor of revision, the Governor issued a proclamation announcing the fact, and calling upon the people to vote, in accordance with the provisions of the aforesaid act, for delegates to the proposed convention.

The delegates met at the State House in Boston, Nov. 15, 1820, and organized by choosing John Adams, President, and Benjamin Pollard, Secretary. Mr. Adams, however, declined the appointment, and Isaac Parker was chosen in his stead. On the 9th of January, 1821, the convention agreed to fourteen articles of amendment, and, passing a resolve providing for submitting the same to the people, and appointing a committee to meet to count the votes upon the subject, was dissolved. The people voted on Monday, April 19, 1821, and the Committee of the Convention met at the State House to count the votes on Wednesday, May 24. They made their return to the General Court, and at the request of the latter, the Governor issued his proclamation on the 5th of June, 1821, announcing that nine of the fourteen articles of amendments had been adopted, and these are the articles now numbered as one to the nine of the articles of amendment to the Constitution. The General Court of the year 1851, passed an act calling a third convention to revise the Constitution. The act was submitted to the people, and a majority voted against the proposed convention. In 1852, on the 7th of May, another act was passed calling upon the people to vote upon the question of calling a Constitutional Convention. A majority of the people having voted in favor of the proposed convention, election for delegates thereto took place in March, 1853. The convention met in the State House, in Boston, on the 4th day of May, 1853, and organized by choosing Nathaniel P. Banks, Jr., President, and William S. Robinson and James T. Robinson, Secretaries. On the 1st of August, this convention agreed to a form of Constitution, and on the same day was dissolved, after having provided for submitting the same to the people, and appointing a committee to meet and count the votes and to make a return thereof to the General Court.

The committee met at the time and place agreed upon and found that the proposed Constitution had been rejected. The only fruit that ever bore even indirectly was the adoption by the succeeding Legislatures and the ratification by the people of certain of the provisions which the rejected Constitution contained, and which now stand as articles 14, 15, 16, 17, 18 and 19 of the amendments to the Constitution, and provide that elections shall be by plurality of votes, fix the time for holding the State elections, providing for the election of the Governor's Council by the people, and also that the Secretary, Treasurer, Auditor and Attorney General shall be elected by the people, also that Sheriffs, Register of Probate, Commissioners of Insolvency, Clerks of Courts and District Attorneys shall be chosen by the people. Such is the record that has been made by the three Constitutional Conventions that have been held in this State.

Brother Murray has laid down a golden rule which it would be well for the community to consider. Here it is: "Any man who uses, for his own purpose or profit, money which is not absolutely his, is a thief; no matter whether he be a president, treasurer, or director of a corporation, or a poor devil of a clerk, who taps his employer's till of twenty-five cents that he may have his nightly drunk. You must snap the line somewhere, and this is the precise spot which to snap it. If the boots of some 'high toned, honorable men' have a white line drawn across them as a singing cord comes down, the line is not to blame, nor the one who snaps it. The trouble is, these gentlemen's boots are not where they should be."

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STAMMERING.—A gentleman who stammered from childhood almost up to manhood gives a very simple remedy for the misfortune. "Go into a room where you will be quiet and alone, get some book that will interest but not excite you, and sit down and read two hours aloud to yourself, keeping your teeth together. Do the same thing every two or three days, or once a week if very tiresome, always taking care to read slowly and distinctly, moving the lips but not the teeth. Then, when conversing with others, try to speak as slowly and distinctly as possible, and make up your mind that you will not stammer. Well I tried this remedy not having much faith in it, I must confess, but willing to do almost anything to cure myself of such an annoying difficulty. I read for two hours aloud with my teeth together. The first result was to make my tongue and jaws ache, that is while I was reading, and the next to make me feel as if something had loosened my talking apparatus, for I could speak with less difficulty immediately. The change was so great that every one who knew me remarked it. I repeated the remedy every four or five days for a month, and then at longer intervals until cured."

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1851. 1879.

THE

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all such principles and measures as it deems important and essential to the public welfare, it will concede space upon its platform to any who see fit to differ, and admit that in argument as well as in other things the fittest shall survive.

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VOL. XXIX.

WOBURN, MASS., SATURDAY, MARCH 8, 1879.

NO. 10.

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## Poetical Selection.

## THE GRAVE OF THE FIRSTBORN.

It is over now.  
I have been a long time ill.  
But to-day I am able to wonder slow  
To the churchyard round the hill,  
Tis there they have laid my little love,  
Who lingered three little months—it was not long—  
And there they will lay me, too, ere the waning light  
Grows strong.

It is but a little grave  
Where my little one is laid,  
But I keep it decked with white flowers every day.  
And above a kindly yew's protecting shade  
Shelters it safe from rain and wind.  
Sleep fast, my darling, sleep while yet you may;  
Your mother will not linger long behind.

Dear child, I wonder when  
The last great morning breaks, and we shall wake,  
If I may hear you then.  
Safe in my nursing arms for Him to take;  
Or will he suffer you to come before,  
And now I cast it on the grave of love.

Dear little grave, I throw  
Fresh autumn flowers and garden blooms on you;  
I strew upon you roses white and red;  
I fling my heart upon you, narrow bed!  
Once, twelve months since, I launched my heart, a  
rose.

Where, lit with laughter, Love's swift river goes,  
And lo! once more the years with pinions move,  
And now I cast it on the grave of love.

My love, myself, my child,  
Lie buried here, and I am free again.  
I would I were a slave, I loved my chain;  
I would that I might see your sweet eyes mild;  
They were your father's eyes, who loves not me—  
I blame him not, but do forgive for thee.  
It is not long I stay, my life, my dear,  
Not long until we are together here.

Last year—it seems an age ago—  
I had not seen him; then we went  
Together on our road; and so,  
By ways and converse innocent,  
We gained at last the sacred gate  
Of wedlock, and the hand of Fate  
Lifted the latch, and we passed in  
To the enchanted ground therein.  
And now the winds of autumn rave,  
And love lies dead within a grave.

Dear love, that liest there so still,  
I go now till to-morrow's sun,  
The autumn evening gathers chill,  
The day is well high gone.  
Sleep, dear, through all thy long untroubled night,  
Sleep calmly till the light.

## Selected Story.

## The Bachelor's Escape.

If ever there was a fore-ordained old bachelor that man was Major Teller. Some men are born to old bachelorhood and some men have old bachelorhood thrust upon them; and to the former class belonged our Major. You could have picked him out in a multitude; if he had been labeled, like an antediluvian fossil, or a dried specimen of entomology, there couldn't have been more certainty in the matter.

He was a dapper, thin little man, something under five feet in height, with a glossy black wig, closely trimmed side whiskers, and costume so daintily neat that he reminded you of a shining black cat! He took a Turkish bath in the morning, and a Russian bath in the evening; he came home to dinner at twelve precisely, and went to bed at eleven at night, with his boots standing at the foot of his bed and his stockings at the head, and his wig elevated on the gas-fixture, and every chair in the room standing at right angles with the wall!

It was high noon on a sparkling, windy March day when Major Teller came home to the antique, down-town boarding house where he had vegetated for the last twenty years, and went to his own room to brush his wig for the midday meal. Opening the door, he stumbled over an obstacle in the way:

"Oh, I beg your pardon, I'm sure," said the Major, turning very red, and recovering his footing with difficulty.

It was Miss Patience Pettigrew, on her hands and knees, cleaning off the oilcloth at the door!

Now the Major was afraid of Miss Patience—afraid of her as the plump lamb fears the gaunt wolf, or the unoffending robin the dire serpent. Miss Patience was tall and lean and sallow, but she curled her hair and wore an artificial rose over her left ear, and sang little whistling tunes to a little spindle-legged piano, and firmly believed that if she only waited a little longer she should get married to somebody! And because the Major sat opposite her at the table—Miss Patience helped her widowed sister "keep house," and served out the gravy and sauces—and regarded her artificial rose and bear's greasy curls with a sort of a fearful fascination, Miss Patience somehow opined that she should one day, Cupid willing, become Mrs. Major Teller!

"It's of no consequence, Major," said Miss Patience, recovering her piece of soap, which had skinned out to the middle of the carpet. "I hope your fire isn't out!"

"Thank you, ma'am; it very good."

"I wonder, Major," said Miss Patience, with a premonitory giggle, "Why you never got married?"

The Major retired precipitately behind the coal scuttle, and made no reply.

"You'd be much more comfortable, you know," added Miss Patience, wringing out her woolen cloth, and looking so lovingly on the Major that he retreated still further into his wardrobe, where among the swinging ellies of coats and trousers, he felt comparatively safe.

Miss Patience hesitated a moment, and in that moment the Major felt all the anticipatory agonies of being pursued, captured, brought forth, and possibly married before he could get breath to remonstrate! But she finally took up her pail and vanished.

"Dear me, that was a very narrow escape," thought our hero, emerging from his sanctuary. "Some day she'll be too much

for me. Perhaps I'd better change my boarding place. Yes, that will be the only safety. I suppose I couldn't find any well have her sworn over to keep the peace, and really, there's no saying what a determined woman of fifty might not do. I'll look out for a new place to-morrow."

"Dear me, Major, you have no appetite," said Miss Patience, sweetly, at the dinner table.

"No, ma'am," said the Major.

"Try to eat a little—just to please me, Major?"

"No, I thank you, ma'am?"

"Don't you know, Major, people will say you are in love, if you don't eat more?" smiled the antiquated spinster.

This was more than our hero could endure; he rose up and left Miss Pettigrew triumphant victor of the wordy fight.

"I won't go back to that house if I can help it," thought Major Teller, brushing the cold dew away from his forehead with a crimson silk handkerchief. "Her intentions are serious; I know they are."

And the Major in his innermost mind reviewed the catechism and hymns he had learned as a child, trying to think if there was not some invocation particularly suited to an elderly gentleman in great peril and perplexity. But he couldn't remember anything appropriate to his particular case.

"It's twenty years since I've been in the inside of a church," thought the penitent old offender. "I wish I had gone a little more regularly. I wonder if it's too late in life to reform!"

For the Major, poor old gentleman, had a vague idea that "religion" would be a sort of safeguard against the wiles of his fair enemy. Deliverance from Miss Patience Pettigrew must be obtained on some terms or other.

As Major Teller was frantically revolving these things in his mind he came to a sudden and involuntary standstill. There was a crowd gathered in the street—a fallen omnibus horse, or an arrested pick-pocket, or some other nucleus, round which gathered the rapidly increasing swarm of metropolitan loafers. Now of all things Major Teller most dreaded a crowd, and he looked round nervously for some means of escape.

An old-fashioned church, with open doors and some sort of a service going on inside, caught the Major's eye. He made an instantaneous dash for its huge Gothic portals, shielded by inner doors of green baize.

"It's a good chance to think up something solemn and appropriate, and that sort of a thing, until the crowd gets by," he thought, settling himself in the corner of one of the softly-enshroued pews to listen to the mild, droning voice of the old clergyman.

The church was very warm, and the light, softened by purple and golden and crimson glass, was dim, and the clergyman's voice rather monotonous, and Major Teller was unconsciously becoming rather drowsy, when a plump old lady came in, and the sexton beckoned her from his seat.

But the sermon was over and people were streaming down the aisle, and the Major felt that he didn't care to prolong the thing and that he had done a very laudable act in coming to church—and

Even while these ideas were passing indistinctly through his brain, he was borne towards the altar in an upward eddy of the crowd, and felt a guant arm thrust through his.

"Protect me, Major! oh, save me!" whispered Miss Patience Pettigrew. "I'm so 'fraid of a crowd always!"

The Major strove to withdraw his arm, but Miss Pettigrew would not let him. They were standing directly in front of the altar arm in arm. The minister, old and nearsighted, and a little deaf, advanced—probably concluding that his services were required.

Major Teller's blood ran cold; he tried to protest, but his tongue seemed paralyzed. Miss Pettigrew had captured him as a lamb for the slaughter, and where was the use of further struggle? A few words—an appalling brief ceremony—and Major Teller was married to Miss Patience!

"Take the market basket, my dear," said the gaunt bride, "and stay—yew'd better carry the umbrella, too! We'll go right home! Old folks like you and me don't care for wedding tours, do we?"

The Major looked piteously at his better half, but made no answer. She, however, waited for none, but drew him along with a quiet determination that argued ill for the future.

"Give me the key to the room, my dear," said Mrs. Pettigrew Teller. "I'd better keep it in future."

The Major handed over the key without a word of remonstrance, and his elderly wife opened the door.

"We'll slick up things a little," said Mrs. Teller, bundling the Major's beloved papers together, and pitching his box of cigars out of the window.

"But, Miss Patience!"

"What?"

"My dear wife, I mean."

"Ah, yes. What were you about to remark?"

"My cigars—I—"

"Oh, well, I don't like cigar smoke, never did."

"But what are you doing with my slip-pers?"

"Trying them on. They fit me nicely. Guess I'll keep them, Sempronius. I wish you'd take all these coats and things out of the wardrobe—I want it for my dresses!"

"But where shall I keep them, Miss Patience?"

"What do you say?"

"Mrs. Teller, I would remark."

"Oh, under the bed, or somewhere! Pink soap, eh?—I prefer Castile. Cologne—"

de Florida—cold cream! Who'd ha' supposed you were such a dandy, Sempronius? You must have plenty of money. By the way, suppose you give me the money to keep now, my dear? I'll manage it a good deal more economically than you'll be likely to."

"But—"

"Give me the money, I say!"

Major Teller meekly put his hand into his pocket, and submissively handed over the purse.

"Well, now you'd better go about your business," said the gentle bride, "and not come home until tea-time. I do abominate men lounging around in the way forever; and don't come back smelling of tobacco; if you know what's good for yourself, Sempronius Teller!"

The Major crept silently away, thinking how the last time he crossed that threshold, he was a free man, and now:

"I'm married," mused Major Teller. "I couldn't help it; it wasn't my fault; but here I am—no money, no cigars, no freedom—worse than any galley slave. Sixty years old next month, and—married to Patience Pettigrew!"

He walked disconsolately down the street, both hands in his empty pockets, and his hat tipped recklessly down over his eyes. A greater contrast could hardly have been imagined, than existed between this seedy, slovenly, wretched-looking man, and the trim, tidy, cheerful little Major Teller of six hours ago! He caught a fleeting glimpse of himself in a mirror belonging to some picture frame, as he sauntered by; it startled even himself.

"I would; I have known myself," he muttered, gloomily. "Well—I'm married now—married to Patience Pettigrew!"

He stopped at the street corner, uncertain which way to go. But as he gazed, the bright, steady glimmer of the river caught his eye.

"All right!" muttered Sempronius, moodily. "I'll go and drown myself. It's a short way out of a long lane of difficulty. Anything but going back to Patience Pettigrew!"

He went down with long, determined strides towards the shining, broad stream, where the ships lay peacefully at anchor, and the little boats shot hither and thither, and the waves sparkling up like sheets of diamonds. All these things Major Teller saw without marking them, as he made resolutely for the pier.

"Want a boat, sir?" demanded a sturdy man.

"Yes," said the Major, "I want Charon's boat to row me over Styx!"

"Don't know him, sir," said the puzzled boatman; "but mine is sound and light, and—"

The Major waited to hear no more, but gave a blind, downward jump.

Down, down, with that peculiar sensation of falling, so familiar to us all—down—down—until—

"Beg pardon, sir, but the church is going to be shut up, and everybody's gone. Hope you've had a good nap, sir?"

The sexton spoke satirically, but in his tones Major Teller recognized hope and freedom. He started wildly to his feet.

"Then I'm not married, after all, sexton?"

"Married, sir? Not unless you've been married in your dreams!"

"That's it, exactly!" ejaculated the Major, jumping up. "I've been asleep and dreaming!"

Major Teller satisfied the sexton with a donation whose liberality astonished even that personage, and went at once to the Hotel to engage rooms.

"I'll send for my things," he thought. "I won't go back to that house, lest Miss Patience Pettigrew should do something desperate. I'm not married, and I don't mean to be married!"

The Major was right. Discretion is the better part of valor—and Miss Patience Pettigrew remains Miss Patience Pettigrew. But Major Teller goes to church very regularly now.

When a woman spends three hours in a hot kitchen, and roasts her brains out almost in preparing a tempting and appetizing dinner for her husband, to which he sits down without a word of commendation, and replies, when asked how he likes his dinner, "Oh, it will do," the tired wife doesn't feel encouraged to waste much time on his supper.—*Norristown Herald.*

Behind the scenes at the opera—Signor Paldini—"Moriarty, I calculate you never gave high C better than you did to-night. Guess Capoul will have to look out for his laurels." Signor Tarrasconti—"Thrice for yez, Pettingill; did ye mind when I repeated the high C, how clear I maintained me Italian accent?"

WANTED IT LEFT.—On Columbus avenue last Thursday. A man with a shovel rings a door, and says to the servant:

"Want your sidewalk shoveled off?"

"No, thank you. Leave the sidewalk where it is."—*Sunday Times.*

"Go to the d—!" said an irate householder to the tenth man who had pulled the bell within half an hour to inquire if he wanted "his sidewalk shoveled off." "Be-gorra," said the Hibernian applicant, "I'm afraid he has no snow to shovel!" He was engaged.

It is always safe to learn even from our enemies; seldom safe to instruct even our friends.

Some one asks "What is home without a cat?" Give it up, if it is not a rat-hole.

"THERE WERE GIANTS IN THOSE DAYS."—Professor Silliman, in one of his lectures, mentions the discovery of an enormous animal of the lizard tribe, measuring eighty feet in length, from which he infers that all animals have degenerated in size, and this supposition is fortified by a reference to the history of giants in the olden time. It appears by the list furnished by the Professor, that we of the present day are mere "Tom Thumbs," when compared with the huge individuals of antiquity. Here is the list:—

The giant exhibited in Rouen, in 1745, measured over eight feet.

Gorapius saw a girl who was ten feet high. The body of Grestus was eleven and a half feet high.

The giant Galbarus, brought from Arabia to Rome, under Claudius Caesar, was near ten feet.

Funnman, who lived in the time of Eugene II, measured eleven feet and a half.

The Chevalier Scorg, in his voyage to the peaks of Teneriffe, found in one of the caverns of that mountain the head of Gnanee, which had eighty teeth, and it was supposed that his body was not less than fifteen feet high.

The giant Ferragus, slain by Alando, the nephew to Charlemagne, was eighteen feet high.

In 1614, near St. Germain, was found the tomb of the giant Isorel, who was twenty feet high!

In 1590, near Rouen, they found a skeleton, whose skull held a bushel of corn, and whose body must have been eighteen feet long!

Platerus saw at Lucerne the human bones of a giant nineteen feet.

The giant Buart was twenty-two and a half feet high; his bones were found in 1705 near the banks of the river Modori.

In 1613, near a castle in Dauphine, a tomb was found thirty feet long, twelve wide, and eight high, on which were cut on a grey stone the words, "Keutolochueglog." The skeleton was found entire, twenty-five and a half feet long, ten feet across the shoulders, and five feet deep from the breast bone to the back.

Near Mazarin, in Sicily, in 1516, was found the skeleton of a giant thirty feet high! His head was the size of a hoghead, and each of his teeth weighed five ounces.

TRADE AT HOME.—Now and then we advertise some out-of-town wares, as a matter of business; but we advise our citizens to patronize home traders and workmen. It is a wise thing to study the advertising columns of the Lowell papers, for those who show their enterprise in advertising will be pretty sure to show it in having fresh goods with prices to suit the times. The man who advertises is somewhat unconsciously led to exert himself to make his announcements more than good, and to keep at least a little in advance of them. The advertising trader, after a fashion, gives bonds to the public that he will make good his published claims; so to make sure, he tries to surpass them. Hence, always go first to advertising people when you want anything. Take notice that we do not particularize those who advertise in this paper. We mean those who advertise in any regular paper of fair circulation, whether it be the *Vox* or its daily contemporaries. But by all means trade here in Lowell, if you can. We must help each other. Those who get their living in Lowell, should spend their money in Lowell. Our business men pay here their rent, taxes and household expenses, and should receive our custom in return. Of course, they must take care to keep what we want, and must make their prices as moderate as other people's. If they fail to do that, they can't complain of straggling customers; but when they do offer us fair goods at fair prices, they ought to have the benefit of the home traffic. So don't trade out of town.—*Vox Populi.*

LOVELINESS ON THE OCEAN.—Any one who has never traveled upon the ocean expects to find it somewhat thickly populated. He thinks of the vast travel and traffic that goes over the waters, and he is ready to imagine that the great deep is alive with this hurrying to and fro of nations. He reads of lands whose commerce whitens every sea, and he is ready to think the ocean is as full of sails as the harbor of some mighty metropolis. But he finds his mistake. As he leaves the land, the ships begin to disappear; as he goes on his way they soon all vanish, and there is nothing about him but blue sea and blended sky.

Sometimes he may meet or overtake a solitary ship through the day; but then, again, there will be many days when not a single sail will be seen. There are spaces measured by thousands of miles, over which no ship has ever passed. The idea of a nation's commerce whitening every sea is the wildest fancy. If all the ships that ever have been built were brought together in a single fleet, they would fill but a hair's breadth of the ocean. The space that man and his works occupy on the sea is so small in its extent that the hold on it by his power is slight and superficial. Both together are as nothing. The ocean covers three-fourths of the globe; and by far the greater portion of this is ever has been free from man's presence and visitation.

FAST FIREMEN.—Fire company No. 12 of Chicago "hooked up from the bunks" and cleared the threshold of the door of the engine house with a two wheeled hose cart with 600 feet of hose, drawn by one horse, and an engine, with one gauge of water, drawn by two horses, in the unprecedented time of fourteen and three-quarter seconds.

Governor McCreary and the Miner.—It was told of Governor McCreary of Kentucky, that he was one day travelling on a railroad train, and sat down on a seat whose other half was occupied by a rough, uncouth looking stranger, who appeared not indisposed to engage the Governor, who was unknown to him, in conversation. In his efforts in that direction, the stranger drew from his pocket a handful of gold coin, and announcing that "that was no better stuff to keep a feller givin' in this 'ere country," he jingled it in a self-satisfied way.

"It does have a pleasant look," said the Governor, smiling in his usual bland way.

"Yes, she's good—regular built shiners—I've got a few more of the same sort," said the stranger, as he pulled up his vest, and showed a belt around his body that was puffed out with gold coin.

"Ain't no better to be found in all Colorado," ejaculated the stranger, with an innocent chuckle.

The ostentatious way in which the stranger paraded his wealth, and which had already attracted the attention of other persons in the car, suggested to Governor McCreary the fatherly idea of warning the stranger of the danger he ran in thus exposing his money to public view.

"My friend," said he, "you may be a long way from home, and not fully aware of the great hazard you run in showing your money to people. You may be robbed by some desperate villain, who may be even now watching you."

The stranger widened his mouth in a broad grin, and reaching both hands back under his coat, he drew out and displayed to the astonished Governor a couple of navy sixes, loaded to the muzzle, remarking as he did so:—

"Wal, no, I guess not—not while these 'ere pups know how to bark. You jest bet your pile they won't keep still when a feller calls for that little lot o' gold. I'm was nor a mad buffer, or a Rocky grizzly when my dander is up."

The Governor thought he was sufficiently advised.

WHY DON'T WOMEN'S EARS FREEZE?—Why is it that women's ears do not get cold? The *Baltimore News* asks the question and says: Let a man be out of doors for a few minutes in this crisp, sharp weather, and his ears begin to tingle and ache promptly; he holds them in his hands, slaps them to take the freeze off, or fastens ear muffs over them to destroy him. But a lady will stand the same exposure, go sleighing, skating or shopping and never once think of her ears. There is not much apparent difference between the auricular appendages of the two sexes. They appear to be about an average size, they are located in about the same part of the head, and if anything, the female ear is more delicate and shell-like and sensitive. Yet men cover their ears with their hair, attach tabs to their hats as protectors and grow a thick beard under and in front of them—in fact cover and protect their ears with the bushy coating of hair, and still grumble and complain of freezing ear-tips.

On the contrary, a woman does not comb her hair over her ears, she has no beard to protect them, not even a ribbon covers them, and her hat sits upon a knob, at least a foot above, and yet nobody sees a lady slapping the circulation into her ears or holding one in the palm of each hand as she runs, or even hear her blast the blasted weather for cutting her ears off. Neither do we ever hear of a lady's ear being frost-bitten.

SHORT WORDS.—If you will look at what has been said in prose or in verse that comes down to us through many years, which have struck all minds, and that men most quote, you will find that they are in short words of our own tongue. Count them in Gray's "Elegy," which all love to read, and you will find that they make up the large share of all that he uses. The English of our Bible is good, but now and then some long words are found, and they always hurt the verses in which we find them. Take that which says, "O ye generation of vipers, who hath warned you to flee from the wrath to come?" There is one long word which ought not to be in it, namely "generation." In the older version, the word "brood" is used. Read the verse again with this term, and you feel its full force. When Daniel Webster made a speech, he used to tell them who put them in form for the press to strike out every long word. If you will study the things he said or wrote, you will find they are mainly made up of short, clear, strong terms, although he sometimes used those of length (for the sake of sound).

A man once offered to bet



## Woburn Journal.

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The figures printed with the subscriber's name on this paper, show to what time the subscription is paid. If any error is observed, please notify the office at once.

SATURDAY, MARCH 8, 1879.

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## Fanny McConologue Alive and Well.

The public mind has been greatly agitated the past week, concerning a mysterious murder that came to light in the city of Lynn, last week Thursday, when a trunk was found on the bank of the Saugus river containing the mutilated body of a young woman. The police at once set about the difficult task of finding out who the unfortunate victim was, as a preliminary step toward ascertaining the perpetrators of the outrage. Nearly a hundred clues have been followed out, and the mystery is still as great as ever. Several persons have been arrested, and put to the annoyance, and in many cases, the injury, of imprisonment, and the characters of scores of unfortunates have been assailed and made public with a recklessness that seems altogether inexcusable. A young woman is absent from her accustomed home; some one fancies a resemblance to the murdered girl; a gossip connects her name with a young man, and he is arrested; next day, the "theory" on which he was detained explodes, and he is released, and if he complains of his treatment, he is soothed with the remark that he may think himself lucky to get off so easy. In the morning, the papers are sure they have the right one, and at night they are equally sure they have another right one, and so on.

Last Saturday it was reported that two ladies from Woburn visited Lynn, and examined the remains, which they were positive were those of Fanny McConologue, of this town. She is the daughter of Bernard McConologue, who lived on Eastern Avenue, second house on the left from Green street. Her father went to California some time ago, and having decided to remain there, sent for his family. The family, consisting of wife and six children, including Fanny, who is about 20 years of age, started for California on the 5th of last month. A letter was received from them, written at Omaha, in which nothing was said to indicate that Fanny was not with them. Mrs. Lucy Dudley, having stated that she had met Fanny on the 20th of Feb., it was concluded that she had left the party after it had started, and returned to Boston. Very damaging reports were at once set in motion regarding Fanny in order to make her character and condition correspond to that of the victim of the tragedy. It is a sad comment on the freedom of the press, that an absentee can be so readily tried and convicted. She may be all she is described, but the witnesses against her are not in all cases the most credible, and, if they are no more certain of their statements than they are of her identity, they ought to have little weight. They were very much mistaken as to the former; may they not be equally so of the latter? Chief Police Tidd paid several visits to Lynn, but did not identify the body. Daniel W. McDermott, a cousin of the McConologues, also went to Lynn, and was positive that it was not his relative. Mrs. Dudley was equally sure that it was.

On Tuesday evening a letter arrived in Woburn, containing the information that the family had arrived out all well, and that they had gone to housekeeping. Nothing was said of Fanny that would make the Woburn friends infer that she was not with them. On Wednesday the fact became known that a letter had been received, and although efforts were made by representatives of the press to see the letter, and to obtain the address of the writer, it was found that the friends had been instructed not to impart any information, but a determined effort to procure the address of the family was made, and was at last successful. A dispatch was sent Wednesday evening to the chief of Police of San Francisco, asking him to call at the house of Bernard McConologue, and see if his daughter Fanny was there and alive. It was suggested that the information might be of importance in a murder case, and promptness urged. At 7.20 Thursday morning the following reply was received:—

Fanny is here, alive and well, with her mother and father.  
J. W. LEE,  
Chief of Detectives.

Thursday morning papers came out with big headlines that the mystery was solved, that there was no longer any doubt but that the victim was Fanny McConologue, and that the detectives would soon arrest her betrayer. Later editions, however, announced the discovery of Fanny as above, and a morning paper of Friday has a dispatch which corroborates the above, with the statement that "Fanny McConologue is here with her mother, and has been here two weeks. She is safe and sound." What the idea of the detectives has been we are not aware, but it is certain that had they desired to do so, they could have settled this question as far as Fanny McConologue was concerned last Monday. The fact that representatives of the press have exploded the McConologue theory, argues that the police were more desirous of fixing the crime on a man they had suspected than they were to get at the truth. We were sorry that Woburn was connected with this mystery, as our town has a rather unsavory reputation in regard to such matters, but we are happy to know that the unfortunate victim of this terrible tragedy had no connection with the town, and that the supposed victim is alive and well in her new home.

As we go to press Chief Tidd informs us that he has just seen a dispatch received by Superintendent Adams, of the Boston police, from the Chief of Police of San Francisco, which gives a full description of Fanny McConologue, whom he has seen in that city. This still further corroborates what we have above stated, and ends the McConologue chapter.

CHECK RAISING.—A Swede by the name of Magnus Sonderberg, who was in Woburn a year or more ago, introducing a new method of tanning, is likely to work for the State in a short time. A few days ago he called at the Boston store of J. P. Crane & Co., where he was well known, and requested them to accommodate him with a check for \$18, giving it as a reason for the request that he wanted to send it to a friend. In the form of a check instead of bills. He paid the \$18 and received the check. He subsequently raised the check to \$80, the work being done in a very skillful manner; and, as it was made payable to the bearer, he presented himself at the National Monument Bank in the Bunker Hill District. The alteration was not detected, and he received the whole sum. Finding this job to have been successful, he once more went to the same firm and asked for two more checks, one for \$19 and the other for \$100. These were also given him. He raised the first check to \$90, and, going to a jewelry establishment on Washington street, he purchased some jewelry, and tendered the check in payment. There was not enough money to pay for the purchase, and, consequently, at Sonderberg's request, that party and the salesman went to Macular, Williams & Parkers—where Sonderberg represented he had bought a lot of clothing, and was well known—and, Sonderberg being there identified, the firm cashed the check, and the jewelry was paid for. The \$100 check Sonderberg raised to \$400, and attempted to pass it on the same jewelry firm, but was unsuccessful. The firm suspected something was wrong in the matter of the checks, and, sending for the police, he was arrested, and the check raised from \$100 to \$400, and then altered to \$200 was found upon him.

THE RIFLE.—There was a large gathering of those interested in rifle shooting, at the Walnut Hill range, last Saturday. All the best marksmen in the Mass. Rifle Association were present, and several visitors who have reputations as good shots. President Frye did the honors, looking after the comfort of visitors, and encouraging the members by voice and example to make good scores. Among the famous marksmen were Jackson, Sumner, Souther, Rockwell, Lowell and others. J. B. Osborne made the unprecedented score of 13 consecutive bull's eyes. Medford was well represented. The interest in the contest was due to the fact that the Maynard Rifle match was to be closed that afternoon. In the morning, Tyler had the best three strings, but during the day Jackson led him a single point, and carried off the prize. Another match will begin Saturday, March 8, at 11 A. M., and continue on successive Saturdays, until the prizes equal the value of the prizes and expense. Members of the Association will be divided into three classes. The principal prize will be an elegantly finished Winchester rifle, valued at \$55, which will be awarded to the competitor of either class making the highest score three times. Two other prizes in the two classes which do not win the principal prize. The value of the prizes is nearly \$300.

While at the range, we visited the butts where the markers were found in their underground chamber, busily at work painting the marks as fast as they were made on the targets. A store served to keep the place comfortable, and as there were over sixteen hundred shots fired during the day, the markers were kept pretty busy.

SURPRISE PARTIES.—On Tuesday evening Miss Ada A. Brooks was entirely taken by surprise when, on returning home, and entering the darkened sitting room, she found it filled with friends who were acting on the maxim that "silence is golden." But they soon regained their voices, and a pleasant evening was spent with games and other helps to sociability. The "inner man" was provided for in good style.

On Wednesday evening Mr. J. G. Frampton's residence was the centre of attraction for some fifty friends, who came to surprise Mrs. Frampton on her birthday. A most agreeable evening was passed. Mr. W. J. Maxwell, in behalf of the friends present, presented a china set of eighty pieces to Mrs. Frampton, a testimonial of warm esteem and friendship. Mrs. Frampton, in reply, expressed her appreciation of the gift, and of the kindly feeling which it represented. Ice cream and other refreshments were properly attended to before the adjournment.

BAND OF HOPE.—This organization held its regular monthly meeting, on Monday evening, March 3, in the vestry of the Baptist Church. An hour was spent in an interesting manner. There was instrumental music on the piano, readings and recitations. Those who took part did themselves great credit. This organization is an aid to the temperance societies of this place. The little children sign the pledge not to drink, taste, or touch intoxicants, neither smoke or chew, and never to use indecent language. There are quite a large number of members to the Band, and they all seem to be proud of being so.

FALSE ALARM.—The blowing of an engine whistle on the Stoneham branch, started the fire alarm in the Centre, on Friday evening. The Steamer, Hose 1, and the Hook & Ladder went over to East Woburn, and hearing of no fire, returned.

W. H. S. G. A.—The High School Graduates met on Monday evening to elect officers for the ensuing year, but it was voted to adjourn without an election until the first Friday of next February.

JURORS.—Albert P. Barrett and Rufus Smith have been drawn as Grand Jurors; Dexter Carter, Sparrow Horton and A. P. Dickson as petit jurors for the March term of the U. S. District Court.

NEXT week the special sal. No. 3 begins at Oak Hall, Boston. Four thousand Sample Cards have been sent out already, and the demand is increasing daily.

DEMOCRATIC HEADQUARTERS.—The rooms over Hartwell's provision store have been taken by the Democrats as headquarters.

President Hayes did a good thing when he vetoed the Chinese bill.

MISS FLETCHER'S LECTURE.—The lecture Monday evening, by this lady, on the Lost Colonies failed to draw so large an audience as the ability of the speaker, and the careful study evidently bestowed on it by one thoroughly in earnest in her search for the true records of the past, deserved. In opening she paid a high compliment to the founders of our town who made it their first duty to establish a church and build a house for worship before the town was incorporated. After quoting liberally from the ancient records of various nations to show that our country was known to the people of those early times to be thickly settled by an educated and prosperous race far different from those found here by the Plymouth colonists, she showed from Chinese history that some nine hundred years since trading and exploring expeditions from that country found here a market for their wares among a dense and highly cultivated people and called the country by the name of the Seven Cities. According to the ancient records a terrible earthquake destroyed the country, burying buildings and people in one common ruin and leaving the ground one shapeless mass of hills and valleys. Some four hundred years later navigators from the principal ports of Ireland found large settlements on the New England coast, who in turn seem to have passed away and their place filled by the untutored savage. There is much mystery in the imperfect history of those who in past ages might have lived and flourished for a time and then appear to have sunk into oblivion and the speaker admitted that at the present state of investigation it was too early to speak with certainty, but her faith was strong that the mysteries of the past would yet be explained, all the missing links in the history of the settlement of our country be supplied.

THE MYSTIC VALLEY HEARING POSTPONED.—Twenty-five or more persons assembled in room 10, of the State House, on Tuesday morning at 10 o'clock, the time appointed for the hearing concerning the extension of the Mystic Valley Railroad to Chelmsford. A dozen Woburn people were present. Mr. Palmer, the chairman of the Senate Committee being in the Chair, Mr. Wentworth at 10.30, announced that Mr. Sweetser, his associate counsel for the Mystic Valley Road, was sick, and they both requested that the hearing be postponed. Mr. Charles Francis Adams, Jr., said that he was opposed to granting further privileges to the Mystic Valley Road, and for reasons which were then in the hands of the Attorney General. The papers which he should need in order to give proper attention to the matter, were then in the printer's office, but would be ready in a day or two. Mr. J. H. George, speaking for the Boston & Lowell road, said that his engagements were such that he should prefer a postponement of a fortnight. He had, he said, an important hearing at Lawrence, involving \$100,000 on hand for the same day. The Chairman observed that to delay a week, would be to delay the work of the Legislature, as the next day was the last. Mr. George said the evidence was such as could be soon disposed of. It would simply amount to this, that certain individuals have done things which they would wish they hadn't. Mr. Wentworth declared that the Mystic Valley Hearing would not occupy more than two hours' time. The Chairman announced that the Hearing would be postponed until next Monday morning at 10 o'clock.

SCENIC DEATH.—Thursday noon, about 12 o'clock, Lawrence Finn was driving a grocery team on Flag street, when, feeling faint, he got off his team and walked along the sidewalk. He had not gone more than 200 yards, when some boys, seeing him falling against the fence in front of Owen Collins, called to John Connolly, who was driving another team. Mr. Connolly hastened to his help; but the dying man breathed but twice after he reached him. The body was carried to his late residence on Park street, and Medical Examiner Winsor was telegraphed for. Dr. Winsor viewed the body, and deemed an inquest unnecessary. A correspondent informs us that Mr. Finn had carried a drunken woman to her home on his back, and after doing so, complained of feeling his heart going from him, as he said. He probably died of heart disease.

FINE CARRIAGES.—The somewhat rough appearance of Walnut street has been greatly improved by the owner of one of the estates, D. D. Hart, Esq., who has erected two more new shops suitable for mechanical work. The occupants of three of the shops have combined for the manufacture of carriages, and the Walnut street Factory will doubtless make a name for carriages of the best sort. Mr. Charles Paradise, an experienced wheelwright, produces the wood-work; Mr. Joseph Lucas, a skillful carriage smith, does the iron work, and Connor & Sons, painters, finish the work, in the artistic manner for which the parties has been so long distinguished. Senior desires of procuring a carriage of any description, for business or pleasure, or requiring any jobbing, will do well to make a call on Walnut Street.

Rev. Wm. M. Young, D. D., formerly settled over the Baptist Church in Woburn, died suddenly in Cheyenne, W. T., on the 20th ult. Dr. Young was of Scotch birth, but studied in youth principally at Worcester, in this State, where his acquaintance and that of his wife, who is a Worcester lady, is large. The remains were brought to Worcester, for interment.

GROCERIES.—The Railroad Store has passed into the hands of Mr. Jos. W. Gardner, for many years the book-keeper, and now the proprietor. He has a first-class stock of goods, a thorough acquaintance with the business, and the customers of the store will hardly know that there has been a change. We wish him every success in this new departure.

BOSTON BRANCH.—Piles of goods are sold every day at the Boston Branch Grocery Store, and the reasons are that the proprietors carry a large and well selected stock, they are not afraid to let folks know all about it, and they sell for cash. They offer some very good bargains in today's paper.

SCHOOL COMMITTEE.—The School Committee met Tuesday evening, and listened to the reading of the Superintendent's report, which was accepted and adopted. On Thursday the Committee accepted and adopted the Chairman's report, and they will be given to the printer at once.

UNION MEETING.—There was a union meeting at the Methodist Church, Wednesday evening, which was fully attended, and quite spirited. Mr. Charles A. Littlefield, who has a good reputation as a revival singer, was present, and conducted the exercises.

ANOTHER AMATEUR PAPER.—We have seen "The Friendly Visitor," a new monthly paper, 9½ x 12½, four pages, published by Master Alfred T. Carter, of 323 Main street. It is quite a creditable production, and will doubtless lead to the youthful proprietor both amusement and profit.

We would call the attention of ladies to the card of Dr. F. Eugene Greene, which will be found in another column.

Y. M. C. A.—The monthly meeting of the Christian Association was held at the Congregational vestry on Monday evening. After a devotional meeting, the President took the chair, and called for reports of committee. From the report of the Devotional Committee, it appears that 27 union meetings have been held during the past month, 25 of them under the auspices of the State Committee. The committee on the sick reported that they had found cases requiring attention, and that they needed funds. They were referred to the finance committee. The missionary committee reported that since the Association was organized, 70 or more families have been called upon. 12 of these were not attending church services; but some have been induced to attend more or less. The finance committee referred to their need of funds, and expressed their willingness to receive any contributions. The music committee reported that it was their intention to organize a double quartette to aid in the services of the Association. The social committee declared their attention to organize a series of sociables, the first to be held about three weeks hence. About 25 names were presented for membership, and referred to the committee on membership. A vote of thanks to the State Executive Committee for their labors in Woburn, was moved and carried, and Messrs. Palmer, Pollard and Flint were appointed a committee to prepare and present the same. Some members wished the temperance work taken up by the Association, and Messrs. Heartz and Nason were appointed a committee to consider the matter and report.

CHANNING FRATERNITY CONCERT.—We call attention to the advertisement of this concert, to take place at the Unitarian church next Wednesday evening. With such an array of home talent, our people will surely not fail to greet them with a full house. With music and readings by Mr. F. H. Lewis, Mr. F. Robbins, Mrs. Clough-Pinney, Mrs. Bartlett, Miss Clara Ellard, Mr. Elmore A. Pierce and Mr. Champney, we may look for one of the best entertainments ever afforded our citizens, and when we remember that it is not often so many of our best home talent are combined in one concert, we trust none will miss the opportunity of hearing them. The proceeds of the concert are to be applied to the payment of the debt on the piano, to be used on this occasion, and to other debts of the Fraternity. The efforts of this association in the past, to be a source of benefit to the community, entitles it to a generous support.

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Chew Jackson's best sweet navy tobacco.

## A GOOD CYCLOPEDIA.

Next to the Dictionary, there is no more indispensable book than a good Cyclopaedia. This is evidenced by the fact that there is no work for which there is a greater demand; so that almost anything that is called a Cyclopaedia finds a ready sale. There are two important considerations which should govern a choice among the candidates for popular favor: First, the probability of finding what one looks for; and second, the accuracy of the information when found. Both considerations are in favor of Johnson's. It has more titles by far than 20,000 to 30,000 than any other Cyclopaedia in the American market, and it is the only Cyclopaedia in the world which has a special editor for each of some 30 different departments; so that, if you would decide a question in chemistry, you may know that you are consulting a chemist; in geology, a geologist; in natural history, a naturalist; in botany, a botanist; in mechanics, a mechanical engineer; in mathematics, a mathematician; in astronomy, an astronomer, etc. The important consideration is, which is the best? I think I present testimonials enough to convince any that Johnson's is the best, and when I add that it is by 40 per cent, the cheapest of all the Cyclopedias, except the superannuated, it ought to be enough to convince all your readers that they cannot afford to purchase even here any other until they have examined Johnson's.

I present the following, selected from hundreds in my possession, from the first scholars and critics of this country and Europe. These testimonials are all entirely valuable, as every one who has the Cyclopaedia has paid for it the regular price.

E. B. FAIRCHILD, Publisher.

We do not hesitate to express the opinion that Johnson's is by all means the best Cyclopaedia in the market. In support of this opinion, we are permitted to quote Rev. Dr. March, as follows:—

In these times, when knowledge on all subjects has been greatly increased, and common people must needs know many things that the learned never thought of a century ago, dictionaries and references have come to be a prime necessity for every intelligent man. The morning newspaper, the evening call, or the casual conversation will start questions in science, in history, in geography, which can be answered only at great cost, and by long and laborious research, if original authorities must be consulted. One must needs have always within reach a collection of answers to such questions, classified, complete, and reliable enough to meet the demands of every day, and every position in life.

Such a collection is Johnson's Cyclopaedia, a work which excels all others of its kind in three important particulars—completeness, condensation, accuracy. No other reference book in existence will give a brief, clear and reliable answer to so many questions that come up in daily reading, conversation, business or inquiry. No other work has brought together so large a number of conscientious and cultured writers of the first class, and led them to cooperate in one set and persistent purpose to make every article clear, condensed and accurate to the utmost degree. If this cyclopaedia could be kept and consulted in every house, office, study, school and place of business, it would do much toward giving the next generation a great advance over this, in positive knowledge and in practical life.

Rev. H. C. Townley writes:—I have examined Johnson's Cyclopaedia and recommend it without hesitation as the very best work of the kind I have ever seen. Other works covering the same ground, of twice the cost, are not worth one-half as much.

Rev. Edward Mills has volunteered the following:—

Unsolicted by either publisher or agent, I have carefully examined Appleton's, Chambers' and Johnson's Cyclopedias, and am now fully convinced (contrary to a long-cherished impression) that Johnson's is, for all practical and scholarly purposes, the very best; and I have no hesitation in recommending it as a work of great value to every student, teacher, minister, physician, lawyer, or business man; while its price is almost within the reach of every scholar, who has been unable to command Appleton's.

Rev. W. S. Barnes expressing his opinion in the following terms:—

Having used Johnson's Cyclopaedia for some time, I am glad to give it unqualified praise. It is reasonable in price, convenient in arrangement, and above all, reliable in its information, for it is the work of specialists, and one in using it has a feeling of security which can only come from the consultation of original sources. For all the purposes of a convenient and entirely trustworthy book of reference, I have made it a habit to consult Johnson's, and do not hesitate to recommend it on all occasions to any who ask me what encyclopedia I call the best for common use.

Mr. James T. Fields, of literary fame, says:—

I have examined Johnson's Cyclopaedia far enough to discover how admirably it sustains the high place it has won in public estimation. There are certain tests a person accustomed to consult works of this kind, will apply when a new Cyclopaedia is first time brought under notice, and I have amply satisfied myself that Johnson's, for constant reference, is unsurpassed by any one that has ever come from the press at home, or abroad, that I have ever seen.

CONVENTION.—The 41st quarterly convention of the Young Men's Christian Association of Eastern Massachusetts will be held at the Methodist Church next Wednesday, commencing at 11 o'clock in the forenoon. The first business will be organization, followed by reports of delegates from the Associations, which will probably take up the morning hour. At half-past two in the afternoon, there will be a prayer meeting. At half past three, Mr. Remington, of Fall River will speak on "The Association and the Churches." At four o'clock, Dr. J. S. Withrow, of Boston, will speak on "The Bible in the hands of the Young Christian," to be followed by discussion. In the evening, at 7½ o'clock, there will be a gospel meeting, led by Mr. H. S. Moore, preceded by a praise meeting, conducted by Mr. J. R. Humphrey.

SELECTIONS.—Regular meeting Thursday. Selections about. The jury list was entered, as revised, and ordered to be printed for distribution. Reports of Chief Engineer of Fire Department, of Chief of Police, and of Cemetery Committee were received and ordered to be printed. It was voted to hold a special meeting, Mar. 13, to act on recommendations for appropriations for the ensuing year.

POLICE COURT.—James Kelly, drunk; \$5 and costs.

Chew Jackson's best sweet navy tobacco.

Chew Jackson's best sweet navy tobacco.

DEATH OF SHERIFF KIMBALL.—Charles Kimball, High Sheriff of Middlesex County, died at Lowell, at 8 o'clock Thursday morning. He had only been confined to his house for a day or two, and within a few days had attended to business in Boston. During the winter Mr. Kimball took a severe cold which caused inflammation of the lungs, and although his friends were alarmed at his condition they did not apprehend any serious results would follow. But at the beginning of the present week Mr. Kimball had an attack of acute pneumonia, and died as above stated. Mr. Kimball was born in Littleton in this state Oct. 14, 1811, and went to Boston when a young man, where he spent many years in the occupation of teaching, having been Master of the Mayhew School and also of the Boylston School then located on Fort Hill. In November, 1859, he was elected Sheriff of Middlesex County, being at that time a resident of Winchester, and has held that office for nearly twenty years. His official duties were discharged in a conscientious manner, and he gained the respect of all with whom he had business. In social life he was a most congenial companion, and few men had more warm friends. In the city of Lowell he occupied several positions of trust and honor, and had served ten years as a member of the School Committee, a director of Lowell Hosiery Company, a trustee of the Merrimack River Savings Bank and a trustee of the ministry at large.

STABBING CASE.—On Monday afternoon John Connolly while at work in Eustace Cummings tannery was approached by Michael Mooney, who asked for tobacco, Connolly refused him and Mooney went off but soon returned and repeated his request; when he was refused a second time he struck Connolly, so the latter says, in the back of the fore arm with a long leather-paring knife. The cut penetrated between the two bones of the fore arm and severed the posterior inter-osseous nerve, paralyzing the arm and drawing it up. Connolly made complaint to Judge Converse but the latter declined from Connolly's story that he could make no case against Mooney.

By the death of Sheriff Kimball, Deputy E. W. Fiske, of Waltham, who is the senior Deputy, becomes Sheriff until the Governor makes an appointment. The duty of hanging Devlin, the wife murderer, who is to be executed next Friday, will devolve upon Sheriff Fiske.

GRAND ARMY FAIR.—Post 43, G. A. R., are arranging for a three days fair, to be held in their own hall, on the 16th, 17th, and 18th of April. Season tickets at 25 cents each will be issued, and a great time may be expected. Further particulars next week.

The monthly rhetorical exhibition of the Cummings School, will take place next Friday.

BITTEN.—Miss Emily Warren was bitten by a dog on Mt. Pleasant street, last Tuesday.

North Woburn.  
FRACTURE.—Neil Doherty slipped on the ice, on Saturday last, and broke his fore arm.

Burlington.  
TOWN REPORT.—The Town Report is out, making a pamphlet of 36 pages, which was printed at the Journal office. We glean the following items:—Gross amount of expenses of Town Farm, \$1,342.75; cost of each subject per week, \$1.36; number of travelers lodged and fed, 121; amount paid for outside relief, \$257.31; amount expended on highways, \$1,271.23; amount expended on cemetery, \$33.55; amount expended for removing snow, \$44.70; amount paid for schools, \$1,322.25; amount expended for library, \$67.30; gross amount of town debt, \$7,154.00; available assets, \$6,068.28; net amount of debt, \$1,085.72. Births registered,—males 8, females 6; marriages, 4; deaths,—males 9, females 3.

TOWN MEETING.—The annual town meeting takes place Monday. The warrant contains 17 articles. Art. 17 is the most important, viz:—To see if the Town will vote to enlarge the Town Hall. The hall is at present lacking every convenience, and the voters should see to it that it is remedied.

BITTEN.—On Wednesday a little daughter of Henry Marion was slightly bitten on the lip by John Marion's dog.

CONCERT.—Sunday evening at the church.

Wilmington.  
TOWN MEETING.—The Town Meeting took place on Monday, the 3d inst. It was well attended, over two-thirds of the voters being present. Othniel Eames was chosen moderator, and the following officers were elected: Town Clerk, Wm. H. Carter; Treasurer, Cyrus L. Carter; Selectmen, Assessors and Overseers of the Poor, Edward A. Carter, Otis C. Buck, and Thomas F. Gowing; School Committee for three years, Othniel Eames; Trustees of the Public Library for three years, Warren Eames and J. A. Shepard; Constable, Thomas Bancroft.

The town clerk and first Selectman received every vote without opposition. There was considerable division in the votes for second and third Selectmen, and for School Committee; but we consider that we have succeeded in electing good, reliable and honest men. The article to pay John H. Simpson and George H. Baird their bounty of \$125 each, for enlisting in the army to the credit of the town, and for which special purpose the present Legislature passed a permissive bill, came up, and after a heated discussion, was defeated. The vote stood 48 yeas to 52 nays. A motion to reconsider being made by the minority, was decided by the majority to be out of order; but we must concede that it looks to us that the honor of the town demanded that this bounty should be paid, and we hope that the article will come up at the next town meeting, and be favorably acted upon. It does not make any difference whether the Town Committee at that time promised the money individually, or for the town; it is a debt of honor, and a great dishonor to the town if it is not paid. Now the Legislature has removed all legal obstacles. The Town appointed a committee of three to attend to the fishing interests in this town, and voted to appropriate \$25 for stocking Silver Lake with hark bass, which speaks highly for the sagacity and wisdom of the townspeople. The appropriations were nearly the same as last year. Of the bequest of the late Mr. Joseph Barnap, \$100 were placed at interest for the benefit of the Library, and \$100 are to be devoted to the purchase of new books. The Town also appropriated \$50 for the benefit of the library.

A MAGNIFICENT FAMILY BIBLE.—The National Publishing Company of Philadelphia, Chicago, St. Louis and Boston, are doing a good work in this community by circulating among our people their magnificent Pictorial Family Bibles. This is one of the most superb editions we have ever seen. The printing is elegant, tasteful and substantial. The press work is done in the best style, and the paper is of the finest quality.

Being determined that their Bibles shall not be surpassed by any other edition in print, the publishers have added to it an abridgment of Dr. William Smith's great Dictionary of the Bible. This is a complete book in itself, and would make an octavo volume of over six hundred pages. Its reputation as the best Bibles Dictionary is world-wide, and each subscriber to this Bible thus obtains it free.

Another prominent feature is a History of all the Religious Denominations in the World. These accounts are clear and comprehensive, and are full of valuable information. The additional matter which accompanies the books of the Bible, covers a wide range

Winchester.  
MEETINGS.—Union meetings are being held on Tuesday and Friday evenings as a preparation for the labors of the State Committee.

Prof. L. T. Townsend, of Boston University, will deliver his popular lecture, "Science and the Bible," in the M. E. Church, next Monday evening.

TIPPED OVER.—A team of Josiah Locke's loaded with hay, tipped over on the railroad track, on Thursday morning. An express train was due, but was happily behind time, so that neither the team, hay nor train, suffered any damage.

Hose 3.—At the annual meeting of Excelsior Hose Co. No. 3, on Tuesday evening, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:—Foreman, T. H. Haley; Assistant, D. Shea; Clerk, W. P. Haley; Treasurer, J. Hennessey; Steward, T. H. Haley.

WINCHESTER, March 1, 1879.  
MR. EDITOR:—An item in your last issue, credited to the Medford Chronicle, mentions my name in connection with a conspiracy against George S. Delano, coal dealer of that town. I will not ask space to go into details, but only to say that I made no charges against Mr. Delano, except that







## Journal Club Column

A NICE BOY.—A North End woman recently received from her husband the present of a silver tea service. It was the first gift of the kind that had found its way into the family, and the North End woman was commensurately inflated with pride thereat. Friday evening she invited friends to tea, when the famous present was, for the first time, to be exhibited to public inspection. One thing, however, worried the North End woman. It was her boy. He was a nice boy. Aged eight. A very observing boy. Always liked to make himself felt, as it were, before company.

"Now," said the North End woman to this nice boy, on the afternoon of the day of the tea-party, taking him into the pantry, "you see this new silver service? Mind me, and don't you speak a word of it before the company to-night. We want them to think it is an old story with us. You hear me? Don't you speak of it."

Faithful protestations on the part of the nice boy that he will certainly and positively do nothing of the kind. Arrives the supper hour. Enter guests and sit down, lost in admiration of the gorgeous display of silver, and quite subdued, for a time by the evidences of splendor which it imparts. A short pause, favorable for the introduction of a new subject. The nice boy seizes upon it eagerly. He leans over to his mother, and whispers to her in a voice that curls her blood with its thrilling intensity, while it fixes the company's attention with its audibility:—

"Say, mother, is this the new silver service that you told me not to say anything about before the company?"

Exit the nice boy, lifted out of the room by the loss of his ear, while the company with a gasp, recovers.

A Detroit grocer, who has a little time to study human nature, and who'd save money if he only had a little more time, wrote a note to several parties selected for the occasion, to the effect that he had lost his account books, and must depend upon their honor to call and give the balance against them. One of them replied that he presumed he owed three or four dollars, when the books showed that he owed twenty-eight; another thought that there might be a possible balance against him, though he had been very careful to pay cash down, and yet his account was fourteen dollars and over. Out of twelve or fifteen customers, the grocer found one who replied that he owed three dollars and eighty cents, being fifty cents too much. He then wrote to each that he had found his books, and sent statements of accounts and as they dropped into the store, one at a time, each laughed and shook hands, and remarked, "I know it was one of your jokes, of course, and so I thought I'd give you a chance to play it clear through." Detroit Free Press.

A negro minister, who married rather sooner after the death of his wife than some of the sisters thought proper and becoming, excused himself as follows:—"My dear brethren and sisters, my grief was greater than I could bear. I turned every way for peace and comfort, but none came. I searched the scriptures from Genesis to Revelation and found plenty of promises to the widow, but nary one to do widder. So I took it that de Lord didn't want sympathy on a man when it was in his power to comfort himself; and havin' a first-rate chance to marry in de Lord, I did so, and would do it again. Besides, brethren, I considered dat poor Betsey was just as dead as she would ever be."

Two beautiful girls, who are room-mates in a boarding house on the West Side, and who are noted for their beautiful hair—one a perfect blonde, the other an extreme brunette—made a horrifying mistake the other morning. Arising early and dressing hurriedly in the dark, both wended their way down, and had seated themselves at breakfast, when the fact stood revealed that the pair had changed hair, the brunette sporting a tow-colored top-knot, and the blonde a wig of jetty black. Two breakfasts were scored to the landlady that morning.—Milwaukee paper.

This is the way the town clerk's notice read:—"Marriage intended between William Williams, of Williamstown, and Betsey Williams, of Williamsbridge." An unmitigated villain added in pencil, "For full particulars see small Bills, to be circulated hereafter."

"Please draw upon the blackboard an interrogation point," said a teacher to one of her pupils. "Can't make a good one," replied the boy. "Draw a boot-buttoner," said the teacher; "that will answer." The boy took the crayon and drew a hair-pin. Sharp rebuke from teacher. Other scholars smile.

A candidate for school director down in Pennsylvania, recently issued a circular letter advocating his election on the ground that "the peccol insisted upon it." But he was disastrously "beet."

"Marm, will ye darn hie hole in my arm?" yelled a youth, as he reached the garment to her; when she drew in her yarn and cried out in alarm, "G'lang, I'm busy on slippers for the preacher."

"Why is there no snow this morning in the lumber districts?" asked Tom, looking up from the Stillwater Lumberman. "It gets thawed up," replied Laura, and the conversation perished right there.

A Western paper wants to know why a woman always sits on the floor to pull on her stockings. We suppose it is simply because she can't sit on the ceiling.—New York News.

Henry was sitting in the parlor with Laura, and in attempting to turn the gas down dim, extinguished it. "There!" he exclaimed, "the gas has gone out." "Yes," murmured Laura, "and I wish somebody would follow its example." Then Henry went out, too.

A young couple were found out at the front gate one cold night this week, locked in each other's arms. They said the combination was lost, and they couldn't get it, because the janitor was asleep.

It seems but one short year since we sang, "O, the snow! the boot full o' snow!"

## Miscellaneous.

For the Journal.

## THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

"For who hath despised the day of small things?" Zec. 4: 10.

The course of the Christian is warfare and strife, And when he enters he engages for life. I'm weak for the conflict, perhaps I may fall; I'll try and do something, although it be small.

This life is a race, and a crown I must win; I'll run it o'er gladly, tho' fettered by sin. The Master has called me; I'll answer his call, And try and do something, although it be small.

This life is a temple, the great Architect laid The foundation in Christ, who purchase hath made. He'll help to complete it—I need not do all; I'll try and do something, although it be small.

This life is a highway, where passports are given To all the redeemed to their mansions in heaven; And for all the wandering I'd pry and I'd call, And try and do something, although it be small.

Little drops of water gladly fill the rills; Little grains of sand, we know, make the mighty hills; So the humblest prayer is heard by the God of all, Therefore, I'll do something, though it be so small.

A soft, kindly word to one burdened with sin, May fill his cup of gladness full to the brim; A shadow of grace, the sin-sick makes whole, So I'll try and do something, although it be so small.

This life is a wilderness, and I'm nearly through; Like Moses and Joshua with Canaan in view; The ram's horns in hand, made old Jericho fall; So I'll try and do something, although it be so small.

And when I get through, and the race I have run, Have ended the strife, and the victory won, I'll give praise and glory to Jesus for all That I did in his name, although it was small.

Woburn, March 3, 1879. B. M.

## BESIEGED BY A RHINOCEROS.

"Baas, baas! spoor groed one-horn skel-lum!"

Such was the, to me, rather unintelligible announcement with which my friend M—'s bush-boy came rushing in just after sunrise one morning, as we were sitting over our breakfast at the door of the house,—one of those regular old Dutch-built farm-houses, that one hardly ever sees nowadays, except in South Africa. But what he meant by it was—"Baas! baas! the trail of a big rhinoceros rascal!"

"Where?" cried M—, jumping up, for he was a keen sportsman, and never lost an opportunity of "potting" something.

"Out by Hollow Spring, baas!—spoer good!"

"There's a chance for you, my boy," said M—, turning to me. "Now you'll be able to see how these elephant-guns of mine do their work; I think you'll find them the right sort."

"Let me try this job by myself," cried I, eagerly; for like all "green-horns," I was frantic to do some unheard of feat, and win my laurels at once.

"Can't, really, my dear boy," said M— in the most expostulatingly indulgent tone; "when you are a little better used to the African bush, you can do what you like; but if I were to let you go alone now, the least I could expect would be a life-long remorse for having connived at a suicide. No, we'll make a party of three to visit our friend, and he'll hardly give us all the slip, I fancy."

Accordingly, we started out that very night, Swart, the bush-boy, making the third of our party; but I suppose the rhinoceros was too modest to face so many visitors at once, for although we kept watch till sunrise, there was no sign of him. The next night it was just the same; and at last I got so mad at the idea of losing my chance,—the first I had ever had with the big game,—that, in spite of what M— had said, I made up my mind to try my luck single-handed.

I should have told you that the Hollow Spring frequented by my four-footed friend, lay about eight miles from the house, in a deep gully, one side of which went up into a steep, hilly-backed ridge, topped by a big knuckle of rock that over-looked the spring at a range of fifty yards—as pretty a stand as any sportsman could wish. So, when night came, I stole out of the house with one of M—'s vaunted "elephant guns,"—a piece carrying a five-ounce "explosive ball," steel-tipped, and holding enough fulminating powder to blow out the spine of a megatherium. To guard against the recoil of such a charge, the stock was fitted with a thick pad. So, with gun and ammunition together, I had quite enough to carry for an eight-mile tramp through the bush.

I dare say there are ugly thickets in South America and Central Asia; but Africa bears them both. Imagine a forest of fish-hooks, relieved occasionally by a patch of pen-knives, and you have it exactly. There's one horrid, spiky thing, called by the Dutch "Wache-em-betje," which the English have corrupted into "wait a bit"; and it does make you wait a bit, if it once gets hold of you. I've known a fellow be laid up a fortnight with a rash from one. So you may think that with masses of this nice stuff all around me, I had to pick my way gingerly enough.

When I got to the place, lo! and behold, the pad of my gun had fallen off! To go back and look for it would have been like hunting for a needle in a haystack; so I filled my handkerchief with wild grass, and tacked it in under the shoulder of my jacket as a substitute, and then I took my post behind the rock and waited.

The full moon was just rising over the trees (a glorious sight, I can tell you), when I heard a distant trampling, like the tread of an elephant, only quicker; for a full-grown rhinoceros, clumsy as he looks, can be active enough at times, as you'd soon find, if you stood a charge from him when his temper's up. So I had not long to wait before there came a thick snort, and the great thick brown barrel of a body loomed out in the streak of moonlight just over the spring. I hardly stopped to take aim, before I pulled the trigger.

The next few seconds were a blank; and then I awoke to the consciousness that my shoulder was aching as if it had been broken, and that something was grinding savagely a few yards off; and then I saw the huge snout and great white tusks coming right at me! I don't think any aerobat could have been quicker than I was, in clutching at a projecting bough, and swinging up into the tree overhead; and I'd hardly got there when the brute came bang against the trunk, almost shaking me off again. For a minute or two my heart was in my mouth, for he thumped

against the tree till I really thought he would have it down; and when he found he could not, he stan ped the earth in a fury, and tore it up with his horn, in a horribly suggestive way that made m. flesh creep.

Here I was, then, in the crisis of a regular "adventure," such as I had always longed for; but somehow, now that I was in it, it didn't seem so very delightful. It's one thing to read about adventures in an easy chair after dinner, and another to act them for yourself all night on a hard bough, with thousands of mosquitoes pitching into you, and a mad rhinoceros galloping about underneath.

The likeness between my situation and some of those recorded by Captain Mayne Reid set me overhauling my recollections of that veracious author, in the hope of an idea; but the more I thought, the more the Captain failed me. Basil, when followed up a tree by a bear, got his brothers to throw him a rope, and slid down; but I had no brothers and no rope. Ben Brace, when "treed" by the lion, lassoed his dropped musket, and slew the king of beasts therewith; but I had no lasso, and couldn't have used it if I had. Somebody else, blockaded by a "grizzly," waited till Bruin fell asleep, and then slipped away; but my rhinoceros seemed distressingly wide awake, and even if he had dozed, the experiment would not have commended itself to my fancy. In short, the most masterly stratagem that I could devise was to stay where I was, and I did so.

That night was the longest I ever spent, and no mistake. Toward morning, Master Rhino frequently took a brief leave of absence into the bush, as if to tempt me down; but I heard him tramping in the distance, and wasn't to be caught. Day was just dawning, and I was beginning to wonder how long I could stand the thirst that was parching me up, when suddenly I heard a snort among the bushes, so close that it made me start. Then the boughs parted, and I saw M—'s jolly face looking up at me, with a grin from ear to ear.

"Fairly treed, eh, my boy? Well, I've raised the siege for you, and yonder lies the enemy. Your bullet's run down his side under the skin, without exploding; so I suppose you must have hit him slantwise. Better luck, next time. Anyhow, I'm glad to find you alive; but I fancy you won't go out alone again in a hurry."—David Kerr. St. Nicholas for February.

COUNTERFEIT COIN.—United States Marshall Mathews was interviewed by a Detroit reporter recently, and gave the scribe some insight into the mystery of counterfeiting. The implements used by one of the most notorious western counterfeiters for the manufacture of nickels were simple,—an iron spoon, in which the lead was melted, and a plaster of Paris mould, composed of two "cakes" of plaster fitted closely together, and each containing the imprint of one-half a nickel. When they are tied together, a small orifice or funnel appears in the plaster, leading from the outside to the mould in the centre. Through this aperture the melted lead is poured, and, being allowed time to cool, the plaster cakes are taken apart, and the coin removed. The mould is originally made by placing the coin upon a plate of glass, and laying upon it a soft cake of plaster. After the plaster has hardened, the glass is removed, and more plaster applied in its place, to take the impress of the other side. This apparatus enables the counterfeiter to turn out perhaps thirty or forty bogus coins per hour.

Marshall Mathews said, there are counterfeiters of every grade, from the chap who makes nickels out of melted lead, to the artists that coin silver dollars from block tin and bismuth, or engrave the plates for bank-note counterfeiters. After having made a mould, the nickel counterfeiter grinds out the pocketful, and then makes the tour of the saloons. Bar-tenders are more easily cheated with bad coin than any other class of men. The men who make quarters, halves and dollars go to work in the same manner, though their materials are of better quality. A very good counterfeit is made of block tin and bismuth. Sometimes the mould is composed of steel instead of plaster, and sometimes the coin is silver-plated so skillfully that an expert could hardly detect it from the genuine except by the milling and the weight. The genuine coins at the mint are pressed out of solid metal by powerful steam dies, and it is impossible for any moulded coin to equal the fineness of the milling on their edges; so that there are two ways in which the expert can easily tell a counterfeit. But, now-a-days, the majority of people take silver without examining it very closely.

Before silver became so common, there was very little counterfeiting done, for the same reason that you never see a counterfeit gold piece. When a man gets hold of a \$5 gold coin, he seldom fails to examine it thoroughly, ring it, weigh it in his hand, etc., and hence a cheat is almost certain to be detected. So it was with silver, until two or three years ago, since which time the business of silver counterfeiting has sprung up like magic. Occasionally you will find a coin split, and the hollow shell filled with baser metal; but this is rarely done, on account of the difficulty of the job, and the small return for the labor and risk involved. The better kinds of counterfeit coins are usually plated, or else made from block tin and bismuth. Great care is taken to avoid discovery. The man who makes the coins is kept as far in the background as possible. The pieces, after being manufactured, are sold to a second party, who in turn employs a "shover" to put them in circulation. The price paid the manufacturer is generally \$30 for every \$100 worth, and the material for \$100 worth costs the maker about \$10. The shover operates exclusively among retail merchants, and rarely passes more than one or two coins at a time. At a saloon, for instance, he will buy a drink or a cigar and receive forty cents change for a bogus half. Passing into a drug store, he will buy a ten-cent cake of soap; at the book-store a pen-holder, etc., always paying out counterfeit money, and receiving his change in good. When a "shover" is arrested, his pockets are almost always filled with a variety of articles that he has purchased.

We know a hen fancier who gives his birds whole oil in their feed with an idea that it may sperm to ova production.—Marlboro Times.

WEARING AND RUSTING.—It is perfectly natural for any one, when weary and worn out with the multiplicity of daily duties, vexed with the conflicting cares of life, and perhaps discouraged by adverse fortunes, to sigh for a relief from the bustle and monotony which is consequent upon active toil, and wish for enough of the world's goods to enable him to withdraw from the vortex of labor, business, or professional duties, and indulge in rest. Many are the wishes expressed in one day for wealth enough to refrain from work of any kind. And still an inactive life is not a satisfactory one. The person who from day to day sits in idleness, accomplishing nothing, has no such gratifying reflections as he who is doing something through each day, for himself and others. The consciousness of having accomplished something of merit, something that will be worthy of remembering, something that will benefit his fellow men, or lend a ray of light to the darkened chambers of the afflicted, will bring sure recompense to the cheerful worker, even though the recompense is earned by weary work. While the rusty blade lies dim and unsightly, the one that has been well worn, gleams and glitters in the rays of life's setting sun, like the keen sword of the valiant soldier.

We were much impressed with this fact, by the visit of a venerable gentleman to our office, one day, who, although he is eighty-one years of age, is seemingly as hale and hearty as he was twenty-five years ago. In conversation with him, we were informed that he had been in business without cessation, for a period of sixty-one years, and that he was not tired yet. In all that time, he has adhered strictly to the rule of sleeping but six hours, rising invariably at five o'clock, and working in his private office until breakfast. His business affairs have been conducted with such method that he could, at the end of every day, leave his papers and books in such a condition that any one could commence where he left off, and carry on the work. Idleness has been an unknown characteristic to him. To give an illustration of his work, he informed us that, having occasion to remove from the house he had occupied many years, he sold off a lot of old papers which he had written,—accounts, records, &c., and that they weighed seven hundred and fifty pounds. And to day he pursues the same industrial habits, and is ready to walk a long distance to assist any one whom he can aid in no other way. Here is an instance of a working life. There is no rust in that man's character; when the pale herald summons him, he will be worn out; there will be no spots of rust on his armor. But the gleam of satisfaction that flashed in his eye as he reflected upon his past life, told plainly how satisfied he was with a busy past. And we thought that it was a vast deal better to wear out than to rust.—Lynn Reporter.

RAPID TRANSCRIBING.—Mr. James E. Munson, the author of Practical Phonography, in the last number of the *Phonographic News*, gives an account of a remarkable feat of rapid transcribing by a lady photographer of New York city. He says:—"On Monday, May 20, we were reporting a case in court, a copy of which the counsel wanted at the opening of the court the next day. At recess we sent the notes that we had taken up to that time to Madam Collados, and she began to transcribe them at three o'clock that afternoon. After the adjournment we gave her the remainder of the day's notes. At half past seven on Tuesday morning she had transcribed without assistance the entire day's proceedings, making 145 folio legal cap pages. The transcript was then read over, and compared with the notes. So correct had been the work that the revision occupied only two hours' time, and the minutes were ready an hour before the opening of the court. We challenge any reporter to show as rapid transcribing as this."

A teacher in one of the Westfield public schools, was startled the other day at the answer she got from one bright little fellow. On the blackboard was the picture of an ostrich, and the teacher described its great strength and power of endurance, closing by saying that it was the only bird upon which a man could ride. "I know another," spoke up a little chap. "Well, what is it?" "A lark," Unsuspectingly the teacher asked:—"How can you prove that, Johnnie?" "All I know about it," said the boy, "is that every little white mother says 'father's off on a lark,' and when he comes home, he looks as if he had rode awful fast."—Athol Chronicle.

"Do you object to smoking?" asked a New Jersey gentleman of a well-dressed lady, the only other occupant of the smoking car, on the Baltimore and Potomac railroad last week. "No, sir; I'll jine ye, Jedge," was the reply; and she pulled out her clay pipe, cut her dark plug of tobacco, asked for a light, smoked like a locomotive, and soon had the car to herself. This is suggested to our lady friends as a convenient means of awful revenge upon the horrid men who smoke.

A colored clergyman within the limits of our fair city, stepped into a grocery store on State street, recently, and, according to the proprietor, said, "Our church is out ob communion wine." "Very well," said the accommodating dealer, "about what are you going to want?" "Well," responded the colored wearer of the white neckcloth, "we hadn't got 'nuff communion wine to las' de year fra', and some ob de ladies ob de congregation had expressed a preference for gin!"—N. H. Reg.

A tramp recently called at the residence of a Salem clergyman and asked for money, at the same time presenting a paper representing that the bearer was a "poor widow woman with four small children, and no other resource but charity, etc., etc." The good pastor inquired of the fellow if he was a widow. Replied the chap: "Is it that that says? He's writ it wrong again!" and walked off. The deserving poor are grossly injured by such impostors. The benevolent know not whom to believe.

An old fellow reading a newspaper head line, "War against the Afghans," said he was glad of it; he never did like "them circus blankets."

1851.

1879.

## THE Woburn JOURNAL.

29th VOLUME.

For more than a quarter of a century it has been a welcome visitor to the homes of Woburn, and of those in other places to whom the memory of the old town is dear. It has in the past taken a lively interest in all

## LOCAL AFFAIRS.

and will in the future keep up with the times, by urging and encouraging progress in every direction that will add to the wealth, importance or influence of the town.

The Journal is essentially a news-paper, and first of all it will continue to give

## ALL THE WOBURN NEWS.

together with that of surrounding towns, as it has been demonstrated that the people desire to have and will sustain, a paper which is a journal of the news about affairs in which they have a personal interest

## THE STORIES

which are given each week constitute a feature of the paper and have always met with favor. Connected with the paper is an experienced book reviewer and his

## LITERARY NOTICES

have been highly commended, and they will be continued during the coming year. Our

## CORRESPONDENTS

are scattered all over the world, and contributions from their pens have added much to the interest of the Journal. Communications on any topic are invited, and

## ANY ONE

can secure the insertion of a letter in the Journal provided it is written in proper terms, and the writer's name given as a guarantee of good faith on any subject, without regard to the position of the paper on that subject. Believing that there is nothing like discussion to bring out truth and that truth never fears the fullest scrutiny, it is the policy of the Journal to encourage discussion, and while it will continue to

## FEARLESSLY ADVOCATE

all such principles and measures as it deems important and essential to the public welfare, it will concede space upon its platform to any who see fit to differ, and admit that in argument as well as in other things the fittest shall survive.

Believing that whatever helps the Town helps the individual citizen, the Journal will always be found jealously guarding the honor of the Town against assaults or defamers, and earnestly seconding any efforts for public improvement or growth. The Journal will continue to be a live newspaper treating of

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with an independent pen, giving its readers the best selections from

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in the shape of stories, original and selected, sketches, paragraphs, &c., together with all the news, and discussions of current topics. The above has made and will maintain it as the

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## Funeral Undertakers

L. H. ALLEN,



VOL. XXIX.

WOBURN, MASS., SATURDAY, MARCH 15, 1879.

NO. 11.

## Reed's East India Remedies.

A Cure for Rheumatism.



We have received a store of these goods and will be pleased to furnish circulars containing full particulars, and answer any questions about their worth.

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## Poetical Selection.

## WINTER-SICK.

Close-curtained from the winter world  
I wonder down the morn'g or shines  
Nook's warm sun on the melting eaves?  
Or is it night above the pines?

If I could see the sun once more  
I think I should be well again,—  
So slow the time goes, beating out  
Its seconds in dull throbs of pain.

The very stillness of the dark  
Is wearisome. How long it seems  
Since the loud-echoing "Twelve" rang in  
Among my lone, waking dreams!

What was I dreaming? Of the bees—  
How lazily, one summer day,  
I leaned across the bars, and watched  
Them fly about the new-made hay.

I wondered if they cared to find  
The sweet cells shaken of their dew.  
Or murmured at the buried blooms  
Scattered the drifted rovers through.

And now and then above their hum  
Light words came to me on the breeze,  
From where the busy mowers stood,  
Whetting their scythes beneath the trees.

I know what a gentle touch,  
When home I strolled at noon of day,  
The slight signs of the buttercups  
Tapped on my feet, as if at play.

But, ah! that was in summer time!  
And now o'er every field and hill  
The snowflakes fall, yet in my room  
The winter stillness drearier still.

Could I but press my aching feet  
On clover blooms, I think 'twould ease  
Their weariness. I should be well  
If I could hear and watch the bees.

—Golden Rule.

## Selected Story.

## THE TWO ROBERTS.

Singing softly to himself, Robert Edbury rode over "dale and over down," in the sweet stillness of the July night. Hardly a breath of air was stirring in the branches of the trees. Now and then an invisible night bird piped a solitary note to keep him company, and soft waves of light streamed over the hills, as the queenly moon, well attended by her guards, rode indolently down the broad highway of heaven. The blue dome, looking soft as velvet, was like the fabled path of love, strewn thickly with the golden kisses of the stars.

As he gained the last hill, whose summit gazed on the little watering-place, which was for a few weeks to be his destination, he involuntarily drew rein, and sat silent a moment, enjoying the moonlight scene. On his left, an old-fashioned brick house reared its chimneys aloft. So close was he to it, that its sharp gables seemed to cut the air over his head, and only a strip of green lawn bordered by horse-chestnut trees, separated him from the windows, gleaming in the moonlight.

Scepter and crown, I'd fling them down,  
If I might—  
But his song got no farther than that; it died away in thought.

Passing arm-in-arm, down the crowded lancing room of the Spa the next evening, with his friend Norton, Robert Edbury's quick ear was arrested by a note which he knew that divine voice again, hear it whenever and wherever he might, and he was not mistaken. A certain remonstrance lay in its tone, not to say mischievous.

"But who could it have been, Robert, if it was not you?" It frightened him to think of it. It—it was somebody of your height and figure. It must have been yourself, Robert.

"But I tell you it was not, Jessie. I should like to know who it was."

"He was a gentleman, I am sure,"—with a stress upon the word. "You need not be put out, Robert."

Robert Edbury turned and saw, close beside him, leaning on that other Robert's arm, a young girl, surpassingly beautiful. Roses mingled with the bright gold of her hair, shone in the bosom of her dress, and a bunch of them was somehow intertwined with the slender gold wrist chain attached to her fan.

Mr. Edbury caught his breath, as, turning her face, the girl's soft violet-blue eyes rested for a moment unobscured on his.

"Who is she?" he whispered eagerly to his friend. "How lovely she is! What is her name? By heaven! I never believed in divine loveliness before; but here it is—pure and undefiled. What is her name?"

"It is Miss Chassandane," was the reply. "She and her mother live at the Grove, half a mile out of town."

The soft blue eyes, filled with tears, flew up and met his. She knew him, then. Frightened and ashamed, and trembling from head to foot, she rose impulsively to her feet. He took a step backward, and they stood so, facing each other a moment in the gay, unheeding crowd.

"I know you now," gasped Jessie. "How dare you speak to me again? You are very presuming, sir—I will not bear it. Give me back my flower, and leave me."

"Nay," he said, gently, but in the tone of a master, "is there cause for anger?" And in a low, reasoning, persuasive voice he spoke to her for some moments, and the rising spirit was calmed. In spite of herself, and against her will, she was becoming irresistibly attracted to this man.

"Give me this one waltz, Miss Chassandane, and then I will give you back your rose. It will be a fair exchange. But, mind what I tell you—as sure as there is a heaven above us, the day is coming when you will offer me a rose unasked. Come!"

The old rose-red flush drifted over the young girl's face; his words, and more than all, his manner, impressed her, as he meant they should. He stood, with proffered arm, courteously beside her, and, though protesting inwardly with all her might that she would not dance, she gave him her hand, and in another moment they were floating, deliciously together to the strains of the seductive music.

When it was over, Robert led her to her seat near some friends; her mother had no zone to the rooms that night. She looked very pale. The pretty rose color had all fled out of the sweet, round cheeks.

"Are you faint?" he asked, anxiously bending over her. "Are you tired? Shall I get you some water?"

"No, no," she cried, shrinking away from him. "I am not faint. But look at Mr. Robert Stonor—I have offended him. He is angry because I danced with you. Oh, what shall I do! He is my cousin, and his ill-health, and he must not be excited."

Robert Edbury turned, and saw standing near him that other Robert, who threatened to be—and perhaps was—no mean rival in his ill health was evident. One hand was pressed to his side, as if to still some pain there, and on his handsome blonde face, of confirmed sickness, a cloud of jealous anger rested heavily.

The eyes of the two men met, and each knew the other for a rival.

A half smile of scorn as he looked, curled Robert Edbury's lips. In a case like this, a man has no sympathy for the ailments of another. With a grave face he took from his pocket the rosette, and laid it in Miss Chassandane's lap.

"Here is your rose," he said, quietly. "I restore it to you at your wish. But remember what I said, and believe me, time will prove me to be no false prophet."

Without waiting for an answer, he bowed and then disappeared among the throng of dancers, seeking her no more that night.

"Is Miss Chassandane engaged to that man?" he questioned of his friend Norton.

"I believe there is no positive engagement," was the reply. "Mrs. Chassandane, it is said, objects to it."

"On what score does she object?"

"Oh, no; Stonor has a small, compact estate close by, and is well off. On the score of his uncertain health. Also, they are cousins."

"What is it that is the matter with him?"

"Some complication connected with both the lungs and the heart, which, I conclude, renders treatment very difficult."

"Do you think Miss Chassandane cares for him?"

"I don't think she loves him, Edbury—it's that what you mean. It seems to me she likes him more as a brother. When eligible attentions are paid to girls, they feel flattered, you know, and respond accordingly. Nine out of ten of them understand nothing of their own feelings, and mistake friendship for love. Robert Stonor and Miss Chassandane have grown up together—have been like brother and sister."

Frequently they met after that. It was an unusually gay season at Spaulding, and entertainments abounded accordingly. In the morning drinking the water, or making believe to drink it; in the afternoon sauntering in the gardens, or on the parade; in the evening at the rooms, or at private parties; two or three times did Mr. Edbury and Miss Chassandane meet and linger together, and converse with each other. Robert Edbury's time was his own, and he stayed on. He could have stayed forever. The two or three weeks sojourn he had intended, had more than doubled itself. For he had learned to love her passionately, and she, too, might see it if she chose; but whether she did or not, he could not tell, judging from the grave and sweet dignity with which she met and bore his eager attentions.

At length there came an evening when he was determined to put his fate to the test; to go on in this uncertain way was worse than torment. They had not been much disturbed by Robert Stonor. A paroxysm of his complaint, had confined that gentleman to his own house.

And so, Robert Edbury went up to the old garden house before which his horse had halted that first night, and sought an interview with Miss Chassandane. She was quite alone. The long French window by which she sat was flung wide open, and the low red sunlight, streaming in over her, lighted up her fair, gold hair and the roses in her dress.

"How beautiful she is," he thought, as he took her hand in his. "What if I should not win her, after all. But I will make a hard fight for it!"

Jessie looked up inquiringly into his face. "You are very silent," she said; and then, catching the earnest look in his eyes, she dashed violently, and drew away her hand. "I love you!" he passionately broke forth in a low, tremulous tone, breaking his emotional silence. "I have come to you this evening to risk my fate by saying this,—to win or lose all. Jessie, you must know how I love you—how I have loved you all along, from that very first night when I spoke to you, neither of us knowing the other. Will you not give me some hope of love in return? Do not send me from you an utterly broken and discouraged man."

Jessie was silent for a moment—one long cruel moment to Robert Edbury—then the small, sweet face was turned to him with gentle dignity. He knew his doom before-hand, ere she spoke the words.

"You must know how useless it was to speak to me of this," she said. "I knew, surely you must have known, that I was engaged to my cousin, Robert Stonor."

"Engaged to him?"

"Yes. We are engaged."

Neither spoke for a time. The scent of the flowers, blooming in the lonely grounds on this side of the house, away from dusty and busy highway, seemed to mock them with its sweetness; the clustering shrub and trees waved gently in the summer evening breeze.

He could not speak at once; the sense of his bitter loss was too great. The setting sun streamed in upon him, lighting up his distressed face. It seemed to him that the great old-fashioned clock in the hall ticked out the jeering words:

"Lost! Lost! Lost!"

"Engaged!" he said, at length, with a long-drawn breath. "I did not know it. But engagements, where no love is, have been broken many times before now!"

"Hush!" cried Jessie. "Do not speak like that again. It would kill him! You do not know what you are saying."

"Kill him?"

"If he heard it, I meant. He says he trusts me."

"And you are sacrificing yourself for him—for a fancy! Hear the truth, Jessie. You are not for Mr. Stonor except as a cousin or a brother. Examine your own heart, and it will tell you that you do not care for Mr. Stonor. You love me. Many a cold word, a half look has betrayed it to me. Yes, my darling, it is Robert Edbury you have learned to love, not Robert Stonor. Your blushes, my love, are betraying you. You—"

"What was that?" shrieked Jessie.

A low smothered sound, half groan, half cry, had come in from the open window. It was so full of pain that a man would not care to hear it twice in a lifetime. Before either could rush out, Robert Stonor stood at the opening.

It was a figure never to be forgotten. His handsome, fair face was distorted with either pain or anger; his pale lips trembled; his left hand was pressed, with the old familiar gesture upon his heart.

"False, false that you are!" broke at length from his bloodless lips, as he seized Jessie with his right hand.—"You told me you did not care for Robert Edbury! You told me—"

A pause, a stagger, and with a frightful shiver, he fell on the carpet. Robert Edbury broke the fall partially, but not quick enough to quite save him from it. Jessie flew from the room for assistance.

"Robert Stonor here!" cried the bewildered Mrs. Chassandane. "I thought he was confined to his chamber at home."

He had been confined to his chamber; but alas! he had crept out of it that evening, and come up to the house to see Jessie. With the fond hope of surprising her in the usual evening room, he had gone round the shrubbery, intending to enter by the window and had heard all.

On the floor, there as he lay, his head raised on a cushion by the hands of Robert Edbury, he died. The medical men said he could not, in any case, have many months if weeks, but that the agitation had killed him.

It was not many long days after that, when she had risen from the sick-bed to which this shock of sudden death had brought her, that Robert Edbury came to say farewell to Miss Chassandane.

The interview was brief—studiedly brief—for the shadow of that dead man lying between them, speech was difficult to both.

"Good-bye," she cried, reaching out to him an attenuated hand. "I hope you may find happiness and peace!"

"But we shall meet again," cried Robert, eagerly. "Surely—surely some time in the future I may come to you."

"Hush!" she cried, the tears rolling pitifully down her cheeks. "You must not speak of that. Robert's shadow would always come between us, as she fell down the floor. We killed him," and he wrung her pale hands together in strong excitement.

"Stop!" cried Robert Edbury, quite sternly. "You are taking an altogether mistaken view of the truth. Ask your mother; ask any but you are weak and ill yet, Jessie, and the time has not come for me to insist on this. Let us think of him, poor fellow, as one who must, had he lived, have suffered very much, and who has mercifully found peace in the rest of death."

He stood for a moment looking with a fond longing into the small, sweet face from which the summer roses had fled with grudging haste. Then, taking from his pocket a fragile gold and crystal circlet, he held it out to her. It was the bracelet she lost that first night of their meeting.

"I found it under your window that night with the violets," he said. "It fell from your arm. Will you take it back now?"

A faint lovely tinge of red flickered into her cheeks once more.

"No!" she answered, looking into her dark face with tender, gentle wistfulness. "I—I don't want to recall that night, or anything connected with it. You may keep it if you like."

So he kissed her hand and said farewell. But he left a whisper behind him.

"When the roses bloom again remember me."

A year went by, and no message came. The second year he said to himself: "Surely she will send for me now!" But May and June crept by, and July came; but not one word came from Jessie Chassandane. He was growing sick with a wild and helpless despair, for he felt how worse than useless it could be to go uncalled; when one day a letter came fluttering like a white bird to his heart.

"The roses are in bloom, and there is one for you!"—The *Argosy*.

HER GRANDFATHER'S CRITICISM.—When I was thirteen years old, a celebrated public man died suddenly, and I was moved to write an elegiac poem on the occasion. I knew perfectly well that it was not remarkable, but the idea of seeing myself in print was too delightful to be resisted, so I sent it to the daily paper, and being fairly rhythmic and grammatical, it was printed at once. My father, in some way, found out I wrote it, and was mightily pleased. He took the paper at the breakfast table, and handed it to my grandfather, a gentleman of education and taste, and asked him what he thought of that poetry. He read it over and laid down the paper carelessly: "Oh, it's the ordinary stuff; such things are all trashy, of course."

"But, father, R. wrote it." My dear old grandfather's handsome face changed at once; he picked up the discarded journal, and, with eyes full of delighted tears, went on to praise the "stuff" to the skies, and call it wonderful. But, child as I was, I had learned my lesson, and many a time since, when I could trace a virulent criticism back to some neglect of its writer, or a favorable one to the kind heart of a friend, I have thought of my first critic, and smiled at the utility of dependence on such variable sources of pain or pleasure.—*Rose Terry Cooke*.

WASHINGTON IN BOSTON.—Washington made a tour through the Eastern States in 1789. The coming of his coach and four was everywhere the signal for great manifestations of esteem. As soon as he entered Massachusetts, the Governor, Hon. John Hancock, sent him an invitation to stop at his house, which Washington courteously declined, having engaged lodgings in Boston. But this did not suit the stately notions of the courtly and gouty Governor; so he sent out a grand deputation to meet the President at Cambridge. On reaching the "Neck," they were confronted by the municipal authorities, drawn up in line to receive the President, as the guest of the city of Boston. While Washington was impatiently waiting in the cold, a parley ensued between the rival deputations, which resulted in favor of the Boston authorities. On arriving in Boston, he met with more trouble of the same sort. He had accepted an invitation from Governor Hancock to dinner, but he waited for the Governor to come and escort him to his house. This was contrary to the dignity of the Governor of Massachusetts, so the latter sent his regrets, professing indisposition. But Washington persisted, and staid at his lodgings, dining there, with the Vice President for company. The Governor decided the next day that he was able to call on the President.

TO MAKE HENS LAY.—Put two or more quarts of water in a kettle, and one large seed pepper, or two small ones, then put the kettle over the fire. When the water boils stir in coarse Indian meal until you have a thick mush. Let it cook an hour or so; feed hot. We chopped horse radish fine and stirred into mush, as prepared in the above directions, and for results we are getting from five to ten eggs a day, whereas previous to feeding we have not had an egg for a long time. We hear a good deal of complaint from other people about getting eggs. To such we would warmly recommend cooked food, fed hot. Boiled apple skins, seasoned with pepper, or boiled potatoes seasoned with horseradish are good for feed; much better than uncooked food. Corn, when fed to the hens by itself, has a tendency to fatten rather than produce the more profitable egg laying. A spoonful of sulphur stirred with their feed occasionally will rid them of vermin and tone up their systems. It is especially good for young chickens or turkeys.

Secretary Evans is credited with saying a very neat thing at a dinner the other night, in reply to somebody who happened to have been reading one of the regulation jokes about the Secretary's endless sentences, and gracefully repeated it. "Oh, nonsense," said Mr. Evans, good-naturedly; "I don't object to that sort of thing at all. People who expect to injure me by calling attention to my long sentences forget that the only persons really opposed to long sentences in this country are the criminal classes who deserve them."

Apples, in addition to being a delicious fruit, make a pleasant medicine. A raw, mellow apple is digested in an hour and a half, while red cabbage requires five hours. The most healthy desert that can be placed on a table is a baked apple.

Why is a pawnbroker like a drunkard? Because he takes the pledge, but cannot always keep it.



## Woburn Journal.

John L. Parker, Editor and Proprietor.  
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The figures printed with the subscriber's name on this paper, show to what time the subscription is paid. If any error is observed, please notify the office at once.

SATURDAY, MARCH 15, 1879.

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## "A Delightful Air of Mystery."

We all love mystery. It fascinates more or less, even where sad features surround it, as in the case of the never-solved mystery of the "City of Boston." We find ourselves trying to solve, in imagination, what cannot be solved in fact. We follow the fated vessel into some Arctic sea, unknown to all except Jules Verne, or to an unfrequented spot in the ocean, where pirates from an island unknown to geographers, assume violent possession, and allow no traveller to return and tell the tale. Hundreds of children die every week without exciting interest beyond the circle of friends. But if strange men snatch up a little child and disappear, leaving no trace of the flight of the robbers, or the fate of the boy, the affair engages the interest and sympathy of millions. Where Captain Kidd hid his money is a mystery too fascinating for some to let alone. A man recently died in Woburn, who had gone out at times, with pick in hand, to hunt for the pirate's buried treasure. How eagerly the details of a great crime, the authorship of which is enveloped in mystery, are read in the newspapers! Columns of theories, and results of investigations, with diagrams, are given in the papers, in the warranted belief that it will all be gladly read by the public. Such cases of untraced criminality have to be well ventilated and investigated, and the newspapers very properly lend a hand to the work. The New York Times, in opening up the mystery of Twickenham, benefited itself and the country.

Multitudes seeking the gratification of this love of the mysterious, read with morbid avidity all the details of dark crime they can find in print, and the scene of such crime becomes the centre of strange interest to all ages and both sexes. Some will come long distances to enjoy the gloomy pleasure. But why content ourselves with mouldy crusts when wholesome loaves are to be had. Mysteries, delightful, and not degrading, and the solution of which stimulates without injuring the mind, are to be found in our best novels. In "Les Misérables," and "Monte Cristo," and in many more recent novels, the mind can revel in plots full of mystery, whose gradual and delightful unfolding stamp the authors as geniuses. In our lighter moments, we seek, not emptiness of mind, as a means of recuperation, but the turning of the thoughts into a different and pleasing channel; and a moderate use of the very best standard novels, we believe, is excellent for this purpose.

Thirty or more Chinese laundrymen meet every Sunday, in the Chambers street church, Boston, to learn English. Christian workers of all ages and both sexes, do the teaching, each teacher assuming charge of one celestial. During the week, the teachers are expected to give their pupils any social advantages which they think proper. A Chinese-English primer, published by the American Tract society, is used in the teaching. The interest and the progress made are said to be remarkable. There are reported to be 120 Chinese, all men, in Boston. They live as comfortably, cleanly and expensively as many white families; their prices for washing are known to be as high as the highest.

MARSHAL BANKS.—Gen. Banks entered on his duties, as U. S. Marshal, on Tuesday last. His bondsmen are Francis Buttrick and William Roberts, both of Waltham. It is a fact worthy of note, that during the eight years of Col. Usher's administration, the government has not lost a dollar through the errors or carelessness of either him or his assistants. There is a feeling of general regret that so genial and accomplished a gentleman as Col. Usher has been, is forced to vacate an office he has filled so acceptably, in order to make room for another.

MYSTIC VALLEY HEARING.—The Legislative hearing of the petitioners for an extension of the Mystic Valley road from Wilmington to Chelmsford, has fallen through. It was postponed from last week Tuesday to last Monday, at 10 A. M. On Monday last, Mr. Sweetser stated that he had conferred with the Directors of the Mystic Valley road, and that they desired to withdraw the petition. No other persons wishing to speak on the subject, the Chairman declared the hearing closed.

SHERIFF FISKE.—The Supreme Court has decided the matter of seniority between Deputy Fiske and Bancroft, of Middlesex county, in favor of Deputy Eben W. Fiske, of Waltham, and he will, for the present, fill the office made vacant by the death of Sheriff Kimball. Mr. Fiske has filled the position of Deputy for the past 28 years, being appointed under Sheriff Keyes. He is thoroughly competent to fill the responsible position.

Our thanks are due to A. E. Thompson, Esq., chairman of the Board of Selectmen, for a copy of the Town Report for the year ending March 1, 1878. These books are somewhat rare, and as they contain a part of the record of deceased soldiers, as prepared by Mr. Nathan Wyman, they are quite valuable.

Col. Needham, who ought to know, says: "Call it gossip, or what you please, society finds its highest protection in the judicious discussion of the habits and practices of the men who constitute it."

## Y. M. C. A. CONVENTION.

The 41st quarterly convention of Young Men's Christian Associations, of Eastern Massachusetts, was held in Woburn on Wednesday in the Methodist church. The exercises commenced at 11 o'clock with a devotional meeting, conducted by Mr. Chas. Wainwright, of Lawrence, after which, Mr. H. A. Staples, the permanent secretary, announced that in accordance with a time-honored custom, the president of the local association would be entitled to preside, and he called to the Chair Mr. Arthur W. Palmer, of Woburn. Mr. Palmer made a short address of welcome, in which he expressed the pleasure his association enjoyed in having the convention held here, and expected much good from the meeting. M. R. Deming, of Boston, B. Day, of Marblehead, and H. J. McCoy, of Lowell, were chosen a committee on credentials. D. G. Alden, of Boston, S. B. Carter, of Newburyport, and Alvin McLane, of Boston, were chosen a committee on business. It was voted that all members of Y. M. C. Associations present, but not as delegates, be elected honorary members of the Convention.

Rev. Dr. March expressed his hearty cooperation with the work of the Associations, and his gratitude to the committee who had been laboring in Woburn. He learned more in beholding their lives than he learned in the commentaries. We do not to preach a fine-spun theory, but a practical religion. He wanted more who would be working and walking Christians, and was glad to have confirmation that there was more faith in the world.

Rev. Mr. Pomfret was heartily in sympathy with any body who is at work for the Master. He thought the religious interest in town was deeper than ever. He had prayed most earnestly that this convention would be a great blessing to Woburn, which would lead multitudes to Christ.

Reports from the Associations were next in order. Rev. Mr. R. Deming reported for Boston, where a great interest is being manifested, 2400 people being in attendance at their Sunday meetings. He reported a company of 150 persons who had covenanted to pray each day at noon for the salvation of the city. Mr. Goldsmith, of Charlestown, reported cottage prayer meetings; and personal work among the shipping, as their special field of labor, in which they were much encouraged. Mr. McCoy, of Lowell, gave a cheering account from his city. Mr. Wainwright, of Lawrence, has had great success with a newspaper published by his Association. Reports from Lynn, Merrimack, Nahant, Newton, Newburyport, Rockport, Somerville and Wellesley were given.

At one o'clock the convention adjourned, and had a bountiful collation in the parlor of the church.

The Association re-assembled at 2:30, and opened with a half-hour prayer meeting led by Mr. S. D. Fuller, of Lowell.

It was decided to hold the next convention at Marblehead. Reports from Reading, Woburn and North Woburn were given.

Mr. R. K. Remington, of Fall River, gave an address upon the topic, "The Association and the Churches." When I was young, said Mr. Remington, the Sabbath School was thought to be a good place for the children; but as a part of the church, of not much importance. Now we know the Sabbath School is the right arm of the church, and also that the right of the Christian association to exist is on a plane with that of the church. Looking over the history of these associations for twenty-five years, their mighty power for good is acknowledged everywhere. In answer to the question which might be asked, "What is the church?" he would say it is those who represented Christ in their business transactions, in social life, everywhere,—are those who fight together against sin, and all that degrades the soul. Every soul born of Christ is born to victory. God intends us to be a victorious church, and we are to stay in the world and work for its good, until He calls us to glory. In being co-workers with Christ, we shall be simply the development of that which he came to establish. Some think that none but pastors should preach the gospel; but all can carry the gospel tidings wherever they go. When the church comes to a consciousness of its privilege in this direction, salvation will flow into every corner of the land. These associations are recruiting offices; the flag of the crucified must be carried forward until victory shall perch upon it. The Sabbath School has been said to be the church on the seaboard; so the Christian association, by the aid of the railroad and telegraph carries the gospel to those not accustomed to hear it. The existence of a Christian association is evidence of life in a church. If men will not work in a church, they will not work anywhere else. Here in Woburn you have occasion to bless God for stranger voices in your meetings, and it is the immediate result of a little outside help. There are praying firesides in Woburn to-day, in houses where a few weeks ago, there were none. No town can afford to be without a Christian association, and there is no separating line between such associations and the churches of the town. Sentiment is changing, even now. Business concerns are looked at as of less and less importance compared with Christian activity, and in the coming time there will be a general call for work to do for the Lord.

Rev. J. L. Withrow D. D., of Boston, was now introduced, and spoke upon the subject—"The Bible in the hands of the young Christian." There are, said he, two classes of young Christians,—those young in years, and those young in development. A man may be fifty years old, and yet only a few years old in Christ. He related an incident of his academic days, when he was engaged in Christian work, and at a prayer-meeting, the leader, a man 80 years old, and who had been an elder for years and years, and was a young Christian of only a few days' growth.

A man, to be a Christian, needs all the information which he gets out of the Bible. It is amazing how little people who know everything else, know about the Bible, or religion. I ask such the question, "What is necessary in order to be saved?" They stand puzzled, "stumped," as we used to say in college. Many a man in Woburn knows every town officer, when he was elected, when his term expires, and the prospects of his re-election, but he knows almost nothing of religion. I talk with such a man, and

find him very scholarly on other topics, but on religion he is nearly as benighted and ignorant as if he had been brought up in Central Africa. He is satisfied with the most scanty knowledge on that subject. It is as if one should attempt to study astronomy with only a music book for a guide. With all our intellectual knowledge of the Book, we want the Bible because it sanctifies. The Bible has a very wonderful effect on the human heart. I have examined with the most diligence the lives of those who have brought disgrace on the church, and I fail to find any such who have been devout, constant Bible readers. The men who maintain deep doctrine don't do damnable things. It may be asked, "How can reading this Bible do any more good than reading any other good book?" Actual experience proves that it does. Bleaching, in some way, takes out the color from fabrics; so, when our souls are laid on God's Word, the dark spots come out. Fine arts, aesthetics, according to some, will produce the same effect. Did you ever hear of a man who had led a thoroughly bad life, and then after being taken through a number of galleries of art, decided to become pure and upright. The man who studies his Bible most reverently is not going to be bad. "Thy Word is 'Truth,' not 'Lies'."

We must have the Bible in the hand if we are to get it into the head. Some derive all they get out of the Bible in the whole year from the readings by the pastor of Sunday morning and afternoon, and Friday night. It would be hard to find a person in Woburn to-day who has not read the Bible lately; so we will go back a year. Would it not have been possible, a year ago, to find some church members who had not read it for a year? I have known some Christians, who have confessed that they had not seen the inside of a Bible for two years. It makes me despair of our Christian development. Those who go about a town giving religious advice without the Bible in hand, had better not go. I am afraid of these talkers.

How shall we handle the Word when it is in our hearts? Begin. Don't imitate anybody. Hold on. Pray for light from above. It is a very common thing to spend a long time beginning—getting ready. It is so in business. Some persons map out a plan for reading the Bible. They buy maps and commentaries. They decide to read this first, and that last, and—that is the end of it. The thing is to get it. Choose your own way, only to get it. When a young Christian asked me how to study the Bible, I simply said—"Begin!" An old worn Bible, encased by long use and numerous markings, is worth more to many a Christian for private study, than all the expensive Bibles and Bible aids which can be bought. Don't make your reading too formal a thing. George Muller's idea of reading the Bible through in course, is grand; but don't do it formally. We are apt to let things slip in that formal way. It is a great mistake. A zealous young convert asked me what commentaries to get. He bought Scott and Henry, and they lie there now, up on the shelf, dusty and unused. I recommended if any, a small one; but the Word of God is better for young Christians than all the commentaries that can be put into this room. I don't undervalue the very scholarly helps which we have; but I say, don't trust anything more than the word of God. As we buy raw meat in the market, take it home and cook it, so read the simple truth, and it shall be transformed into your Christian life.

Lastly, pray that light may shine upon the world. There are fifty places, and more, in my Bible, which I have been going back to again and again, for many years; and they are like dear old apple-trees in the home orchard. They are old, and we know them well; but they bear the same delicious fruit which we long ago learned to love. And the Bible yields its fruit every month. I read my chosen passages until the Spirit shines upon the Word. Then I shut it up. Follow that plan, and you will grow stronger in your convictions, and more like Christ in character. The word will be Argus-eyed, following you day and night. I remember a minister in a country parish, who had more authority than most of us. There was a severe accident happened to a carriage one dark night. So this minister said to his people, "I want each of you to spend fifty cents for a lantern, and use it." The night when the lanterns were first used by the household going people, made the road look as if a torch-light procession were in progress. What is the Word but a "lamp unto our feet, and a light upon our path?"

The topic was still further discussed by Messrs. Marshall, Fuller, Staples, Abbott and others. The convention adjourned for supper at 6 o'clock.

At 7 o'clock a praise meeting was held, conducted by Mr. Humphry. The house was crowded. The platform was occupied by officers of the Convention and a large volunteer choir. The half-hour of song was closed with prayer by Dr. March. At 7:30 Mr. H. M. Moore opened the Gospel Service by repeating the first Psalm. Two requests for prayer, for a wife and for a brother, were read. Rev. Mr. Cheney of Winchester then offered prayer. Mr. Moore spoke of travelling many years ago across the Alkali Desert, west of the Rocky mountains. Alkali dust and the miserable sage bush were on all sides, as far as one could see. He was astonished to be told that this same desolate region was more fertile than the rich plains of Illinois or Iowa. But he saw the statement verified where a pure stream of water from the mountains had been turned into a garden. There are similar spiritual wastes which need the Water of Life.

Mr. H. A. Staples repeated Is. 1: 18, and mentioned, to illustrate the passage, that all colors can be extracted from fabrics except crimson. He took his little boy out to walk one day, the boy, on returning, threw his arms around his father's neck saying, "Dear papa, I love you so, I want to be with you all the time!" God has exhausted his love, power and mercy to save us, and we ought to feel that strong child love toward him.

Mr. Humphry sang "Wonderful Words of Life," after which Mr. S. B. Carter made an earnest address. He spoke of an active worker, in Illinois, William Reynolds, who when unconverted was so much impressed with the advice of a preacher, not to cross the threshold till he had given his heart to Christ that he happily decided the question there, in the church.

Mr. Remington next addressed the audi-

ence. He said that the sea of upturned faces before him, made him think how surely some of them will, before long, be changed; the spirit will then appear before God, perhaps seeking for mercy, when it is too late. Young men, don't think death is a great distance off, at the end of fifty years of life. Every day or two some of my dear friends pass away; some hoping in Christ and others with no hope. I am so glad we are here to-night, still in the land of the living. And the spirit of God is here. Let us be consistent in our Christian living and every day take some brother by the hand and try to direct him to Christ. Young men, give yourself to the Saviour, and then in the spirit of the song, you can "go singing all the way."

Mr. Humphry sang, "Waiting and Watching." After a prayer by Mr. Watson, of Somerville, and some remarks from Mr. Moore, in which he told the story of George H. Stuart's giving the wrong password when passing through the lines, opportunity was given for testimonies. The time was well improved. A large number rose for prayer. Mr. Humphry sang the solo, "Why Not?" Mr. Palmer presented a petition from the Woburn people that the State Committee renew their labors in Woburn. Dr. March then pronounced the benediction and the audience dispersed.

GOLDEN WEDDING.—The 50th anniversary of the wedding of Mr. and Mrs. Simon Holden, was celebrated at their home on Summer street, on Tuesday evening. The house was well filled with relatives and friends, some of the former coming from New York to attend the party. The hosts were the recipients of a silver tea service from the relatives, and a set of China from some of the Woburn friends, and other presents of value. The house occupied by Mr. Holden was the third he built on Academy Hill. Mr. Holden built it before his marriage, moved into it after his wedding, and has resided there continuously ever since. Among the guests were several who could remember the event they had met to celebrate, and one old lady was present who was in her 94th year. The following poem by an unknown friend, was read:—

Kind friends who've come greeting  
To this golden wedding,  
Your love and good will to bestow  
On our host and his wife, who this far in life  
An unvaried record can show.  
Now let us look back o'er life's well beaten track  
To the day when together they started,  
Half a century ago, as we've been saying,  
Then honest, and young, and true-hearted.  
On this lovely spot they then cast their lot,  
On this pleasant "Academy Hill."  
Then built this sweet home, and not wishing to roam,  
In peace they've enjoyed it still.  
Here their children were born, and each night and morn  
By their child-like and innocent glees,  
By their patter and their voices so sweet,  
Proclaimed they were happy and free.  
This family once consisted of three,  
Of whom we have gone home to their rest;  
But George is still living, a cause of thanksgiving,  
To these parents by Providence blest.  
Like a glorious diamond, both Sarah and Simon  
Still lighten the path they have trod;  
And firm as King Rock, after braving life's shock,  
Still trust in the armies of God.  
And their bounty still flows just as freely to those  
Who are needy and sorely oppressed,  
As the water conveyed through the pipes that are laid.  
And supplied from Hon. Paul's rapid breast.  
And while Friendship's bright light still illumine these heights,  
Where love, peace and plenty abound,  
May they rest from life's labors, and among their  
Kind neighbors  
Look on joy and contentment around,  
And when life is past, be re-awakened at last  
By a voyage o'er the bright crystal sea.

GRAND ARMY FAIR.—The Fair which Post 33 will hold in their own hall, takes place April 16, 17 and 18. They will have a grand Camp Fire on the evening of the 15th, to which Gov. Talbot, Dept. Commander Adams and staff, Hon. H. B. Pierce, Sec. of State, Major Merrill, of Lawrence, Chaplain in-Chief, Rev. Mr. Lovering, of Watertown, have been invited. Season tickets to the fair 25 cents; single admission 10 cents. Five grand prizes.—Cabinet Organ, value \$100.00; Silver tea-set, \$40.00; China tea-set, \$10.00; Barrel of Flour, \$9.00; Ton of Coal, \$7.50, will be distributed among the season ticket holders. There will be a museum by W. B. Harris and Nathan Wyman. Voting on the Old Fellow's pin, silver mounted torches for firemen, silver-mounted whip for the most popular driver around town, and a gold-headed cane for the most popular Selectman. There will also be a chance to guess on the length of a crooked pole, apples in a barrel, holes in organette music, and the weight of a silver cup or vase. Tickets will be in the hands of T. Marvin Parker. Grand matinee for the children on the afternoon of the last day.

CAKE CUTTING.—Ladies interested in cooking, who welcome every improvement in that line, will find the new glass cake cutter superior to tin in its neat and tasteful pattern, and being made entirely of glass, its cleanliness over any cutter made from metal, will commend it to the favor of all. Sold by A. E. Thompson.

SOCIAL PARTY.—Another social party was held in Highland Hall last Friday evening, and was fully as enjoyable as the one two weeks ago. Collation was served at intermission. Joyce, of Boston, furnished the music, and about 40 couples were present. The party was managed by Messrs. R. W. King, L. A. Sweetser and F. J. Brown.

If one in a hundred who have sent for samples send orders to Oak Hall, the preparations made for the 3d Special Sale will be insufficient to meet even the out-of-town orders. Read the advertisement in another column, and forward your name at once, if you have not yet done so.

Mrs. Jones, how is your health this morning? "Thank you, madam, much improved. I bought a bottle of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup last night, and after the first dose my cough was checked. I slept well, and have not coughed once this morning."

Having recovered from my recent illness, I shall next week be again able to give my personal attention to the wants of my customers. A very choice selection of Teas just bought, are worthy of a trial. Especially our 50 cent tea. Come and see for yourself at Smith's.

The funeral of the late Sheriff Kimball took place at Lowell, last Sunday afternoon. A large number of his friends, residents of Woburn and Winchester, went up on a special train.

Chew Jackson's best sweet navy tobacco,

FIRE.—A rather disastrous fire occurred on Friday night of last week, about six o'clock. Mr. Rufus Pickering has been moving his things from his old place at the corner of Main and Pond streets to his new residence on Pleasant street. Many articles of furniture were stored in two small buildings, which stood just off of Pickering's court, and by the side of Mr. Charles Field's house. The dimensions of these buildings were 8 by 12 and 15 by 20. On the night of the fire, Mr. Field arrived at his home at 5:50, and spent ten minutes in attending to things about the house, within sight of, and only a few yards from the doomed buildings. He went in to supper at 8, but had no sooner sat down than he noticed smoke issuing from these buildings. Mr. Rufus Pickering was away in Hudson; his son Rufus received the news from a neighbor. Hastening to the spot, he opened a window, in order to save some of the furniture, but such a volume of smoke poured out, that it was impossible to do anything in that direction. Mr. Pickering noticed a heap of stuff, as if for kindling, laid on a plank beneath one of the buildings, and there was room for an incendiary to crawl under. Hose 5 had a stream on the fire in ten minutes after the alarm was given; but it was impossible to save anything. Hose 1 and 4, the Hook and Ladder and Steamer were present. Mr. Rufus Pickering, Jr., says that beside carpets, pictures, &c., there were nine billiard tables stored in the buildings, which they valued at \$350 apiece. He estimates the loss as high as \$5000. There was an insurance of \$1500 on the contents in Meriden, Conn.

GRAND CONCERT.—A grand concert was given by the Channing Fraternity last Wednesday evening. There was quite a good attendance, and those who took part did themselves great credit. The following programme was rendered in a highly satisfactory manner:—Organ—Improvisation on operatic themes, Mr. F. H. Lewis; Quartette—Fairy song, Unitarian choir; Reading—"The death of the old Squire," Miss Clara Ellard; Clarinet solo—"Waltz Aria," Mr. F. Robbins; Reading—Scenes from the "School for Scandal," Mrs. Bartlett and Mr. Champney; Song—"Di Quasi Quasi," Mrs. Sallie Clough-Phinney; Reading—Scenes from Romeo and Juliet, Mrs. Bartlett; Piano-Forte Solo—"Tarantelle," Mr. Lewis; Reading—"Painter of Seville," Mr. Elmore A. Pierce; Quartette, "Humpty Dumpty," Unitarian choir; Reading—Humorous Selection, Miss Ellard; Quartette—"O, hush thee, my baby," Unitarian choir.

DR. J. E. BACON.—We are pleased to learn that the success of this gentleman, so favorably known to our citizens and one well fitted for the honorable profession he has chosen, has been such, that he has decided to make Brockton, where he located a few months since, his permanent residence. The citizens of that enterprising town seem to appreciate his worth, for they have recently appointed him Town Physician.

AWARD OF PRIZES IN THE MAYNARD RIFLE MATCH.—The prizes in the Maynard rifle match, which has been shot on successive Saturdays at Walnut Hill since January 4, were awarded to the successful competitors Wednesday afternoon. The number of prizes was forty-one, divided into three classes, and valued in the aggregate at more than \$300. Geo. H. Dickson, of Woburn, got a set of sad-irons.

MASQUERADE.—The Phalanx will give a masquerade party at Lyceum Hall next Friday evening which promises to be a splendid affair. For the convenience of those desiring to attend, a costume will be at the hall on Thursday evening with a large stock of new and elegant costumes, which will be furnished from \$1 to \$5.

ANDREWS' BAZAR PATTERNS.—Ladies wishing for the latest Spring styles, should notice the advertisement of Mrs. B. A. Stearns, who has the exclusive agency of these celebrated patterns for Boston and vicinity. Being drafted from her approved system of cutting, they cannot fail of being always reliable.

The statements that have appeared in the Boston papers, and another Woburn paper, in regard to the expenditures of the Town, contain several inaccuracies. It would seem that if an Auditor is to report to the press instead of to the Town, he ought, at least, to make true statements.

PRICES REDUCED.—Among our new advertisements will be found that of G. R. Gage & Co., who offer great bargains in selecting from their choice assortment of heavy cloths to reduce their stock, in order to make room for Spring goods.

Gov. Talbot gave a reception at the Hotel Brunswick, in Boston, on Wednesday evening, which was attended by about three thousand people. Several gentlemen from Woburn were in the company.

On Friday, three men suffered death on the gallows in New England. William Henry Devlin paid the penalty at Cambridge, John Q. Pinkham, at Concord, N. H., and Henry Gravelin, at Windsor, Vt.

DANCING SCHOOL.—The last half of the dancing school, conducted by Mr. William Beard, will commence next Wednesday evening, March 19. The tuition will be \$2 for gentlemen, and \$1.50 for ladies.

WOBURN CLOTHING STORE.—All looking for bargains in new Spring styles in clothing and furnishing goods, should notice the new advertisement of this store, where a full stock is offered, at prices that will please all.

FIRE.—E. Cummings & Co.'s tannery caught fire Saturday afternoon, by sparks from the chimney, but was extinguished by the employees with hand hose before any great damage was done.

SUNDAY LECTURES.—Rev. W. J. Pomfret began a course of lectures on the "Prodigal Son," at the Methodist church, last Sunday morning.

Lovers of a good cigar, or a nice piece of tobacco, would do well to call at Smith's.

THE EXECUTION OF DEVLIN.—William Henry Devlin, who suffered the extreme penalty of the law at East Cambridge, today (Friday) was a native of Ireland, having been born there in November, 1841. He came to this country at the age of 14 years, served in the army with the Sixth Vermont Regiment, being in the service from the 19th of April, 1861, to the 12th of June, 1865. At the close of the war, he was married at St. Albans, where he lived two years, and then moved to Lowell. He has been a railroad man, a butcher, and a fireman for one of the Lowell corporations. Intemperance drove him from one good position to another, and he became quarrelsome and dangerous. On the evening of Dec. 8, 1877, Devlin went home drunk, and commenced beating his wife, and continued to do so, also stabbing her twice, and jumping upon and kicking her in the most brutal way. His little children were unwilling and helpless witnesses of the terrible crime, which he supplemented on the following day by strangling the infant, a babe of a few months old, in the presence of the other three children. After the crime he fled to Vermont, where he was soon after arrested. He was brought back to Massachusetts, tried, convicted and condemned to death. Since his conviction he has been attended in the jail by Rev. Father O'Donnell, a Roman Catholic clergyman of East Cambridge. An effort was made a few weeks ago to secure a commutation of his sentence to imprisonment for life, but the Governor's Council, with a single dissenting voice, declined to interfere.

A visit to the condemned man on Wednesday, revealed the prisoner calm and resigned. He declared himself ready to meet his fate, and hoped he had received forgiveness for his crime. He was even cheerful, and conversed freely on matters relating to his army life. On Thursday he received a visit from his children, who are with the Lowell Sisters of Charity. On Thursday the gallows were erected in the east corridor of the jail. This is the same gallows on which Green, the Malden murderer, and Pearson, the Wilmington murderer, were hung, having been built in 1848 for the latter. By the death of Sheriff Kimball, the duty of conducting the execution devolved on his senior deputy, who is now acting High Sheriff, Eben W. Fiske, of Waltham. The arrangements were carefully and successfully carried out. Gen. S. C. Lawrence, of Medford, was chairman of the board of witnesses prescribed by law, and Col. W. T. Grammer, of Woburn, was one of the members. Devlin occupied cell No. 16, but a few steps from the scaffold, and was led out about quarter of eleven, and took his place on the drop. Sheriff Fiske was attended by Deputies Nutt and Saville, and Captain Adams, the jailer. Father O'Donnell was by Devlin to the last. Devlin at first desired to make a speech, but was persuaded to abandon his purpose, and merely thanked his attendants for their kindness, and expressed his hope of pardon. While Sheriff Fiske read the death warrant, Capt. Adams adjusted the black cap and noose, and as the Sheriff concluded the proclamation, he stepped upon the spring, and at 10:50 Devlin was launched into eternity. He fell about six feet, and died without a visible struggle. The physicians examined the body, and at 11:16 declared that life was extinct. The body was surrendered to W. B. Gale, Esq., counsel for the deceased.

SELECTMEN.—Special meeting on Thursday evening. Full board present. Charles K. Conn was licensed as auctioneer. Voted to hold a special meeting on Tuesday, the 18th, and close the warrant for Town meeting. Registration closes, according to the new law, on the Saturday previous to election; but the Selectmen will give full opportunity for all to register, particulars of which will be given hereafter.

CONFIRMATION.—Bishop Padlock was in town Thursday evening, and administered the rite of confirmation to 18 persons at Trinity Episcopal Church. In his sermon, he urged the great importance of private devotion. We have lately gone to the opposite extreme of the monastic days, and we might well return to the middle ground.

DISOLUTIONS.—Smith and Ferrin, painters, who had the contract for lighting the street lamps have dissolved. C. E. Smith continues.

Porter & Young, Machinists, have dissolved. Henry Young continues at the old stand with increased facilities for extending the business done by the late firm.

RAILROAD STORE.—The notice of bargains to be found at this well known store, should induce all to examine the quality and price. Those who go first will have the advantage of selecting before the stock is reduced.

HORSES.—Messrs. E. Knott & Co., well-known to our citizens as reliable dealers in horses, having sold in town for the past eight years, have just arrived at the Central House stables with a car of very fine horses which they offer at low prices.

UNITARIAN.—Rev. Wm. S. Barnes will preach next Sabbath morning, in the Unitarian church, on the subject, "Unitarian Testimonies to the Character of Christ."

POLICE COURT.—James Manning, common drunkard, House of Correction, 3 months; John Maguire, assault and battery, \$1 and costs.

The Mishawum Club was feasted by the Police last Saturday evening, and all went merry as a marriage bell.

Coffees at Smith's are all fresh roasted, and of best quality.

West Woburn.

SOCIAL PARTY.—A very enjoyable party was held at the Hose house Wednesday evening. Simmons furnished the music.

North Woburn.

THROWN OUT.—On Monday, as Mr. Howard was alighting from Dearborn Bros. grocery wagon, the horse started, throwing him to the ground. He escaped with a few bruises, and considerable mud.

RUMFORD LIBRARY.—The Library room at the Rumford, has been fitted up, and the books are being newly covered and arranged for distribution as fast as possible.

## Burlington.

TOWN MEETING.—On Monday at noon the voters congregated to act on the 17 articles contained in the town warrant. Charles G. Foster was chosen Moderator. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Town Clerk and Treasurer, Samuel Sewall; Selectmen and Assessors, Stephen Carter, Samuel Sewall, and Edward Reed. Voted not to choose any highway surveyors or overseers of the poor, consequently those offices revert to the Selectmen. The Selectmen were chosen field drivers, but declined the honor. Constables, George L. Tobetts and John W. Hutchinson; Field Drivers, Lendall Perry, John Winn, John B. Taylor, Samuel Winn and J. L. Remick; Wood Surveyors, Chas. G. Foster, M. H. Nichols and Nathan Simonds; Surveyor of Lumber, Edward Reed; Fence Viewers, Edward Reed, Wm. H. Winn and John Winn; Sealer of Weights and Measures, C. G. Foster; Pound Keeper, M. H. Nichols; Sexton, Nathan Simonds. Under Art. 3, Chas. G. Foster was elected School Committee for three years; John W. Hutchinson for one year. The several reports were accepted. Under Art. 7, the library report was accepted. Chas. G. Foster, M. H. Nichols and J. W. Hutchinson chosen committee, and one hundred dollars appropriated. Articles 9, 10 and 11, were acted upon as follows: \$1000 appropriated for schools; \$1200 for highways and bridges; and \$2000 for support of poor, town left and incidentals. Under Article 12, the town authorized the treasurer to hire money (not to exceed ten thousand dollars) in anticipation of taxes. Art. 13 and 14, relative to taxes, and what method the town would adopt for collection, was disposed of as follows: Voted to let the collection of taxes out to the lowest bidder. M. H. Nichols bid them off at eight mills on a dollar. It was then voted to choose a collector by ballot. Samuel Sewall was chosen, but declined; M. H. Nichols was then elected, declining. Nathan Simonds received the office. Voted to have all taxes paid on or before January 1, 1880. Under Art. 15, the dog tax was appropriated for schools. \$50 was appropriated for repairs on cemetery. Lastly, but of most importance, the plan for the enlargement of the Town Hall was brought up. Mr. Thos. I. Reed produced a plan of the proposed addition, with explanatory remarks. After thorough debate, and fruitless endeavor to dismiss the article, the sum of \$10000 was raised by careful collecting,—years 3



tion of Robert Herrick's poem, "To a Bird of Talpis." Colonel Waring, in the second of his Talpis papers, describes the customs of the Tyrolese, and the charms of Innsbruck and Bozen, the metropolitan centres respectively of North and South Tyrol. The illustrations are novel and beautiful. Helen S. Conant, in an illustrated paper, entitled "Picturesque Edinburgh," presents in a fascinating style the historical and romantic associations of the old town. By way of contrast, this is followed by Frank H. Taylor's "Street Scenes in Havana," with characteristic illustrations. "Nearer home," is the subject of the Philadelphia Zoo, charmingly treated by Mrs. M. Howland, with sixteen illustrations. Olive Logan contributes an exceedingly interesting article in a serio-comic vein on the "Ancestry of Brudner Bones," with seventeen pictures which, in connection with the text, convey in a pleasing manner a vast amount of musical information. The illustrated story for this number is a beautiful tale, "Cor Cordium," by Mrs. L. W. Champney. There is also a somewhat humorous, but significant, short story, entitled "How Abel M'April Preached for Mr. Smith." The principal literary contribution to the number is R. H. Stoddard's admirable paper on the late Richard Henry Dana. In a paper entitled "The Practical Interrogation of Nature," Dr. J. W. Draper admits the reader to his laboratory, and shows by what processes he reached some of the important results already set before the public in his "Scientific Memoirs." Mrs. A. B. Blake writes intelligently of "Church Music in America," pointing out its defects and suggesting remedies, showing what resources for good sacred music are accessible in the works of English and Continental composers. More interesting than all these papers, probably, to a large class of country readers, will be Mr. E. P. Roe's article, "A Kitchen Garden," imparting practical suggestions as to the most important features of the subject. A collection of letters written by Dr. Samuel Latham Mitchill to his wife from Washington, while he was there as Representative and Senator from New York (1801-1813), and hitherto unpublished, are full and interesting descriptions of the prominent men, and of the exciting social and public events of that day. The Editor's Easy Chair gives an unusual prominence to musical and theatrical gossip. The Literary Record is full and critical, with discrimination; the Scientific Record contains a vast amount of novel and interesting matter in its field; and the Drawer with its abounding good humor, closes a Number of great and varied interest.

For sale at Horton's.—The March number of this entertaining monthly has a list of contents, which for variety is not often surpassed. Among its attractions are a continuation of the Adirondack stories; a sermon by Mr. Murray on "Human Equality"; a sketch of Richard H. Dana, with portrait; a very full description of the Riverside Press, Cambridge, illustrated; the household music for the home, poetry, out-door life and sports, floriculture and rural affairs, stories for the children, social topics, fashions, and other items of interest to all readers. Mr. Murray is evidently determined to have the "Golden Rule" take a high rank among the best magazines.

The Young Scientist.—The March number of this practical journal for amateurs is received from the Industrial Publishing Co. New York. It aims to give, at the low price of fifty cents per year, general information on most of the arts in which amateurs are supposed to be interested.

The Literary Magazine for March will be ready on the 25th—not dated in advance, as is the custom—its contents being mainly from the foreign publications of same date, thus giving what is newest in the literary world. \$1.00 a year, or 10 cents a number. American Book Exchange, Publishers, New York.

THE FIRST PHOTOGRAPHIC REPORT.—Olive Dyer, whose name is connected with the early introduction of photography, and is still well known as a journalist of New York city, in some reminiscences before an association of stenographers, gave an incident which will be remembered by some of the people of Woburn. It relates to the famous Reading Circuit, held in 1846. We copy from a report of Mr. Dyer's remarks in *Mason's Photographic News*:

Along in January, somebody came from a place called Reading, near Boston; I do not remember the geography of the country at that time. That was in 1846, a long time ago, before some of you were born. [Laughter.] He said, "Our society has got into a row with our clergyman. He preached a sermon the other day, which reflected upon some of us in the most scandalous manner, and we are going to bring him up before a consistory, or synod, or council, or something. We are going to have him up, and have him tried. He won't give us a copy of the sermon, and in that sermon is the material for his condemnation, and we want to get that, and we want to know if you will go down and report that for us. Well, being young and inexperienced, I said I would [Laughter.] I made a contract to do that same for ten dollars, which was an immense sum in those days, and perhaps it is to some of you yet. [Laughter.] Then I began to look forward to that ordeal. I had contracted to report that sermon. I had myself timed to see how much I could write in a minute. That is a great go with the fellows. The result was not satisfactory. [Laughter.] Finally, the day came and I went down. It was an awful February day. The snow was deep, and we had to go on a sled. We got there, and there were these clergy-men all assembled, and this delinquent clergyman, and he was to read his sermon, and I was to take it down. He had been informed that there was to be a "chiel there, takin' notes," and he read like lightning. Oh, how he read! I have heard people talk about some stenographers writing 300 words a minute. I should like to see such a man. I never could go over 140. I can't even admit it to this association. At that time, I give 99 or 100 was the best I could do. Of course you can see I had no show at all to get that sermon; but, gentlemen, I do not think there is any reporter who has the real ability in him, who would forgive me if I had not got that sermon. [Laughter.] After he had got through and set down, and they began to talk, I said to the counsel—he had counsel, and the other side had counsel—that perhaps one or two sentences I had not quite got, and I would not like to do the gentleman injustice, etc., etc., and I would like to look at it, and it was passed over to me. You know the result. The verbatim report of that sermon was handed over to my folks. [Laughter.] And that, so far as I know, was the first photographic report ever made in America.

STATE AND COUNTY TAXES FOR 1878.—We have received from County Commissioner, D. G. Walton, Esq., a list of the State and County taxes for 1878. In view of the fact that unfavorable comments have been made in regard to the tax of Middlesex county, we have examined the list, and find that so far from the statements made being correct, the facts are that the county tax of Middlesex county is but thirty-nine one-thousandths, (.039) of one per cent., and is the lowest tax of any county. That of the highest is two-hundred and twenty-three one thousandths, (.223) of one per cent., and the average rate of county tax in all the counties is (.126) one hundred and twenty-six one thousandths of one per cent. On the State tax, that of Middlesex county is (.53) fifty-three one-thousandths of one per cent., which is only three thousandths over that of the county having the lowest State tax, and is considerably below the average. We give this in order that our readers may see that it is not always best to rely on statements made without regard to their correctness, and that the cry of excessive state and county tax in this county has no foundation in fact. The total debt of the county on the first of January, 1879 was \$16,000, and the Treasurer had on that day \$24,957 in cash.

**Special Notices.**  
**NOTICE.**  
The Citizens' Town Committee have established Headquarters at No. 101 Main street, over F. A. Hartwell's Market. The rooms will be open for the convenience of voters, every evening until after the Town election. Per order,  
CITIZENS' TOWN COMMITTEE,  
S. F. TRULL, Secretary.

**Married.**  
In Woburn, March 13, by Rev. Daniel March, D. D., Mr. Howard E. Strout and Miss Abbie E. Duick, both of Woburn.

**THE HUMAN SYSTEM**  
Makes special demands for assistance at this season of the year and however you respond you can find all you require in the line of Medicines at  
**DODGE'S DRUG STORE.**  
The strictest personal attention given to preparing Physicians Prescriptions by  
GEORGE S. DODGE, Pharmacist,  
105 Main Street, WOBURN.

**Died.**  
Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notices 10 cents a line.  
In Woburn, March 9, Mrs. Jane Carey, aged 42 years.  
In Woburn, March 13, Margaret T. daughter of John and Margaret Fitzgerald, aged 4 years and 7 months and 15 days.  
In Woburn, March 10, Jonathan Buck, aged 83 years and 5 months.  
In Woburn, March 10, John A. Cram, formerly of Winchester, aged 90 years.  
In Winchester, March 9, Rachel, daughter of D. N. J. and Alice B. Skilling, aged 1 year, 2 months and 15 days.  
In Corning, N. Y., March 7, Amos C. Stearns, son of the late Obed Stearns, of Bedford, Mass., aged 47 years.  
In Winchester, March 7, Mrs. Sophia F. Blake, aged 67 years, formerly of Concord, N. H.  
In Stoneham, March 9, of consumption, Mrs. Helen B. wife of J. W. Hanson, and daughter of B. B. Brown, aged 34 years, 7 months.  
At St. Albans, near New York, March 10, William Territory, Feb. 25, the Hon. Edwin Blanchard, formerly of Wilmington, aged 67 years.

**For Sale and To Let.**  
**EGGS.**—Choice Brown Leghorns. Eggs from this splendid breed, 50 cents per dozen. By agreement with the owner, for packing, FRANK S. PRATT, Bacon street, Winchester.  
**TENEMENT TO LET** on Court street. Apply to Dr. J. Clough.  
**HOUSE TO LET** on Green street. Inquire of S. H. Codrington, 42 Mt. Pleasant St.  
**TENEMENT TO LET** on Pleasant street. Inquire of A. V. Hayes.

**Lost, Found, Wanted.**  
**EGGS FOR HATCHING.**—From good stock of Light of Dark Bantams, Houdan, Spangled Leghorn, Plymouth Rock, and Half Bred Hens, and Imperial Pekin Ducks. S. HORTON, Woburn.

**HOUSEKEEPER WANTED.**—By a wid. single male, under 40 years of age, can bear of a situation by addressing WIDOW, Journal Office.

**WANTED.**—Ladies to know that Mrs. B. A. STEARNS reaches her world renowned system of dress cutting, which received the highest award at the Centennial Exposition, New York American, Lettrine and Massachusetts Mechanics' Fair, at 426 Washington street, and is exclusive agent for Andrews' Bazar patterns, which are cut by a system of measuring in shape, and are the most reliable of any in the market.

**FARMS WANTED.**  
To sell and for exchange; no expense to owner unless a sale is made. Inquire of Cambridge, Malden, Hyde Park to exchange for farms.

**S. B. KNOWLTON,**  
No. 2 Bowdoin St., Boston.

**WANTED.**  
The public to know that S. T. Taylor's System of Dress cutting received the highest award at the Centennial Fair, exhibited and tested by MISS H. L. BURBICK, and taught at  
**ROOM 6, 6 HAMILTON PLACE, BOSTON.**  
Housed at S. T. Taylor's, published in 1870. OLD, BEST and MOST RELIABLE house in New England. Systems at regular prices.

**Andrews' Bazar Patterns.**  
**LATEST SPRING STYLES**  
—FOR—  
**LADIES' & CHILDRENS' SUITS**  
Just Received.  
Catalogue mailed free to any address.  
Mrs. B. A. STEARNS has the exclusive agency for these patterns for Boston and vicinity. They are drafted from her renowned system of cutting, and fitted together in shape, making the most convenient and reliable pattern in the market. Sent by express receipt of 50 cents. Patterns for 25 cents. Through instructions given in dress cutting and diagrams for sale. AGENTS WANTED.

**Mortgagee's Sale of Real Estate.**  
To whom it may concern.  
By virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by William H. Leach, of Boston, Mass., to Sarah S. Sawyer, August 29, 1872, and recorded in the South District Registry of Deeds of the County of Middlesex, Mass., libro 1224, folio 654, will be sold at public auction, on the premises, on Tuesday, the eighth day of April, 1879, at four o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed, namely:—A certain lot of land, with the buildings thereon standing, situated on the westerly side of Beacon street, in said Woburn, and bounded as follows, to-wit:—Beginning at the northeasterly corner of the premises, on said Beacon street, of M. W. Stearns, 67 M. W. Stearns, thence westerly by land of said Stearns to land now or late of Mrs. Evans; thence southerly by land of said Evans, to land now or late of E. P. Wynne; thence easterly by land last named to said Beacon street, of M. W. Stearns, 67 M. W. Stearns, thence southerly by land of said Stearns, to the point of beginning, and being the premises conveyed to said William H. Leach, by said William H. Leach and Sarah S. Sawyer, by deed dated August 29, 1872.  
\$100 will be required to be paid in cash by the purchaser at the time and place of sale.

**JOHN M. HARLOW,**  
Assignee of said Mortgage.  
Woburn, March 15, 1879.

**COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS.**  
Court of Insolvency, Middlesex Co.  
In matter of JESSE CLINTON FAIRBANKS, Insolvent Debtor.  
Notice is hereby given that the Third Meeting of the Creditors of said Insolvent debtor will be held at the Court of Insolvency at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the tenth day of April next, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, at which meeting creditors may be present and prove their claims and which the accounts of the Assignee will be presented, and the allowance of which creditors may appear and object.

**HENRY L. RICHARDS, Assignee.**  
Winchester, Mass., March 14, 1879.

**SPRING STYLES**  
—OF—  
**HATS AND NECK WEAR,**  
**COLLARS AND CUFFS.**

A choice assortment of these goods, can now be found at  
**THE WOBURN CLOTHING STORE,**  
**POST OFFICE BLOCK, 199 MAIN STREET.**

The Subscribers are CLOSING OUT THEIR  
**HEAVY WEIGHT GOODS,**  
At prices much below their value, preparatory to SPRING TRADE.  
**G. R. GAGE & Co., Merchant Tailors,**  
171 Main Street, - - - 180 - - - Woburn, Mass.

**SPECIAL BARGAINS**  
—AT THE—  
**Boston Branch**  
**GROCERY and TEA STORE,**  
131 Main St., Woburn.

**CRACKERS.**  
Best SODA, 9c per lb. Best MILK, 9c per lb.  
Best WINE, 9c per lb. Best Boston, 6c per lb.

**5 qts. Choice Pea Beans, 25c.**  
GRANULATED, CUT LOAF, COFFEE CRUSHED, POWDERED, and BROWN SUGARS, at refiners prices.  
We have just added to our already large stock some very choice  
**RAW SUGAR**  
Selling at 7 1-2 cts. a lb.

**BOSTON BRANCH GROCERY,**  
**FULLERTON BROS.,** Formerly with Cobb, Bates & Yerxa.  
Managers, 174  
**WE ARE NOW RECEIVING**

**NEW SPRING DRESS GOODS.**  
—EXAMINE OUR  
**Black Cashmeres**  
BEFORE PURCHASING.  
**CHARLES A. SMITH & SON,**  
177 MAIN STREET, - - - WOBURN.

**JOHN C. BUCK,**  
**SUCCESSOR TO CUSHING & BUCK.**  
Having purchased the interest of W. S. Cushing, I shall continue in business at the same stand. For the next few days,  
Cardigans and Winter Underclothing at Cost.  
**A FULL LINE OF FURNISHING GOODS, HATS, CAPS, &c.**  
—ALSO THE—  
"Linen" Reversible Collar, two in one.  
**JOHN C. BUCK, - - - 174 Main Street, Wade Block.**

**JOSEPH B. McDONALD,**  
DEALER IN  
**COAL, WOOD, Cement, Plaster, Charcoal, Lime.**  
No. 111 Main Street, Woburn.

**THE LARGE AND WELL SELECTED STOCK OF**  
**Fancy Goods, Vases,**  
**TOILET SETS,**  
**MUGS, &c., &c.,**  
AT THE  
**RAILROAD STORE,**  
MUST BE CONVERTED INTO  
**CASH in the next 60 Days.**

These Goods are all FINE and PERFECT, and we invite all to call an examine, confident that the quality and price will bear close inspection.  
These Goods will be sold at cost in Boston, and those who call early will have the advantage of the larger stock.

**ALSO, LAMPS at a Discount.**  
CHOICE GRADES OF  
**Teas, Coffees, and Flour at fair prices.**

**FARM FOR SALE.**  
Under excellent cultivation; House and Barn; good orchard. Said farm contains fifty acres. Perfect title; free of encumbrance. Price, Five Thousand dollars. For further particulars, address "KROM," Journal office, Woburn.

**NOTICE** is hereby given, that the co-partnership heretofore existing between John D. Porter and Henry Young, Jr., both of Woburn, Massachusetts, under the firm name and style of Porter & Young, is this day dissolved by mutual consent. Demands against the said firm, are to be presented to Henry Young for payment and debts due the firm are to be paid to him.  
**JOHN D. PORTER,**  
**HENRY YOUNG, JR.**  
Woburn, March 13, 1879.

**Mortgagee's Sale.**  
By virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain Mortgage deed, given by John C. Almy, of Woburn, of said Woburn, county of Middlesex and State of New Hampshire, to John C. Almy, dated Feb. 11, 1875, and recorded in said South District Registry of Deeds, for the county of Middlesex, State of Mass., libro 1465, folio 76, for breach of the condition of said Mortgage deed and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction, on the premises, on Monday the seventh day of April, 1879, at four o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed, to-wit:—A certain parcel of land situated in the northerly part of Woburn, county of Middlesex, and bounded as follows, to-wit:—Beginning at a stake at the northwesterly corner of the premises, in the easterly side line of Elm street, thence the line runs a little north of East by land of Cyrus A. Thompson, about two hundred and seventy-two and one-half feet, to a stake; thence southerly by and with Main street, one hundred and twenty and six-tenths feet, to a stake; at the middle of a passage way twenty feet wide, thence a little south of west along the centre line of said passage way two hundred and seventy-two and one-half feet to a stake; thence a little west of north by and with said Elm street, one hundred and ten feet to the point of beginning. Terms made known at the time and place of sale.  
**JOHN C. ALMY, Mortgagee.**  
Dated at Woburn, March 13, 1879.

**NOTICE** is hereby given, that the partnership heretofore existing between John D. Porter and Henry Young, Jr., both of Woburn, Massachusetts, under the firm name and style of Porter & Young, is this day dissolved by mutual consent. Demands against the said firm, are to be presented to Henry Young for payment and debts due the firm are to be paid to him.  
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**JOHN D. PORTER,**  
**HENRY YOUNG, JR.**  
Woburn, March 13, 1879.

**Very Low Prices**  
IN  
**BLEACHED**  
AND  
**BROWN**  
**COTTONS**  
during the present month.

Cotton has already advanced and we advise all our patrons to  
**Buy their Cottons Now.**

**ALL OUR**  
**Winter Goods**  
must be sold the coming month, and we shall sell them at  
**RUINOUS PRICES TO CLOSE.**

**John P. Fernald,**  
185 MAIN ST.,  
WOBURN, MASS.

**3d SPECIAL SALE**  
—AT—  
**"OAK HALL," BOSTON,**  
BEGINS TO-DAY!  
MEN'S, YOUTH'S and BOYS' CLOTHING.

Five thousand samples have been sent to as many correspondents, and the prospects are that the whole stock prepared for this special sale will be cleared almost immediately.  
These "Special" Sales are new features of the Clothing Trade, originated by the Proprietors of Oak Hall, and their popularity is something not to be understood without a personal visit!  
More than 800 Suits and 4000 pairs of Trousers will be offered at a uniform price!  
At each previous sale many hundreds of applicants have come for sale.

If you will send your name and address, with stamp, a sample card of styles and prices—and rules for measurement, for men, youth and boys—will be sent and should you choose to make any purchases, the garments will be sent to the order in which the letters are received. We give this advantage to our out of town New England trade, that their orders will be filled before the goods are placed on the counters at Oak Hall! All goods are sent with the privilege of examining, and no one who has clothing to buy for himself or children, should neglect this opportunity!

If it is particularly requested that those who receive samples should submit them for examination to the best judges of Woburn, they will be guaranteed the quality of the goods, the strength of the workmanship, and the fit of the garments!!  
**ADDRESS**  
**G. W. SIMMONS & SON,**  
For Samples of 3d Special,  
"OAK HALL," 102 BOSTON, - - - MASS.

**I. SARGENT, JR. D.,**  
PHYSICIAN and SURGEON,  
191 MAIN ST., WOBURN.  
A specialty of treating Cancers, Tumors, Wens, Scalds, Burns, Rheumatism, &c.

**North Woburn Street Railroad.**  
**TIME TABLE.**  
Horse cars leave No. Woburn at 6.10, 7.05, 8.25, 9.45, 11.35 A. M., 12.45, 3.00, 4.15, 5.25, 6.55 P. M. Mondays and Thursdays at 6.50 P. M. Saturdays at 8.00 P. M.  
Leave Woburn Centre at 6.55, 7.50, 9.00, 10.35, A. M., 12.15, 2.35, 4.45, 5.55, 7.10, 8.25, 9.45, 11.35 P. M. Mondays and Thursdays at 9.00 P. M. Saturdays at 9.15 P. M.  
130  
**Dexter Carter, Supt.**

**HENRY H. LEITHE,**  
**ACCOUNTANT.**  
Accounts adjusted. Bills made out. Writing on any description done in a satisfactory manner, and on reasonable terms.  
OFFICE with George H. Conn, 159 MAIN ST.

**NOTICE** is hereby given that the partnership heretofore existing between Charles F. Smith and George Ferrin, of Woburn, Mass., under the firm name and style of Smith & Ferrin, expired on the 1st day of March, 1879, by mutual consent. All debts owing to the partnership are to be received by said Charles F. Smith, and all demands on the said partnership are to be paid to said Charles F. Smith.  
**CHARLES F. SMITH,**  
**GEORGE FERRIN.**

**Mortgagee's Sale.**  
By virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain Mortgage deed, given by John C. Almy, of Woburn, of said Woburn, county of Middlesex and State of New Hampshire, to John C. Almy, dated Feb. 11, 1875, and recorded in said South District Registry of Deeds, for the county of Middlesex, State of Mass., libro 1465, folio 76, for breach of the condition of said Mortgage deed and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction, on the premises, on Monday the seventh day of April, 1879, at four o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed, to-wit:—A certain parcel of land situated in the northerly part of Woburn, county of Middlesex, and bounded as follows, to-wit:—Beginning at a stake at the northwesterly corner of the premises, in the easterly side line of Elm street, thence the line runs a little north of East by land of Cyrus A. Thompson, about two hundred and seventy-two and one-half feet, to a stake; thence southerly by and with Main street, one hundred and twenty and six-tenths feet, to a stake; at the middle of a passage way twenty feet wide, thence a little south of west along the centre line of said passage way two hundred and seventy-two and one-half feet to a stake; thence a little west of north by and with said Elm street, one hundred and ten feet to the point of beginning. Terms made known at the time and place of sale.  
**JOHN C. ALMY, Mortgagee.**  
Dated at Woburn, March 13, 1879.

**NOTICE** is hereby given, that the partnership heretofore existing between John D. Porter and Henry Young, Jr., both of Woburn, Massachusetts, under the firm name and style of Porter & Young, is this day dissolved by mutual consent. Demands against the said firm, are to be presented to Henry Young for payment and debts due the firm are to be paid to him.  
**JOHN D. PORTER,**  
**HENRY YOUNG, JR.**  
Woburn, March 13, 1879.

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**JOHN D. PORTER,**  
**HENRY YOUNG, JR.**  
Woburn, March 13, 1879.

**Clink of Gold**  
ON EVERY COUNTER.  
**MARVELOUS**  
Success of our LOW Price system.

**MORE THAN DOUBLE**  
The goods sold in the past six weeks than in the same time last winter. We intend to keep up this  
**LOW PRICE PRESSURE**  
By offering still greater bargains in every line.

**DO NOT FAIL**  
To see the bargains we offer in  
**LADIES' AND GENTLEMENS'**  
Fine Linen (hemmed)  
**HANDKERCHIEFS.**  
Knotted Fringe Towels,  
Irish trimmings (third invoice) very cheap.

**BEST CORSETS**  
in town for the money.  
**GLASSWARE**  
Cheaper than ever. LAMP CHIMNIES, 3 and 4 cents.  
**VERY BEST**  
Living Cambrics, 4 cents a yard, all colors. SELIGIA, 8 and 9 cents, THE BEST.  
We shall open in a few days 20 dozen

**LADIES' HOSE,**  
(all one kind). We pronounce them the best bargain ever offered in this town. DON'T buy until you see these Hosiery.

**LOOK OUT**  
For better bargains at our store than have ever been known in Woburn.  
**Sure as the World**  
stands we are after business.  
**A. Cummings, 150 Main Street.**

**Turner**  
**PHOTOGRAPHER.**  
Mr. Turner IS NOT on Hanover Street, as represented, but IS AT  
**No. 6 WINTER STREET,**  
Finest and Best Studio in the State.  
Satisfaction guaranteed in every particular. Call and examine specimens.

**J. W. TURNER,**  
**No. 6 Winter Street, - - - Boston.**  
C. WEBSTER JEFFERY, operator, late principal operator with Balch.

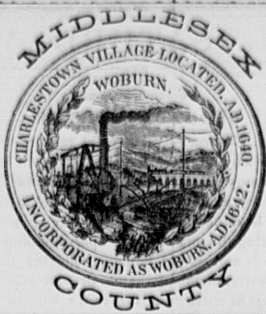
**JOSEPH B. McDONALD & Co.,**  
DEALERS IN  
**Lumber and CHOICE**  
**Hay.**  
No. 111 MAIN STREET, WOBURN.

**Boston and Lowell Railroad.**  
On and after Jan. 6, 1879, passenger trains will leave Boston for  
Upper Railroads, 7.5, A. M., 12 M., 2.30, 5.35, P. M.  
Lowell, 7.5, 10, A. M., 12 M., 1.15, 2.30, 4.45, 5.35, 6.15, 11.15, P. M.  
Lawrence, 7.45, 11 A. M., 2.55, 4.45, 6.15 P. M.  
Winchester, 7.45, 10, 11 A. M., 2.55, 4.45, 6.15, 11.15, P. M.  
Waltham, 7.45, 10, 11 A. M., 2.55, 4.45, 6.15, 11.15, P. M.  
Stoneham, 7.45, 10, 11 A. M., 2.55, 4.45, 6.15, 11.15, P. M.  
Merrimack, 7.45, 10, 11 A. M., 2.55, 4.45, 6.15, 11.15, P. M.  
Lowell, 7.45, 10, 11 A. M., 2.55, 4.45, 6.15, 11.15, P. M.  
Lawrence, 7.45, 10, 11 A. M., 2.55, 4.45, 6.15, 11.15, P. M.  
Winchester, 7.45, 10, 11 A. M., 2.55, 4.45, 6.15, 11.15, P. M.  
Waltham, 7.45, 10, 11 A. M., 2.55, 4.45, 6.15, 11.15, P. M.  
Stoneham, 7.45, 10, 11 A. M., 2.55, 4.45, 6.15, 11.15, P. M.  
Merrimack, 7.45, 10, 11 A. M., 2.55, 4.45, 6.15, 11.15, P. M.  
Lowell, 7.45, 10, 11 A. M., 2.55, 4.45, 6.15, 11.15, P. M.  
Lawrence, 7.45, 10, 11 A. M., 2.55, 4.45, 6.15, 11.15, P. M.  
Winchester, 7.45, 10, 11 A. M., 2.55, 4.45, 6.15, 11.15, P. M.  
Waltham, 7.45, 10, 11 A. M., 2.55, 4.45, 6.15, 11.15, P. M.  
Stoneham, 7.45, 10, 11 A. M., 2.55, 4.45, 6.15, 11.15, P. M.  
Merrimack, 7.45, 10, 11 A. M., 2.55, 4.45, 6.15, 11.15, P. M.  
Lowell, 7.45, 10, 11 A. M., 2.55, 4.45, 6.15, 11.15, P. M.  
Lawrence, 7.45, 10, 11 A. M., 2.55, 4.45, 6.15, 11.15, P. M.  
Winchester, 7.45, 10, 11 A. M., 2.55, 4.45, 6.15, 11.15, P. M.  
Waltham, 7.45, 10, 11 A. M., 2.55, 4.45, 6.15, 11.15, P. M.  
Stoneham, 7.45, 10, 11 A. M., 2.55, 4.45, 6.15, 11.15, P. M.  
Merrimack, 7.45, 10, 11 A. M., 2.55, 4.45, 6.15, 11.15, P. M.  
Lowell, 7.45, 10, 11 A. M., 2.55, 4.45, 6.15, 11.15, P. M.  
Lawrence, 7.45, 10, 11 A. M., 2.55, 4.45, 6.15, 11.15, P. M.  
Winchester, 7.45, 10, 11 A. M., 2.55, 4.45, 6.15, 11.15, P. M.  
Waltham, 7.45, 10, 11 A. M., 2.55, 4.45, 6.15, 11.15, P. M.  
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Winchester, 7.45, 10, 11 A. M., 2.55, 4.45, 6.15, 11.15, P. M.  
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VOL. XXIX.

WOBURN, MASS., SATURDAY, MARCH 22, 1879.

NO. 12.

In Everybody's Mouth.  
What?  
HILL'S DENTILAVE.

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ley, Chelsea.

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Church Street, Winchester.  
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## HALL TO LET.

Post 33, G. A. R., having recently leased the Hall No. 194 Main St., Woburn (Fox Building), it being the second Hall in size in town, and fitted up with same with two large side rooms and all modern conveniences, will let it to responsible parties on reasonable terms. Inquire of Trustees, JOHN L. PARKER, NEWELL Z. TABOR, T. MARVIN PARKER.

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Orders called for and goods delivered in any part of the town.

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Practical Roofer,  
STONEHAM, MASS.  
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plied. Special attention given to repairing Roofs of all kinds.

## Poetical Selection.

## THE TRUE HEAVEN.

The bliss for which our spirits pine,  
That bliss we feel shall yet be given—  
Somehow, in some far realm divine,  
Some marvelous state we name a heaven—

Is not the bliss of languorous hours,  
A glory of calm measured range,  
But life which feeds our noblest powers  
On wonders of eternal change;

A heaven of action freed from strife,  
With ampler ether for the scope  
Of an immeasurable life,  
And an unbounded boundless hope;

A heaven wherein all discord ceases,  
Self-torment, doubt, distress, turmoil,  
The core of every majestic peace,  
Is God-like power of tireless toil—

Toil without tumult, strain or jar,  
With grandest reach of range indeed,  
Unchecked by even the farthest star  
That trembles through infinite,

In which to soar to higher heights  
Through widening ethers stretched abroad,  
Till in our onward, upward flights,  
We touch, at last, the feet of God!

Time swallowed in Eternity!  
No future evermore, no past,  
But one unending Now to be  
A boundless circle round us cast.

—Harper's for April.

## Selected Story.

## CONTRARY-MINDED.

"I wonder he didn't take the parson," mused the deacon's housekeeper, as the deacon drove off alone to the annual conference. "He is commonly master-thoughtful about lookin' out for folks. What a husband he was!"

Yes, Asa Phoenix had been a good husband. All the neighbors agreed with Mrs. Dubbs in that particular. He had waited upon his fussy invalid wife by inches for thirty years, making her as happy as she would let him; and when her summons came, he had closed her dying eyes tenderly, saying, even with tears, "Poor sufferer, she is better off!"

That he was better off he never hinted by word or look. He wore his widower's weeds with sad decorum; he reared in memory of the departed Lucinda a monument which the most fastidious deceased might have envied. He grieved faithfully for the full allotted year of mourning. If now, from the ashes of the funeral pyre, like his feathered namesake of fable, he was springing up with renewed youth and freshness, was it not well?

In truth, though he had not seen fit to confide this fact to Mrs. Dubbs, Deacon Phoenix had slighted the minister deliberately, and with malice aforethought. Nor was it of the Conference he was thinking that fragrant June morning, as he whirled away, tucking the lap robe well around his glossy new broadcloth. For once in his hitherto blameless life, he was trying to hide the secular underneath the spiritual. He did not mean to go straight to meeting; it was his wily intention to make a wide circuit, and call on Miss Olive Wayne, in the town of Chester. He had a question to ask her, and did not want the parson with him. He hoped he might wait him later.

Pretty, cheerful Olive! How fond he attended of her, years ago, when she had been his school! If he had not been in love with Lucinda, he was sure he should have fallen in love with her, mere child though she was. He had never lost sight of her, and he thanked Providence that he had been enabled by money and influence to help her family over some hard places. Please God, the dear girl should henceforth have an easier life. Girl! Why, little Olive must be fifty!

The good deacon laughed at the amusing recollection. Well, she would always seem young to him. And, as for himself, sixty odd he was a hale man yet; he could jump a five-rail fence as well as ever he could—give him time. His thoughts continually reverted to Olive, so patiently devoted to her invalid father. She should bring the old gentleman to his house, if she wished, or he would provide for his maintenance at her brother Reuben's. He was inclined to consider that the better plan; the money would be an object to Reuben.

In these cogitations the morning passed, and noon found Deacon Phoenix at the little hotel in Chester. Impatient of delay, after a hasty dinner, he set out almost immediately for the Wayne homestead. Arrived at the gate, he spied Miss Olive at the window, and alighted with a youthful agility not altogether prudent in a man who had twinges of the sciatica. And yet—strange inconsistency of human nature!—he dallied at the hitching post, and afterward, with his hand on the very knocker, he paused to scan the distant horizon, as though he had come mainly for a view of the mountains. Miss Olive opened the door, her cheeks flushing like late October peaches. She would not have been a woman had she not divined the deacon's tender mission, proclaimed by every detail of his immaculate toilet, by the grasp of his hand, by his nervous, expectant air. And, moreover, Miss Olive was an attractive woman, not unversed in lovers' ways.

"Happy to see you, Mr. Phoenix. Walk in," said she, hurriedly, ushering him into the sitting-room, where her aged father dozed in his arm-chair.

"Who is it, Olive?" said the old gentleman, waking with a bewildered stare.

"Mr. Phoenix, father. You remember Mr. Phoenix, I'm sure."

"I don't know as I do," said he, querulously, fumbling with the guest's outstretched hand. "What's he come for, Olive?"

The deacon looked as if he was suddenly feeling the hot weather; Miss Olive was positively feverish; but she deftly evaded the troublesome question, by diverting her old father's attention. His peppermint tea was ready; would he not drink it? As she hovered about the invalid, straightening his footstool, arranging his pillows, steadying the cup while he drank, Mr. Phoenix regarded her admiringly. How young she seemed still! Not a gray thread in her golden hair, scarcely a wrinkle in her face. This was because of her excellent disposition. He waited till she had soothed the old man into slumber; then in a direct, manly way, introduced the subject that lay next to his heart.

Miss Olive interrupted him by an eloquent glance at her father.

"He is very childish and dependent. He cannot do without me."

"Let me help you care for him, Olive; my house is large, my means are ample."

"I couldn't, Mr. Phoenix—it is like your generosity to propose such a thing; but I couldn't have him a burden upon you."

"Why, bless your soul, Olive, do you suppose I should consider any friend of yours a burden?"

"You don't know how trying poor father would be to anybody but his own daughter, and I think he is likely to live to a great age, as grandfather did."

"For that very reason, then—"

"Besides, it would make him wretched to take him from the old homestead."

"But, Olive—"

"You see I'm engaged, Mr. Phoenix," said Miss Olive, playfully, while she whisked away a tear. "I'm engaged. You must marry some lady who isn't. And I hope you'll be as happy as you deserve to be," she added, with a little tremor, springing up to adjust the curtain.

In vain he tried to bend her to his wishes; she remained outwardly firm as the hearthstone at her feet, till at length he arrived at the unwelcome conviction that she had no liking for him, or she would have listened to his pleadings. She had interposed the old gentleman merely as a sort of cushion to soften the blow of her rejection.

If he took a smiling leave, it was because pride tugged at his facial muscles, for, to tell the truth, he had never been more disappointed and chagrined in his life. Of what avail the stylish equipage upon which he had once plumed himself? Was it not bearing him on to the tomb? And why should he wish to prolong this earthly pilgrimage? What further attractions had life for him, a lonely old man, nearing seventy?

Hardly conscious of the reins, he had driven several miles at an unsanctified pace when he almost ran over Mr. Torrey, a brother of the deceased Lucinda, who was walking behind his carriage upon a long ascent.

"Going to Conference?" asked that gentleman, after an exchange of greetings, "didn't you come a roundabout way?"

"I'm inclined to think I did," assented the deacon, with a prodigious show of candor, "a roundabout way, and a hard way. Is your wife with you?"

"Yes, and the Widow Vance. I have to foot it up hill, you see. Horse stepped on a rolling stone a piece back and lamed himself."

"Your load is too heavy; let Sister Torrey ride with me."

But Sister Torrey being nervous, like Lucinda before her, and mortally afraid of the deacon's spirited steed, it was in the end Mrs. Vance who nestled into the vacant seat. She was a gushing young widow, whose mitigated grief manifested itself in certain coquettish bows of pale lavender.

She protested that she felt already acquainted with Mr. Phoenix through her late husband, to whom he had been so kind. She was so glad of this opportunity to thank him. She should never cease to be grateful for the many favors he had conferred upon dear Charles, etc.

In the morning the worthy deacon would have smiled inwardly at this pangs. This afternoon he hugged it like a poultice to his aching heart. It soothed his wounded self-love, and inclined him toward his fair ecologist to whom he recounted pleasant anecdotes of her husband's boyhood. Indeed, he made himself so agreeable that she was rather sorry to reach Churchville, where the whole party were cordially welcomed at the house of Mr. Zenas Torrey.

A proud man was Mr. Phoenix. He would not for the world have had his wife's relatives suspect his recent disappointment, and during those three days of Conference he carried himself with a resolute cheerfulness that sometimes—out of meeting, of course—verged upon friskiness. Mrs. Vance told Mrs. Zenas Torrey that he was "just splendid," which compliment Mrs. Torrey repeated to him with a significant smile, and hinting that if he thought of marrying again, he need not search far for a wife. He looked confused, and hotly disclaimed any matrimonial intention. As to the young widow, was he not double her age? Would June join hands with December?

Alas! what an insignificant trifle can turn the scale of human destiny! But for a horse's right fore-foot, Deacon Phoenix might have returned to his home on the morrow as he had left it—a free man. It was the lame horse that kicked the beam and decided his fate. On Friday morning, that meddling quadruped having been found fatter than ever, the deacon could do no less than offer to escort Mrs. Vance home. She could do no less than accept his offer gladly. By some mysterious law of sequences, this led to a second offer, and a second acceptance, and almost before he knew it, Deacon Phoenix had offered to escort the widow for life. When, after gallantly depositing his promised bride at her own door, he was alone with his thoughts, he was a little surprised at his own precipitancy. But he told himself over and over again what a fortunate man he was, and how happy he ought to be. Contrary to his usual custom, he had acted from impulse, and the result was highly satisfactory. "Highly satisfactory," he repeated to himself, as he passed the entrance of the cross-road which led to Miss Olive's. Somehow his reflections were less cheerful after that. Perhaps the chilly rain-storm just setting in, depressed him, or perhaps it was the empty house that he met face to face—for the best of us have our superstitions. Certain it is, that as he alighted from his buggy that evening with weariness of body and limps of linen, his countenance led Mrs. Dubbs to fear the meetings had not been profitable.

Next morning, thanks to the ungracious weather, he was aroused by sciatic tortures. To an elderly gentleman, newly betrothed to a blooming lady greatly his junior, such an awakening is peculiarly trying. He thought ruefully of the early visit he had promised Mrs. Vance. Should these pains increase, he must defer it indefinitely, or limp into her presence on crutches—an alternative too suggestive of advancing age. Flattered as he was by the widow's acceptance, he could not deny that it placed him in a position in some respects irksome. It admonished him that he had no further right to infirmities; that henceforth it was his bounden duty to be as young as he could. The reflection worried him; the clutching pain worried him. Mrs. Dubbs afterwards said she had never seen him so nearly out of sorts as on that evening, when she took in the mail. Among the letters was one that caught his eye at once.

"DEAR FRIEND," (it ran)—"My poor, tired father is at rest. He was seized with paralysis the morning after you left us, and passed away painlessly in a few hours. How little I anticipated this event when we talked together! My hands were full then—now they are very empty. My work here is done. If you still believe I could make happy the kind friend who has always been our benefactor, I should be glad to see you. Yours, sincerely,

OLIVE WAYNE."

Mr. Phoenix read the missive, re-read it, shut it into the Book of Job, safe from prying Mrs. Dubbs, and then drummed uneasily on the closed Bible. What a predicament! Must he thrust back upon Olive this gift for which he had so lately sued? Must he humble her? He writhed at the thought. Must he thus humble himself? Bitter than all, must he relinquish this tried friend of a life-time? Having reached life's autumn, must he reject its mature and appropriate fruits for the rhubarb and greens of spring-time? Alas! yes; he must fulfill his engagement, for was he not an "honorable man?" He would write at once to Olive a candid statement of the case.

But while he idled at his desk on the morrow, Mr. Torrey came to ask the loan of a horse till his own should be in running order, and the deacon laid down his pen with a sigh of relief.

Feeling that he ought to tell his brother-in-law of his contemplated marriage, at dinner, he led the conversation back to the conference and Mrs. Vance.

"By the way, I met the widow this morning, riding with John Vance," remarked Mr. Torrey, casually. "You remember him—the brother next to Charles? He's just home from California, with his pockets full."

"Ah?"

"Shouldn't wonder if he took the widow. Some say they're engaged already."

Of course the deacon knew better than that. Nevertheless, he delayed his tender confession. And he did not write the letter. Time enough for that after he had paid Mrs. Vance the promised visit. The latter lady had certainly the first claim on his attentions.

Unfortunately, several days of tormenting pain ensued, during which the deacon's patience was put to a pretty severe test; but he was at last able to seek the object of his latest choice. He found her in the doorway, playing croquet with a tall, well-dressed gentleman.

"No happy to see you, Deacon Phoenix," cried she, with voluble embarrassment, "and so glad to introduce Mr. Vance, dear Charles's brother. Do come in."

"I hope my tardy coming does not seem discourteous, Mrs. Vance," said he, with affable formality, while the stranger hastened to a suddenly-remembered engagement. "I have not—"

"No—oh, no," broke in the widow nervously.

"I have not been well. Otherwise, under our present interesting relations—"

"Oh, Mr. Phoenix!" interrupted she, throwing herself on a cricket at his feet, "do you know, I am so afraid I am not the one to make you happy! And my friends say the discrepancy in our ages is too great. Ought I to marry against their wishes?"

"You must decide that question, dear madam," responded the deacon, with suppressed eagerness. The finger of Providence was in this. He held his breath to make sure which way it pointed.

"Then, if you don't mind very much, Deacon Phoenix, perhaps it would be better for us to part as friends. Oh dear! I hope you'll forgive me, if I've done anything wrong."

The deacon hardly heard the closing sentence for the glad beating of his heart. "My dear child, you have done quite right. I do not reproach you," he said, with a smile of infinite benevolence. "It is natural that youth should choose to wed with youth."

"And that age should wed with age," he added, mentally, as, with an adieu almost paternal, he drove away in the direction of Miss Olive's.

He and Miss Wayne were married the following October, but Mr. and Mrs. Vance waited till Christmas.

AS OLD WITCH STORY.—"R," in the *Lynn Transcript*, recalls one of the witch stories which he used to hear, in his childhood, related by the old aunts. The fearful tale was first told to Dr. Cotton Mather by one of the parties concerned.

We shall both have reason all our days to remember that hunt. It was late in the day; twilight was beginning to fall; our hounds were tired and dejected like ourselves, when I started as I thought a hare from behind a hazel bush. It was before us in every gesture and limb just like that of a timid little creature, and the dogs pursued it as if it had been nothing less natural. We also followed on never doubting for a moment that it was what we took it to be.

"A beautiful evening had now set in and the moon hung like a pale lamp in the western heavens. Swiftly pursuing the same and coming up near enough to fire, neighbor Hart raised his gun and took aim. The piece, though well loaded, flashed in the pan. I then presented and in the same moment my hand was smitten with the cramp, so that I had not strength to pull the trigger. But neither of us had any doubt even that it was anything but a poor terrified hare that we saw. Not disheartened, however, Hart primed again, and I snatched and beat my fingers to rub a little life into them. In the meantime I followed after the hare and fired, but missed. Then Hart stepped forward and taking good aim shortly after discharged his gun. It went off with a deafening sound, nearly kicking him over; that was all, and the hare scampered away unhurt.

"I had now loaded again, and determined to get a good aim, I ran in the track of the animal some twenty paces. Then in the calmest and most deliberate manner I fired the second time. Still it was of no use. The hare did not notice it in the least, but kept running on, though I think I must have hit him square in the back. Meanwhile Hart reloaded and came up to me. The moon shone bright and twilight had not departed, but the hare had escaped into the open fields to return home. But judge of our surprise, when we had proceeded a short distance, we again saw the animal just before us. It was running along in our path, a perfect hare apparently in all respects. I was about to fire on the poor thing, but at the moment Hart exclaimed—

"It is a witch, sure as I live! Don't fire, but lend me your sleeve-buttons!" We ran immediately to the spot, and as soon as the smoke cleared away looked for the hare, expecting to find the poor creature half blown to pieces. Instead of that the animal was alive and as brisk as ever, running ahead of us apparently as unconcerned as if nothing had happened. So we pursued it for some time longer, until it went into a thicket, from which it soon rose in the form of a black cat and disappeared. Hart said, 'It is surely a witch and you will see the creature again.' Sure enough we did, for an hour or two after we got home I went out to look after things in the barn, and there, right over the ridgepole, I saw an old woman astride a broomstick dancing a reel with the devil in the air. And what is more strange than all, his Satanic Majesty descended and has left the print of three of his fingers in my stone wall where he sat—burnt into a rock as you may see for yourself.

"Was that all?" said the minister much excited.

"No, I told Deliverance here that something was going to happen and it will."

READ THIS, GIRLS.—Learn to darn stockings neatly, and then always see that your own are in good order. Don't let a button be off your shoes a minute longer than needful. It takes just a minute to sew one on, and how much neater a foot looks in a trimly buttoned boot than it does in a top sided affair with half the buttons off. Every girl should learn to make all the simpler clothing, and we know a little girl of seven who could do this and who also made the whole of a blue calico dress for herself, and pieced a large bed quilt. She was not an over-talented child, either, but a merry, romping, indulged only daughter. But she was "smart," and she did not die young either. Indeed, we have seldom known children "too smart to live." Very few ever die of that complaint, whatever their grandmothers may think.

It is an open question whether railroads have ever really sunk any money in our country or not. Very few of the rails will ever be taken up. The convenience is too great. They will remain and be used. The stock may pass into other hands, the roads be managed by more competent parties and some of them will be absorbed by other lines, but they are valuable still. More of them will be built as time rolls on, especially in the great unexplored regions of our country. The railroad is not only a great convenience, but a great civilization and a great cultivator. The red man of the forest dreads to see what he calls a smoke wagon (locomotive) coming across his hunting fields and awakening the echoes of the valleys; he realizes that it is only a question of a little time when "his arrows (in that region) will be broken, his springs dried up, and his cabins in the dust."

He could stand it, he said to have his wife paint everything, from a tin cup to an old straw hat, and stick it all over with Cupids and heathen Chinese. But when she swooped down upon their last ninepence and embellished that he thought it was time to "kick."

How to provide for a rainy day—Borrow an umbrella.

A BOOK AGENT VANQUISHED.—Yesterday evening Professor Stewart went into the Delmonico restaurant, and asked Andy, the irrepressible head steward, to bring him some stuffed mutton and parsnips. No sooner had the professor fairly seated himself at one of the small tables, than a book agent came in and took the other side of the board. The two men were strangers, but as a matter of course this book-peddler couldn't keep still, and presently made some conversational remark to Stewart.

"Are not these meteorological disturbances somewhat peculiar for this latitude?" The professor paused a moment, as he was mashing a potato, and replied:

"Guess it's about the same thing every year."

"In seasons of atmospheric depression, alternating with unexpected boreal excitements, and rapid changes resultant on sudden accumulations of moisture, such dispositions of the storm-belt are not, in my opinion, entirely unaccounted for."

"Exactly," remarked the professor, lifting a fly out of his coffee.

"But," continued the agent, delighted at the style in which he was crowding the professor, "I doubt not but that certain energetic polarizations of the molecules in the mineral deposits have an attraction for the electrically charged clouds."

At these points the professor, who had been knocked around the ring and crowded to the ropes, so to speak, became fairly roused to his position, and slogged for the other's nose at once.

"Ah, exactly, my friend; in the ledge are vast deposits of minerals. Found in volcanic matrices and disintegrated by the upheaval of plutonic rock, and semi-fused masses of silicious alumina, mingled with homogeneous debris of porphyry, the molecules of kaolined foliites, with a slight potash base, the decomposition of the felspar is most affected along the line of the horizontal cleavage and necessarily the liberated oxide of manganese combining with the percolation of the alkalis which permeate the entire mass, causes a pronounced state of polarization, which cannot fail to account for the peculiar attraction in the vicinity. I might further explain the intricate chemical properties of the belt, by illustrating the—"

By this time, however, the book agent, who, during the round, had been verbally patted in the jaw, smashed in the nose, and biffed in the eye, rose from his seat, paid full price for his half-eaten meal, and shot out of the place. And said he examined the professor, found his pulse regular, no signs of perspiration, and his mind intact.—*Virginia (New) Chronicle*.

THE PHILADELPHIA ZOO.—The splendid Zoological Garden at Fairmount Park, Philadelphia, was opened to the public in July, 1874, yet it has the air and general appearance of famous long-established like institutions in Europe. Its collection of animals is already very extensive, lacking hardly any thing of grand importance to the mass of patrons, unless we might mention the hippopotamus. At the last annual meeting the superintendent reported 434 mammals, 453 birds, 58 batrachians, and 63 reptiles; and every visitor can testify to the exceedingly fine condition of most of the animals. The seals and sealions disport themselves in the water or sun themselves upon their island structures, sleek fat, and apparently as happy as seals can be. One of them manifested his vigor not long since by climbing over the railing around his pond—four feet high, I should say—and taking a promenade over to a neighboring seal pond, whose enclosure he also scaled. I send the visitors present at the moment. It would certainly be interesting to know how a seal could climb a fence. I was told of the feat by the superintendent himself—a gentleman of distinguished manners, by-the-way, and a scientist of note.

THE VALUE OF HARD WORK.—Addison wrote out the patience of the printers. Often when nearly a whole impression of the *Spectator* had been worked off, he would stop the press to insert some new thought. Lamb's most positive essays were the result of most intense labor. He would spend a week at a time in elaborating a single humorous letter to a friend.

Tennyson is reported to have written, "Come into the Garden, Maud," more than fifty times before it pleased him. And "Locksley Hall," the first manuscript of which was written within two days, he spent the most of six weeks in altering and polishing.

Dickens would shut himself up for weeks, living like a hermit, when producing a Christmas story, and then would return to the world pale and haggard from his labors. John Foster often spent hours on a single sentence. Ten years elapsed between the first sketch of Goldsmith's "Traveler" and its completion. No grand work ever came yet from the pen of any man, that did not bear evidence of the severest labor.

Chemistry is the science of the world and of the future. The bridge which takes the engineer years to construct, the chemist can, in so many sixtieths of a second, reduce to atoms. Chemistry has given us the balloon; it has put into our hands gun-powder, nitro-glycerine, dynamite, and, above all, fulminate of gold, an explosive so terrible that, if an ounce of it be left in a stoppered bottle, its grains falling among themselves of their own weight will create a convulsion sufficient to lay New York in ruins. It has given us poisons so subtle that, were we to employ such means of warfare, we could sail in a balloon over the camp of the enemy, and drop upon it a shell, the bursting of which would kill every human being within a mile of its range.



## Woburn Journal.

John L. Parker, Editor and Proprietor.  
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SATURDAY, MARCH 22, 1879.

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## CRUELTY TO CHILDREN.

The Society for the prevention of cruelty to animals has survived the ridicule of the public, until now it has to be acknowledged that it is one of the indications of progress in Christian civilization. If the welfare of animals can excite so much interest, effort and expenditure, a hundred times more should cases of cruelty to children be investigated and punished. Where we spend a dollar in caring for an abused horse, and in prosecuting its tormentor, what shall be done for a little child, whose life and soul is being crushed out of it by merciless tyrants who call themselves parents or guardians? As we look at the photograph before us of a boy who was terribly beaten—cut to the bone—by his father, and then lashed naked to the chimney-top, and left there for three hours, on a night in last December, we think it were better had a mill-stone been hung about the neck of these demon-like men and women, and they had been drowned in the sea, than that they had lived to so lift their hands against defenceless childhood.

Such a crime is one of peculiar atrocity. It is committed against innocence and helplessness. Let any parent who deserves the name imagine his own child in the hands of these tormentors, and suffering from kicks, blows, exposure and starvation. And the children who suffer these things, just as naturally seek for protection and love from those in whose hands they are, as the children who are fortunate enough to receive such care. If institutions for the blind, or the deaf and dumb are worthy of support, fully as worthy of the same are societies which are honestly and effectively working in behalf of abused children. It is hardly necessary to add that this torturing of children must make the perpetrator of the crime a dangerous member of society, even if he were not such before. It is of vital importance to the safety of life and public morals that all our Pomeroyes, whether grown up or not, should be removed from our streets and homes. A thirst for human blood, and a delight in the infliction of torture, should no more be left to itself in our midst, than the ravages of a wild beast would be. The strongest considerations of humanity and of public safety, demand that we should give countenance and support to such organizations as the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children.

We have received from the publishers of the Bedfordshire (Eng.) Times and Independent two very neat specimens of printing. The first is a cut of the Times building, an imposing structure on the High Street of Bedford, showing that the press across the water is not indisposed to temper the asperities of journalistic life with beautiful surroundings, in the shape of fine architectural effects. The second is the advertisement of the printing department, very well done in plain and fancy colors. The type faces are the same as those familiar to American printers, and it would be an interesting inquiry to raise, whether these faces were borrowed by our cousins from the American type foundry, or from the former by the latter. Which ever way it may be, we are glad to note the fact that the printers on both sides of the Atlantic are using the same styles of type, and that the "fashion" in printing is so universal.

OLD AND NEW WOBURN.—From the Medical Officer's report of the town of Woburn, England, for the year 1878, as published in the Bedfordshire Times, of March 1, we learn that the population of Woburn is 11,289; births 316; deaths 202; deaths under 1 year of age, 45; over 1 and under five 12; over six-five, 70. In our own Woburn, the population is 10,445; births in 1878, 310; deaths, 210.

After Devlin had said in his last words on the scaffold last Friday, "I thank all my friends for their kindness to me. I recommend my friends to abstain from rum, and I recommend my soul to God," it struck some of the spectators as slightly incongruous that a rum manufacturer should be chairman of the Board of Witnesses.

The great six days' walking match, for the championship of the world terminated on Saturday night. Rowell, the English pedestrian, won, with 500 miles to his credit, Harris coming in second, with 475 miles, and Harriman third, with 450.

SOLVED AT LAST.—The victim of the Lynn tragedy is now believed to have been a Miss Jennie P. Clarke, a domestic in a Boston family, whose mother lives in Hyde Park.

A large dog made quite an excitement at Fernald's store on Tuesday, by dashing into the show window. In his efforts to get out, he made considerable damage.

If talking were walking, great distances would be covered by some of our citizens, who are quite feverish on the pedestrian question.

PROMOTIONS.—Corporal Geo. A. Simonds has been promoted to Sergeant, and Privates Joseph M. Hall and Charles Philbrook to Corporals.

PEEP O' DAY.—This drama was given by the St. Charles Dramatic Club, on Monday evening in a very satisfactory manner.

THE LIQUOR BILL.—The passage of the Liquor Bill by the House, on Monday, by a vote of 105 to 54, will be hailed with much satisfaction by all lovers of public morality, safety and order. The bill provides that persons injured in any way through the intoxication of another person, may sue for damages those who furnished the liquor; and parties selling liquor, or allowing it to be sold on premises over which they have control, are to be held responsible for all damage sustained. The bill allows married women to sue in such cases. The belief that some one is criminally responsible for the drunkenness which results in so much crime and misery, is gaining ground. It will not do any longer to acquit a man of a crime on the plea that he was drunk, and therefore had no control over his faculties. To illustrate: Suppose that the amputation of a leg was accompanied by an abnormal, but agreeable frenzy, in which the victim of the indulgence lost all control of his own actions, and often injured others. There would be many victims of the indulgence, who, for the sake of the momentary pleasure, would be willing to sacrifice their hands. There would be, also, no lack of unscrupulous men, who would engage in the amputation business, for the sake of the profit. Such a business would not, of course, be allowed to exist. But such a destructive mania we have among us in the form of drunkenness. It is a walking poison or dagger let loose in the community to spread ruin and death. Men do drink moderately, and escape, at least for a long time, being ruined by it; but it is like the fool-hardy boy's walking on the edge of a lofty precipice. It is unnecessary and foolish for him to risk his life in that way. Those who have once been under the mighty power of drink, and tried to break away from it, will acknowledge that it was not exaggeration. When such evils result, with such dangerous certainty, from the liquor traffic, we hold that next to absolute prohibition, the best thing is to hold all parties concerned strictly responsible for damage done.

MONTHLY EXHIBITION.—Those who have not yet attended one of the school exhibitions, given in the Cummings building on the second Friday of each month, have missed enjoyable occasions. Last Friday afternoon one of these exhibitions was given to a large and highly appreciative audience. The declamations of the girls and boys were given with much spirit, and in a manner which indicates much careful and intelligent rehearsing. There was singing, such as was not heard in the public schools in the "good old times." Now it is demonstrated that even primary school children can be taught to sing the parts very correctly. The scholars marched, keeping very true time, and executing pleasing movements. After the school exercises there were brief addresses by Rev. Leander Thompson, and Messrs. Pollard and Parker, of the School Committee. Mr. Pollard introduced into his address an old declamation, to show the boys how it used to be in his school-days. It is very gratifying to note the growing interest in these exhibitions.

A CUTTING AFFRAY.—Thursday night, a bloody affray occurred at the house of Martin Connolly, on Center street, during which he was seriously cut about the face and head by his son Martin Jr. A surgeon was obliged to sew up six places on Connolly's face. The instrument used was a heavy glass can-dlestick. The young desperado was found by Officers Walsh and Meriam, a short time afterwards in a house on Hovey street. He offered to go with the officers but as he passed out the door he drew a loaded revolver upon them. His action did not escape the notice of Officer Meriam who seized Connolly about the body, and the pistol was knocked out of his hands. He made a desperate resistance, but was lodged in the lockup. The pistol was a seven shooter, loaded, and two of the chambers had been fired. He will be brought before the Court this afternoon.

The Scientific American seriously suggests that the Western Union Telegraph Company, or some other corporation, set up the Rhigi telephone in a room in New York, where visitors can go, and by payment of a small fee, sit and listen to the debates of Congress. The peculiarity of this new telephone is, that the transmitting diaphragm rests on a finely-powdered mixture of silver and carbon, mounted on a slender spring; and the receiving disk is inserted in the middle of a sheet of parchment paper. Talking and singing can be heard twenty-five or thirty-feet away.

CHINESE BOYS.—Yung Kai, whom some of us have seen in Woburn, is one of five Chinese boys, who are pursuing their studies in Springfield. Their own Government pays between \$500 and \$600 yearly for the support of each. Their peculiar garments are sent from China, the material not being obtainable in this country. They are free to follow their own convictions in religious matters; and the result is that they attend church and Sunday school, showing marked attention and interest.

APPOXLEY.—Mr. Joseph B. Stowers, while on his way with a deputy sheriff, to Burlington, where he was to have served as sheriff's keeper, was attacked with apoplexy, and his companion, being greatly alarmed, took him back to his home on Franklin street. After his arrival home, he had a second shock, and is now in a critical condition.

ST. PATRICK.—The day sacred to St. Patrick, was stormy, but the weather did not restrain his votaries from the usual enjoyments of the occasion. Sixty residents of Woburn visited Boston on that day, and became naturalized citizens of the United States.

A LONG WARRANT.—Thirty-seven articles to be acted on at the Town Meeting which occurs two weeks from next Monday. Don't fail to read the Warrant.

Time is money; but health is happiness. If you have a bad cold or cough, use Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup. It will cure you. Price 25 cents.

Never before was there any tea of so fine a flavor as that now selling at Smith's. Try it.

FAST DAY.—Gov. Talbot has designated Thursday, the third day of April next, as Fast Day. The following proclamation has been issued:—

In accordance with the ancient custom of this Commonwealth, and with the advice and consent of the Council, I appoint Thursday, the third of April next, a day of fasting, humiliation and prayer, and I earnestly recommend to all my fellow-citizens, that, in a real sympathy with the spirit which originated this observance, they abstain on that day from their usual occupations; that in their places of worship, or in the retirement of their homes they devote a portion of its hours to self-examination, humiliation and repentance.

Let us from honest hearts implore Almighty God to forgive our sins and errors of every kind, public and private. Let us beseech Him that the lessons of adversity of these later years may not be lost upon us; but that our pride may be humbled, our hearts softened and our faith increased; that He will renew unto us the blessings of his bounty, that the work of our hands may not fail of its just reward; that peace, purity and temperance may prevail within our borders; that the poor may find succor, the suffering relief and the bereaved consolation; that universal charity, toleration and brotherly kindness may exist among us, and toward all races and conditions of men; and that by His grace we may be enabled to transmit this heritage of ours stronger, purer and nobler for our lives and exchange.

Given at the Council Chamber, in Boston, this eighteenth day of March, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and seventy-nine, and of the Independence of the United States the one hundred and thirty.

THOMAS TALBOT, By His Excellency the Governor, with the advice of the Council.

HENRY B. PIERCE, Secretary.

God save the Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

SOLDIERS' HEADSTONES.—The unexpended balance in the hands of the U. S. Treasurer for the supply of headstones to soldiers' graves in National Cemeteries, has been appropriated for the erection of headstones in our cemeteries where soldiers' graves are unmarked. Post 33 was quick to notice the fact, and a committee has had some correspondence with the authorities on this matter. The following reply has been received:—

OFFICE OF NATIONAL CEMETERIES, Washington, D. C., Mar. 13, 1879. Mr. Thomas H. Hill, Woburn, Mass.

SIR:—Your communication of the 8th inst. has been referred to this office. The Department would be obliged for a list of the unmarked soldiers' graves to which you refer—giving name, regiment, company, and date of death, if known. Headstones will be furnished as soon as the necessary arrangements can be made.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant, A. F. ROCKWELL, Capt. and A. Q. M., U. S. Army, in charge of National Cemeteries.

A circular has been addressed by the Grand Army Committee to parties interested in such graves in Woburn, and an early response is desired in order that the necessary application can be made to Capt. Rockwell's department.

SELECTMEN.—Special meeting, March 18. The petition of John O. Ray and others, for an extension of the sidewalk on the eastern side of Main street, from Main to Cross, was referred to the Committee on Highways, to investigate and report. Revision of voting list and registration referred to Assessors. Warrant for annual Town Meeting closed. March 20, second regular meeting. The Finance Committee reported that they had examined the Treasurer's accounts and trust funds, and found them correct. Committees were instructed to report at the next meeting on any business in their hands.

MUTUALITY.—See the new advertisement of A. Cummings in our columns. When he arrives with the stock which he proposes to exhibit this time, look out for such a rush as was never seen in town before. The richest goods, and the largest assortment in the latest styles, are promised at prices so low as to astonish every one.

POLICE COURT.—Thomas McLean, assault and battery, \$1 and costs; Thos. Sankey, drunk, \$3 and costs. Daniel McManus and Wm. Doberty, assault and battery, \$3 and costs each. John Griffin, common drunkard, 3 months in House of Correction.

GOOD RUNNING.—On Wednesday noon Thomas Bishop ran a quarter of a mile in 1 minute, 13 1/2 seconds. The run was made on Wyman street, through the mud and snow, and without special training, which is speaking well for the runner.

ACQUITT.—Patrick Evers, arrested last Saturday, on the charge of stealing \$140 from James Gibbons, was tried before Justice Converse on Monday, and acquitted.

BITE.—Wednesday, a little girl named Brady, who lives on Houghton street, tried to separate two fighting dogs, when one sprang and bit her on the face.

There is nothing so conducive to evenness of temper as a good cup of tea. Smith can always give you bargains in all grades.

It was at Smith's where I got that tea I was speaking of.

Communication. MYSTIC VALLEY R. R.—After the many reports in circulation respecting the M. V. R. R., it makes one feel good to know that one mile of the track near Somerville is finished, and a gravel train of eight cars is in active operation, grading up, preparatory to ironing the rest of the road bed. Last Saturday Mr. White, the president, and Mr. Furber, the superintendent of the Boston & Maine R. R., were the first passengers on the Mystic Valley R. R., for on that day they rode over the road, and commended it very highly. This railroad once finished, will be a very great accommodation, especially to our Woburn friends, and it is to be hoped that parties who have heard anything to the detriment of this road, will turn a deaf ear to all slanderous reports, and in the meantime say a good word for it, so that upon its successful completion, they may have the pleasure of saying, "I have helped it along."

The directors are hard at work straightening out matters, and it is honestly believed that the road will ultimately be an accomplished fact. All that is required is for stockholders to put their shoulders to the wheel, and pay up their balances now due, so that the managers can carry out their engagements.

M. V.

## OUR PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

Mr. Editor:—What valid reason can be given why our children should be cut down to twenty weeks' schooling in a year? It virtually amounts to just that. Many citizens have been in the past twenty years advocating the most liberal appropriations for schools and school houses, believing that it was better economy than to provide jails and houses of correction for those who would otherwise grow up in ignorance and vice. And now, those citizens, having aided to get their neighbors' children through the schools in a creditable manner, are obliged to see their own children, just coming to the age to attend school, put off with only half privileges. Forty weeks of schooling a year, is certainly none too much for the children between the ages of seven and fourteen years. How important it is to those parents who do not expect to be able to keep their children in school until they can complete the entire course, to see to it that their children are not deprived of any advantages to obtain the best possible education during those seven school years. We are told that the appropriations for the schools were not sufficient to maintain them up to the standard of former years, and the Committee have been obliged to cut the garment according to the cloth, and have consequently, cut the primary schools down to one session a day, thus substantially giving our children but twenty weeks of schooling in a year. This is economizing in the wrong direction. We cannot afford to pursue this suicidal policy any longer. Thirty-two weeks of vacation in a year, is rather more than the mental, moral, or physical condition of our children calls for. Let us have our primary and grammar schools maintained to the highest standard of excellence, at whatever cost or sacrifice, for upon those grades of schools have we got to depend largely for whatever of education the mass of our scholars obtain.

W. F. E.

Communication. Mr. Editor:—A communication appeared in the Journal of March 1st, which ought not to be passed over unnoticed. In it your correspondent, "X," dogmatizes at some length concerning the proper methods of teaching geometric drawing. He condemns the Walter Smith books because they do not pretend to teach "principles" to eight-year-old children. We all know that in Woburn, as elsewhere, a prolonged and persistent effort has been made, especially in arithmetic, to teach in accordance with the theory that "X" hugs so fondly. There is, however, another and a brighter side to this shield, which, after a few preliminary remarks, I desire to present to the attention of "X" and of all who entertain similar crude fancies. I hope "X" is not a teacher, nor an aspirant for a position where he can sit in judgment of teachers and their work; yet he knows and laments the ignorance of Woburn (?) teachers, who do not understand the method of erecting a perpendicular to a given straight line. Lamentable, I will admit, but not so lamentable as attempting to cram them into children eight years old. Better ignorance, than a misuse of their knowledge to the injury of their young pupils. Possibly the ignorance of intelligent teachers may be due to some cause; but certainly not to the fact that they have not been instructed, as school children, in accordance with those methods that "X" advocates. Indeed, for a few years past, we have been wading over this theory of making children understand what it took wise men ages to demonstrate. Children are driven to memorize principles far beyond their comprehension; and they acquire a certain parrot-like facility in reciting them, and that is all. Applications they memorize too, just as they memorize the alphabet. Hence, practice them with applications; go slowly and incessantly, and operations in arithmetic, or constructions in geometry will gradually become familiar, and forever theirs. Let them grow up to a reasoning age without having heard the word "principles," and then gradually introduce them to the principles that underlie the operations or constructions so familiar to them. Then a study of principles will have an interest, because such a study will then address faculties that are awakening, and eagerly receptive. No doubt many a one (like X), when a reason for things dawned upon him, will wonder (like X) that it never occurred to him before; look back upon acres of cyphering, and growl a little because his teachers were so ignorant of true methods of teaching as to suffer him to work on in darkness through so many of his tender years. No doubt many a one will lament with X, that his unprincipled teacher did not anticipate the growth of his faculties by several years, and stuff his memory with things that would save him the effort of exercising and expanding those faculties, that mature long after he has left the school room.

I promised to show X the other side of the shield, and will forthwith, summon Herbert Spencer to hold it before his opening (I trust) eyes. Herbert Spencer, a foremost man of the day, than whom no writer better merits X's midnight oil. Referring to a method of teaching drawing, similar to that approved by X, Herbert Spencer writes:—

"The abstract is to be preliminary to the concrete. Scientific conceptions are to precede empirical experiences. That this is an inversion of the normal order, we need scarcely repeat. It has been well said, concerning the custom of prefacing the art of speaking any tongue, by a drilling in the parts of speech and their functions, that it is about as reasonable as prefacing the art of walking by a course of lessons on the bones, nerves and muscles of the legs; and much the same thing may be said of the proposal to preface the art of representing objects, by a nomenclature and definitions of which they yield no analysis. These technicalities are alike repulsive and needless." Again, in regard to geometrical demonstrations:—

"When the observing and inventive faculties have attained the requisite power, the pupil may be introduced to empirical geometry; that is, geometry dealing with methodical solutions, but not with demonstrations of them. Empirical geometry, which presents an endless series of problems, and should be continued along with other studies for years, may throughout be advantageously accompanied by those concrete applications of its principles, which serve as its preliminary," and then "after a long continuance in exercises of this kind," comes rational geometry, Euclid, etc.

Y.

## Winchester.

TOWN REPORTS.—We have received the Winchester Town Reports, a neat pamphlet of 124 pages. From it we learn that the expenditures of the town the past year, have been as follows:—Schools, \$111,111.75; repairs of school-houses, \$411.83; improvement of Grammar school, \$81.58; new school house on Highland street, \$1,499.50; library, \$977.61; highways and bridges, \$6,594.01; Highland avenue, \$92.02; support of poor, \$2,980.97; State aid, \$356; Cemetery, \$599.67; cemetery funds, \$12.85; Memorial Day, \$47.95; Fire Department, \$2,956.21; salaries of town officers, \$2,778.66; incidentals, \$3,562.49; improvement of the common, \$73.75; Fish Committee, \$10.61; Highland water, \$8,697.79; maintenance of water works, \$1,329.09; extension of water pipes, \$977.27; payment of town debt, \$21,000; temporary loan, \$20,000; interest, \$15,128.87; bank tax, \$811.82; corporation tax, \$1,610.81; State tax, \$2,510; county tax, \$1,813.13; discounts and abatements, \$3,047.74. Total, \$111,014.08. The assessors recommend the appropriation of \$61,825 for the current year. Total valuation is \$3,771,615. Six persons receive full support from the town. There have been one hundred and twenty tramps lodged, and thirty-two arrests by the police. The total Town Debt is \$219,850.00. There have been 53 interments in the cemetery. There have been 20,445 volumes of the library issued the past year. The Fire Department has responded to eleven alarms. Births during the year, 85; marriages, 30; deaths, 57. Dogs licensed, 171. We are glad to note that "exceeding innocence and good nature" are qualities that are appreciated by gentlemen who have charge of the fisheries. The Board of Health has taken action on eleven of the fifteen complaints brought before it. There are 516 scholars in the public schools, in charge of 17 teachers. The recommendations of the various heads of departments are worthy of the consideration of the citizens of Winchester, and it is hoped that the Reports will be carefully studied during the time that intervenes between this and next Monday, so that the people can come up to Town Meeting prepared to discuss temperately, and vote judiciously, on all the subjects named in the 22 articles of the Warrant.

GOSPEL MEETINGS.—A series of special union meetings, under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A. State Committee were begun on Tuesday evening, in the Baptist Church. The house was well filled, and the attention and interest excellent. Mr. C. J. Littlefield, of Boston, made a stirring address, such as could not fail to excite the interest, and touch the hearts of even critics and skeptics. On Wednesday evening, Mr. E. A. Lawrence gave an excellent exposition of Bible truth. Mr. Humphry sang "Ninety and Nine," and other pieces. The meetings are to continue every afternoon and evening this week. On Sunday morning the pulpits of the Congregational, Baptist and Methodist churches will be occupied by these speakers. Union meetings will be held in the afternoon and evening. It is hoped that these Christian helpers will continue their labors here for some time after next Sabbath. There are encouraging signs of interest.

KNIGHTS OF HONOR.—Wednesday evening, Grand Deputy Woodbury and other officers were present at a special meeting, and gave an exposition of the work of the second and third degrees.

Chew Jackson's best sweet mary tobacco.

## Wilmington.

F. & M. CLEM.—There was a good attendance at the last meeting. The fifteen-minute question was spent in the discussion of manures, and special attention was paid to horse manure. It is considered excellent as a top-dressing, increasing the crop largely. The chief discussion of the evening on the cultivation of rape was opened by Dr. Hiller. He said: The cultivation of rape is one of the most important problems of the day. Very few farmers can realize the benefit that would arise from the cultivation of this valuable oiling crop. Although it is a new thing here, it is well-established in other countries, as in Germany, England and France, it is largely cultivated, and is principally grown as food for cattle and sheep. The benefits for feeding it to sheep are immense. It improves the length and texture of the wool. Sheep fed on this article have not as much yolk in the wool, by which is meant the oil and fatty substance found in the fleece, and what it loses in the yolk is made up by the fineness of the wool. Sheep fed upon this crop grow one-third larger than upon any other food. It also has a certain effect upon the reproductive organs, as ewes fed upon rape invariably produce two lambs at a birth. Sheep who eat rape fodder never suffer from fluke (diseased liver), and it is also a great measure a preventive of foot-rot. Cattle are very greedy consumers of rape. It has one advantage, which is of great importance to the milk producer, which is, that neither the cake nor the fodder impart a disagreeable flavor to the milk. Rape fodder ranks above sweet corn as a milk-producer, while the root is unequalled for butter-making. It is an advantage, for, when not used as green, it can be cut, made into hay, and stored away for winter-feed. Farmers who desire to feed their cattle economically during the winter, and produce a great quantity of milk during the cold months, should always have on hand a good supply of rape cake, for it combines in itself many excellent properties. It makes fat, flesh, milk, and creates warmth, being a great heat producer—not inflammatory heat, for it is not like corn-meal, which literally burns up the animal; but a healthy, life-giving heat. Cattle eating rape are always silky in appearance and free from vermin, and their manure is of the very richest quality.

There are two kinds of rape, one for spring sowing, which can be obtained for 10 cents a pound; and a winter rape for fall sowing, at 12 cents a pound. For green feed for sheep and cattle, it should be sown broadcast, at the rate of from 4 to 8 pounds of seed to the acre. Land that will grow turnips will do for rape. It requires manuring in the same proportion as for turnips. Butter makers who wish to grow the root, must sow the spring rape, and cultivate in drills, the same as the beet. In harvesting the roots, the tops are first twisted off; these tops, after being allowed to wilt a little, make an excellent green feed for the cattle.

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W. F. E.

A small plow is run along the row close to the root, turning them one side. After lying a little while to dry, they can be picked up with the fork, and thrown into the cart. Farmers intending to obtain a store of rape cake for winter consumption, should sow the seed broadcast in the Fall, at the same time as the winter sets in. This will bloom early in the summer, and bear a tremendous crop of seed. When the seed is matured, it must be cut, carried to the barn, and thrashed as soon as possible. After the seed is separated, the hay makes excellent winter fodder for the sheep; and the seed is then put into narrow bags, about a foot long and four inches wide, each bag tied at the neck. These bags are then placed in a strong wooden box, having a row of holes at the bottom, with small spouts placed underneath them. A granite or iron weight which fits the opening at the top, is then lowered by means of a crank, and presses the bags in such a manner that the seed is thoroughly crushed, and the oil runs out in a thick stream from the holes at the bottom. When the oil has ceased to run, the seed is sufficiently pressed. The weight can then be removed, and the contents shaken out in the shape of long cakes, and the bags and strings are ready for use again. Nothing else is needed to be done with these cakes than to place them in a dry loft. The oil extracted is very clear, and of a beautiful amber color. It is not much known here, but in other countries it is extensively used for painting and lubricating purposes, and is in greater demand, and more valuable than linseed oil. The doctor here produced a copy of Lloyd's Weekly London Newspaper, showing the quotations of oils. Linseed oil is quoted at 25s. per cwt., and rape oil at 30s. per cwt. It is worth our while to make a trial of this crop. It is superior to pearl millet and the new soiling crop called Teosote. Pearl millet is nothing new. Down South it is called the cat-tail millet, and although it is a good soiling crop, it is not considered anything extraordinary, and in planting it, you must remember that it is a native of a warm climate, whereas, rape has the advantage of growing hardy and strong, even in the coldest parts of Canada. Again, if you grow Teosote, you must not expect great results at first, for it is a native of Central Asia, a tropical climate, therefore a very slight frost will be liable to injure the crop. At the same time, it is good to try everything, for this is an age of progress, and we Wilmington farmers must try and keep up with the times. It is high time that we begin to get out of the old tracks, and think and experiment a little for ourselves. One good Farmer's Club, that acts with discretion and wisdom in the matter of experimenting with new grasses, plants and soiling crops, is infinitely superior to a full-fledged and expensive Agricultural College.

The next meeting will take place April 5. In our last week's report of new officers for the Public Library, we inadvertently omitted the new librarian, Mr. Arthur Buck has been elected to fill this office. He has the confidence of the community, and it is predicted that he will make a very efficient officer.

Comical Brown is coming! He is to appear Monday evening, March 24, at Ames Hall, with new attractions and characters. It is doubtful whether the hall will hold all those who are anxious to be present.

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Scribner for April.—The April Scribner has the several conspicuous personal attractions, three of the illustrated papers being devoted respectively to "Henry Bergh and his Work," "John Ericsson," and "Actors and Actresses of New York," all of these covering, what is for the magazines, almost untrodden ground. The paper on Ericsson is by Col. W. C. Church, of the Army and Navy Journal, and is, singularly enough, the only authentic sketch of this remarkable engineer (no less remarkable as a man) which has appeared in popular form. Among the topics treated are the precocity of the young engineer, who, in the depths of a pine forest, at the age of nine, invented among other contrivances, a ball-and-socket joint upon hearing one mentioned, and at the age of thirteen was put in charge of 600 men in the survey of the Gotha Ship Canal, with an attendant to carry a stool to raise him to the height of his leveling instruments; his career in the army and in England; competition with George Stephenson for the best locomotive; superior speed of Ericsson's Novelty engine; the invention of the steam fire engine and of the calorific engine; the invention of the screw propeller and how England lost Ericsson; the romantic story of the Monitor; the torpedo vessel, the Destroyer; his last invention, the solar engine (first complete description); character and personal habits. In interest and importance this paper is thought by the publishers to be not inferior to the one on Edison in the November number, which has been so popular both here and in England. It is fully illustrated. The paper on "Henry Bergh and his Work," is largely anecdotal, and is written by C. C. Buel, and illustrated by Kelly and Muhrman. The personal appearance and history of Mr. Bergh, his early interest in humane work, his dangerous and courageous fight against opposition of all kinds, the routine of his work, and his methods of carrying his points form part of the subject matter, while the sketches show "Henry Bergh on Duty," "Milking a Cow in the Street," "An Ambulance at Work," "The Bull-dog of the Future," etc. The paper on "Actors and Actresses of New York," by J. Brander Matthews, contains sketches of some of the metropolitan players, with drawings in character, by Abbey and Reinhardt, representing John Brougham as Sir Launcius O'Trigger, Charles Coghlan as Charles Surface, Mrs. Gilbert as Mrs. Candour, and Harry Becket, James Lewis, Mrs. Booth, Miss Jewett, Miss Clayton, Mr. Thorne, and Mr. John Gilbert in other parts. In the same vein is a short paper in the "Home and Society" department of the number, entitled "H. M. S. Pinafore for Amateurs," with directions as to setting of stage, dressing of characters, and casting of parts for this delightful and popular opera. Three drawings by Mr. Reinhardt (one of Sir Thomas Whiffin as Sir Joseph Porter, K. C. B.) are intended as suggestions to-

ward the production of the piece by non-professionals. The writer concludes with a recommendation that part of the receipts of any such performance should be sent to Mr. Gilbert or Mr. Sullivan, whose addresses are given. "In a Snailery," by Ernest Ingersoll, is a natural history paper on an out-of-the-way subject, upon which Mr. Marsh has expended some delicate engraving. "The Sticken River and its Glaciers," by Major W. H. Bell, describes the wonderful scenery of the perilous passage from Fort Wrangell to Glenora. "The Measure of a Man," by William Page, the artist, is an account of his re-discovery of the ancient proportions of the perfect human figure, with diagrams in explanation of the theory. The unillustrated material included an unsigned paper, entitled "A Journey to a Political Convention" (the Cincinnati Convention in 1876), which may be read with interest in connection with Presidential forecasts; an essay by Rev. Dr. C. C. Tiffany, on "The Tendency of Modern Thought as seen in Romanism and Rationalism," the author finding in the antipodal systems, a certain drift toward the same general method of thought; a short story by Miss Adeline Traflet, called "Fraulein," and another by Kristofer Janson, a well-known Norwegian author, entitled, "Half-witted Gutorm," written especially for the magazine, and turned into English by Mr. Boyesen. "Falconberg," by the latter, comes to an end with this number. Mrs. Burnett's story of "Haworth's," reaches a sixth installment, the story is contributed by R. H. Stoddard, Edna Dean Proctor, Elaine Goodale, Andrew B. Saxton, David S. Foster, Augusta Moore, and Mary E. Bradley. The departments are fuller than usual. In "Topics of the Time," Dr. Hollander discusses "Some Thin Virtues," "Improving Politics," and the "Medical Profession and the State." In a "Communication" Rev. Augustus Blaauvelt contributes some curious experience of his own toward the solution of the question, "Are our Insane Retards Inhuman?" "Home and Society" contains the "Pinafore for Amateurs," already mentioned, "In Tea-cup Time," and "The Duties of a Nurse." The reviews in "Culture and Progress," are of "Cook's 'Conscience' (a striking notice), "Drone on Copyright," a comparison of Black's "Macedon of Dares," and "Hardy's 'Return of the Native,'" etc., etc. "The World's Work" has descriptions of "Lighted Buys," "The Podo-Motor," "Stone-Planting Machine," "A Paper for Roofing Domes," "Butter-package for export," etc., etc. "Brace-a-Brac" is considerably enlarged, and has a ballade, some negro and Irish dialect, a satire on the decorative mania, etc., etc.







### Miscellaneous.

**Fashionable mother**—"Maria, I'm almost discouraged; how many times have I told you not to say tater, but pertater?"

that the soul of a man, having once come into being, can never die. Mr. Taylor, with a warmth unusual with him, expressed the same conviction.

 A classical man out of Venice, Illinois, has christened his cat "Othello," the Mewer of Venice."

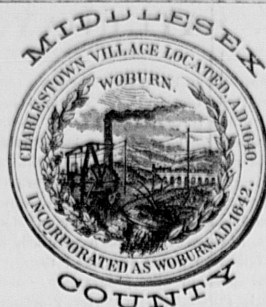
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## Poetical Selection.

## THE BEAU OF THE TOWN.

He once was young and gay—  
A beau.

(Ah, that was long ago!)  
To-day  
He is very old and gray.

His clothes were once the best;  
His life  
Was at the top of style;

His vest  
Was flowered upon his breast.

He then was tall and slim;  
His eye  
Made all the maidens sigh

For him—  
One of the Cherubim!

He drove a handsome pair  
Of grays,  
And all men sang his praise;

The heir  
Had plenty and to spare.

He now is poor and lame  
And bent,  
His sunshine friends all went,  
And shame

To take their places came.

The flowers upon his vest  
Are ragged;  
His coat is green, and sage,  
The rest

May easily be guessed.

His youth was spent in vain;  
His age  
Is like a blotched page:  
His hair

Was Roderer's Champagne.

## Selected Story.

## The Midnight Visitor.

On a distant prairie, at nightfall, a way-  
worn and weary traveller was overtaken by a  
snow-storm. When the first few flakes  
came softly dropping down, he looked ca-  
gerly round in the hope of discerning a shel-  
ter; but none was to be seen—only the  
trackless waste of rolling lands, and far off  
hills, in the direction whither he was going  
—so far off that he feared he should never  
reach them. With the departure of light,  
the snow began to fall faster, the winds blew  
keener, and the road over the prairie was  
soon hidden from view, and the traveler felt  
that he was lost on a trackless waste, with-  
out a star to guide him across the dangerous  
country.

"This is terrible!" he said aloud. "I fear  
much I shall never come to my destination.  
If I had but a compass and a light, I should  
not fear, for I could resist the effects of the  
cold long enough to reach the hills, and then  
there I should find human habitation, or at  
least the shelter of a rock. Now I may go  
in a circle till I freeze, and be no nearer  
help. What a fool I was to leave the river-  
side, and cross the prairie, just for the sake  
of a few miles more or less journey. No  
matter; I must even battle it out now,  
Heaven helping."

And battle it out, he did, most manfully.  
He drew his cap down over his ears and  
brow, and his fur collar up over his mouth,  
and thrusting his hands deeper into his pockets,  
pressed on through the yielding snow.

The gloom increased, the wind became  
sharper, and through his heavy clothes, the  
traveller began to feel the effects of the cold.  
His feet grew numb, his arms chilled, and  
after an hour's rapid walking, he suddenly  
paused.

"How do I know whether I am going?"  
he exclaimed. "Perhaps I have already turned  
aside from a straight line, and am wandering  
on the verge of destruction. Oh, that I  
could shake off this drowsy feeling that is  
stealing over me! I know what it is—the  
precursor of a rest in this cold, winding  
sheet of snow. Great heaven, I am freez-  
ing to death!" shrieked he, bounding for-  
ward with renewed energy. "Action—ac-  
tion—action is life, and life is too sweet to  
lose yet."

He hurried along with a swinging motion,  
stamping his feet vigorously at every step,  
and swinging his arms to keep the blood in  
circulation; yet with all his efforts, he knew  
that the angel of death was folding his white  
wings silently but surely around him.

"Despair—no!" he cried, "not while the  
memory of my loved wife and dear children  
is left to me. I will struggle on for your  
sakes, and fight the storm fiend to the last  
extremity. Oh, just Heaven, for the sake  
of the innocent ones whose only stay is my  
right arm, help me to resist—help me to tri-  
umph!"

At this moment he plunged into a hollow,  
his feet trod over ice, and he heard the voice  
of a streamlet singing of life and action be-  
neath its icy crust. At the same time the  
smell of wood-smoke saluted his nostrils.

"Oh, Thou, who reignest above," he ejacu-  
lated, "I thank Thee that Thou hast heard  
my prayer. Help is near me."

He recoiled heavily onward through the  
blinding snow, and saw just before him a  
low shed. One more struggle, and he fell  
against it. In an instant he divined its char-  
acter. With a last desperate effort he found  
the door, threw it open, and rushing in,  
flung himself at full length upon the floor,  
knowing only that he was in an atmosphere  
reeking with the fumes of bacon, and warm  
with the smoke which rose from a pan of  
smothered coals in the centre of the place.

It was a settler's rude smoke house, left to  
care for itself during the long winter's night,  
and the traveler's grateful heart sent up a  
tribute to Heaven for this place of refuge in  
the desert of snow.

In a large log cabin in the valley of the  
streamlet, Milly Dean sat alone. Her hus-  
band had gone to a distant town, and the  
young wife was alone with her baby. Ac-

customed to the solitude, she felt safe, and  
sat in contentment before the blazing fire;  
the flames leaped right joyfully up the chim-  
ney, and the green logs sizzled and crackled  
in the heat like things of life. Out doors the  
wind was howling drearily, and the snow  
falling heavily. But Milly cared not, for it  
only made the fire more cheerful. There  
came a rapping at the door.

"How strange! Who can that be at our  
door in this wild night?" she said to herself  
as she rose and went into the little entry.

The rapping was repeated.

"Who is there?" she asked.

"For heaven's sake let me in; I am freez-  
ing to death," was the reply.

"Who are you? And how came you in  
this lonely place on such an evening as  
this?"

"I am a traveler from below; I lost my  
way, and am dying with cold. For pity's  
sake, let me in, or I shall perish."

Milly hesitated. She was alone, and it  
was three miles to the nearest neighbor's.  
What should she do? She paused in per-  
plexity.

"Oh, save me—save me! I am dying!"  
were the words that met her hearing. Then  
there was a heavy fall against the sill, and  
then low moans. Her woman nature could  
stand it no longer; true to the instincts of  
her being, she unbarricaded the door and  
threw it open. A closely-muffled figure reeled  
her into the room, and shutting the door,  
she followed. On reaching the fire-place the  
stranger threw off his disguise, and stood  
erect and strong, without a sign of inconve-  
nience from the effects of the weather. Milly  
retreated from him in amazement; but, re-  
covering herself, and putting the best face  
on the matter, she tremblingly addressed the  
man.

"I am sorry, sir, you are so cold. It is  
a bitter night to be abroad. Will you not sit  
by the fire?" and she pushed a chair for-  
ward.

The man made no response, but stooping  
over, ran his fingers through the blaze; then  
he turned and stared at her with a look that  
made her blood run cold. A bright thought  
came into her mind. She would pretend  
there were others in the house, for she al-  
ready felt afraid of the man, and bitterly re-  
gretted having admitted him.

"Would you like to see some of the men-  
folds, sir?" she inquired. "If so, I will call  
them from their rest."

The man laughed hoarsely, and replied:  
"Milly Dean, for that, I believe, is your  
name, you cannot deceive me. You are all  
alone in this house. I took particular care  
to ascertain that before I came. So you may  
as well make yourself easy on that score, and  
do as I bid you."

"Do as you bid me?" exclaimed Milly, in  
terror; "what do you want of me?"

"I want the twelve hundred dollars in  
gold your husband received for his produce  
two days ago. You probably know where it  
is."

Milly sprang into the entry, and would  
have fled, but the stranger caught her by the  
wrist, and dragged her roughly back.

"You cannot escape me, young woman,"  
he said. "You will find it most convenient  
to make a clean breast of it at once. It will  
be better for you."

Milly strove to release her arm. The  
rough treatment she received aroused her  
temper, and indignation overcame all other  
feelings.

"Let me go, you scoundrel, let me go!"  
she cried, "or I will call for help."

"Call, you fool!" said the brutal fellow,  
"and much good may it do you. Keep  
yourself still, and tell me where the money  
is."

"I will not!" she exclaimed, her eyes  
flashing fire.

"You will not," he replied. "We shall  
see."

He released her wrist so violently that she  
reeled half across the room. Then he seized  
the sleeping infant from its cradle, and held  
it at arm's length almost into the blazing  
fire, so that the terrified mother expected to  
see its light garments catch the flames.

"Now, then, where is the money? Speak  
out quick, or hear your baby shriek with  
pain. I will burn it to death before your  
eyes if you do not tell me where the money  
is."

"Monster, give me my child!" shrieked  
Milly, endeavoring to reach the little one.

"Let me have my baby,"

But every effort was frustrated, for again  
and again the strong hand of the robber  
thrust her back.

"See, it's clothes will be on fire in a min-  
ute," said the man, putting the helpless in-  
nocent closer to the flame. The mother  
looked into his eyes. She saw there a look  
of heartless determination. She became  
aware that the cotton garments of her child  
were smoking with the heat.

"How shall it be?" asked the ruffian.

"Hurry, or the child dies; I have no time  
to waste here."

"Anything, anything, only give me my  
child!" she cried. The next instant she was  
handed to her, and she sank upon the floor,  
and folded it to her bosom.

"Come!" exclaimed the man, touching  
her rudely with his foot, "you have not told  
me where the money is."

"In the box on the upper shelf," she re-  
plied, pointing to the closet.

The man found the box, placed it on the  
table, and opened it, saying:

"So far, well. It is nearly all gold. I  
will pocket it with your leave, or without it,  
just as you please." He filled his pockets  
with the golden coin, and threw the empty  
box into the fire. Then he came and stood  
beside her.

"Put your baby in the cradle," he said,  
"if you wish to save its life. I have other  
business for you."

"What do you mean?" cried Milly, eye-  
ing the man with suspicion.

"Let me have him," he said, trying to take  
it.

"No, no; I will put the baby in the cradle  
myself. You shall not touch the poor  
little thing. Now, sir," she continued, al-  
most choking with excitement, "what is it?"

After having laid the pretty infant on its  
downy place of rest, she stood erect, and  
waited the reply.

"I am going to kill you," said the man.

"Kill me!" she exclaimed, her face grow-  
ing pale with terror. "Kill me! What  
have I ever done to you that you should kill  
me?"

"Nothing, nothing, my dear, only you  
know you have seen me, and you will know  
me again." And he advanced upon her.

"Oh, sir, let me live. Have you not done  
enough to take my husband's money, with-  
out depriving him of his wife, too? I will  
never say one word against you, if you will  
spare one—only spare me!"

As she spoke she clasped her hands and  
looked imploringly at him.

"I am sorry that I cannot safely grant  
your request," he responded. "There is  
no help for it, so come along out of doors."

He reached out his hand to grasp Milly.

But the instinct of self-preservation was  
upon her. She evaded him, flew to the  
chimney piece, snatched her husband's  
loaded rifle from the hook on which it hung,  
cocked and presented it at the breast of the  
robber. Her motions were so rapid that  
before he could prevent it her finger had  
pressed the trigger and there was an explo-  
sion. But with equal readiness the man had  
stooped to the floor, the ball had passed over  
his head, and the next instant his grip was  
on her throat.

"I will teach you to handle arms," he  
said. "You would have killed me, would  
you? I will show you a trick worth two of  
that!"

"Mercy, mercy!" cried the terrified  
woman.

"There is no mercy for you," he ejacu-  
lated. He dragged her into the entry, and  
threw open the door. "Out with you into  
snow!"

"Hold! what is this!" exclaimed a deep-  
toned voice. "Unhand that woman, you  
scoundrel!"

A powerful man stood in the doorway.

He dealt the robber a blow between the eyes  
which struck him back into the entry. His  
grasp of Milly was relinquished, and she  
fell to the floor.

"Oh, sir, she cried to the new comer,  
"save me. This man has robbed us, and  
would murder me that I should not tell of  
it."

"Fear not, madam, he shall not harm  
you," responded the stranger. "Fellow,  
surrender yourself!"

"Get out of my way," cried the robber,  
making a rush for the door, and striking at  
the stranger with a bowie-knife. But the  
stranger was prepared for him. Giving back  
a few steps, he artfully seized the robber by  
the collar, whirled him around, and threw  
him on his face in the snow. The robber  
struggled, but the stranger knelt heavily on  
the small of his back, and grasped his hair.

"Lie still," said the stranger, "or I will  
send a bullet through your brain."

The robber felt the cold barrel of the  
pistol at his ear, and obeyed. Milly quickly  
brought robes to her rescuer's request, and  
the robber was bound hand and foot.

"It was a strange Providence," the new  
comer said, "that overtook me with a snow-  
storm on the prairie, and forced me some  
hours ago to take refuge in your smoke-  
house, nearly dead with cold."

Milly acknowledged the truth of the re-  
mark, and she knelt and thanked her Father  
in Heaven for her deliverance.

The next day Milly's husband came home,  
and when he was told all, he remarked:

"This fellow was in the tavern at the  
village the day I sold my produce. It will  
teach me a lesson—never to let strangers  
know when money is plenty with me, lest  
they be tempted to crime and bring ruin on  
me and mine."

That day some sixty or seventy men gathered  
at the house of Mr. Dean. The robber  
was recognized as a notorious horse thief  
who had infested the neighborhood. There  
was a summary trial, and then in dogged  
silence the wretch who would have burned a  
harmless infant, and murdered a faithful and  
gentle woman, submitted to his inevitable  
fate. A rudely constructed gallows and a  
stout rope ended his existence. So on the  
thinly settled frontiers of the West do they  
mete out justice to the offenders against  
property and life.

There were about seventeen hundred  
dollars in bills found on the person of the  
robber, besides the gold he had taken from  
Mrs. Dean. As there were no claimants for  
the bills, at the suggestion of the stranger,  
whose life had been saved from the angel of  
the winter storm by the shelter he found  
in the smoke-house, a thousand dollars of  
the seventeen hundred was presented to  
Milly in consideration of what she had  
passed through, and the remainder was  
divided around.

On that very spot there is now a thriving  
town, and one of the finest residences in the  
place is that where dwell Milly Dean and  
her husband.

ADVICE TO GIRLS.—Girls, if you want to  
encourage young men, get an album. It's the  
first thing a bashful young man grabs when  
he enters a strange house where there are  
girls. We've seen 'em look through one till  
they knew every picture by heart from the  
first page, to General Grant in the back  
part. It's wonderful what interests a bashful  
man will take in a girl's grandmother and  
pug-nosed uncle at the first visit; but it's al-  
ways so. Get 'em, girls. It's the best thing  
in the world to occupy a fellow's hands, and  
it's a sure cure for bashfulness.

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

St. Nicholas for April opens with "Little  
Puritans," an article from the pen of Horace  
E. Scudder, describing child-life among the  
earlier settlers of New England. There are  
two illustrations, by George L. Barnes, one  
of them, "The Tithing-Man keeping order  
among the little Puritans," forming the front-  
ispiece of the number. Thomas Hughes, the  
famous author of "Tom Brown's School-  
days at Rugby," contributes a lively English  
boys' story, which is illustrated with capital  
pictures by Kate Greenaway, of London. The  
tale includes a description of the fun and  
frolics of Gang Monday, and "Beating the  
Bounds of the Parish." Harriet Prescott  
Spofford is represented by the first half  
of a story entitled "A Boy Astronomer,"  
one of the illustrations being by C. S. Rein-  
hart. The New York training-school for lit-  
tle "Housemaids,"—popularly known as the  
"Kitchen-Garden," with the games and  
songs of the children, are described by Olive  
Thorne in a long article, profusely illus-  
trated by Jessie Curtis. Celia Thaxter pre-  
sents a lovely "Easter Song;" Lucy Lar-  
com a charming April poem entitled—  
"Shower and Flower;" and Mrs. Mary  
Mapes Dodge, some comical verses about  
"The Little Big Woman and the Big Little  
Child." There are two tales of adventure,  
one, "A Morning Call from a Panther,"  
dealing with life in Hindustan; the other—  
"Spilling a Bomb-shell,"—describing, with  
the aid of a striking picture, the daring act  
of a midshipman during a sea-fight. Be-  
sides all these, there are: a biographical  
sketch of John Milton, with three portraits  
of him at different periods of his life; a story  
of German fairies, with a beautiful picture;  
and the usual over-brimming supply of good  
things in the editorial departments—"Jack-  
in-the-Pulpit," "Letter-box," and "Riddle-  
box."

Wide Awake opens its April number with  
a quaint frontispiece by Robert Lewis, being  
a ship-board scene of the thirteenth century,  
illustrating the opening historical story by  
Mrs. Carven entitled "The Maid of Nor-  
way." It is followed by a seasonable and  
instructive illustrated paper about "April  
Fools and Other Fools," by J. F. Packard.  
Belonging to the same class is the spirited  
account of "Mardi Gras in Nice," by M. J.  
North. There is also a delightful illustrated  
story of child-life in one of our frontier  
forts, by Mrs. Le Bouillier of Dakota.  
Perhaps the most amusing story in the num-  
ber is "The Forbes-Dolan Affair," written  
and illustrated by Mr. Bishop, the author of  
"Detmold" in last year's Atlantic. The  
three serials, "The Dogberry Bunch,"  
"St. Olave's," and "Don Quixote, Jr.," are  
each capital in their way. The two  
articles of greatest value, however, are bio-  
graphical in their character, viz.: No. IV.  
of the "American Artists" series, by Mr.  
Benjamin, relating to Wm. M. Chase, with  
portrait and studio drawing in pen and ink  
by Mr. Chase himself; and No. XXIII. of  
the "Poets' Homes" series, about Col. Paul H.  
Hayne, the well-known Southern poet,  
written by Charles F. Richardson, and ac-  
companied by a portrait and a view of the  
poet's romantic Georgia home at "Cope-  
hill." There are several illustrated poems,  
the two finest being "Funny Uncle Phil,"  
by Amelia Dally-Alden, and "A Hop," Mrs.  
Carr. There are several noticeable funny  
drawings by "Boz," J. G. Francis, Palmer  
Cox, etc., which will keep all the family in  
good humor until the May number comes  
with its promised host of good things. Only  
\$2.00 a year. Ella Farnam, Editor. D.  
Lothrop & Co., Publishers, Boston.

How HE GOT HIS LAGGON.—Derrick  
Dod told the following good story: It was  
a sad looking tramp, with a pained expres-  
sion of face, that entered a Sutter street  
bar-room the other day, holding in his hand  
a small, battered canister. "Look at this,"  
he said, sorrowfully, "I went into a gun-  
shop and begged for something to eat; the  
man man handed me this can of powder.  
He said I could go shooting—a starving man  
go shooting! Just think of it!"

"Well, nuzzle!" retorted the bar-keeper,  
who had just set up for four fancy drinks for  
a row of customers.

"I pledge you my word," said the va-  
grant, holding the can within an inch of the  
open stove, "I'm so miserable I've almost  
a mind to blow myself up."

"Dare you do it?" said one of the by-  
standers, winking at the crowd.

The wretched party gave a sad, lingering  
look at the poured out liquor, as that he  
might never behold again, and tossed in the  
can.

The yell that the whole crowd gave as  
they started for the opposite side of the  
street was heard on Telegraph Hill. When  
they filed in ten minutes later the empty can  
did not explode, there were four empty  
glasses on the counter, the lunch table was  
a mockery, and the till looked like a savings  
bank on the day after a really large deposit.

MISPLACED CONFIDENCE.—Two English-  
men were out shooting; one had a license,  
the other hadn't. A keeper approached, and  
the one that had a license ran away. The  
keeper was a good runner, and an exciting  
race ensued over about a mile and a half of  
nice plowed fields. At last the keeper got  
up to the runaway. "Now, sir, where is  
your license?" It was produced. "Then  
why did you run away?" "Oh, I'm fond of  
exercise," answered the man; "but don't  
you think you'd better ask my friend if he  
has one."







said, the floor was carpeted. He was opposed to the operations of the "ring." L. S. Quimby could see no objection to the use of these slips. N. A. Richardson, P. W. Swan, and others were engaged in the debate. At length it was decided to use the marking lists in voting for candidates for Selectmen, Assessors, and School Committee, and to nominate all the other officers by acclamation. The nominations resulted in the choice of the following ticket:—Selectmen, Albert Ayer, Charles H. Dunham, Warren Johnson; Assessors, Albert Ayer, Mial Cushman, Asa Fletcher; Treasurer, John T. Manny; Collector, Mial Cushman; Town Clerk, Warren F. Foster; School Committee, for 3 years, Leone S. Quimby, Edwin A. Wadleigh; Board of Health, Abraham B. Coffin, Sherburne T. Sanborn, Frederick Wilesey; Water Commissioners, for 3 years, James F. Dwinnell; Auditors, Henry F. Johnson, Stephen Thompson, William H. Bailey; Cemetery Committee, for 5 years, George G. Stratton; Trustee of Library, for 3 years, Joseph H. Tyler; Fish Committee, Charles O. Billings, George A. Hall, Sumner Richardson; Constables, Charles H. Dupee, George A. Hall, Zanon A. Richardson.

PURCHASERS OF CARPETS will find one of the largest and most elegant stocks ever exhibited at the ware-rooms of Messrs. J. & J. Dobson, Nos. 525 and 527 Washington St. They will find the prices, too, almost incredibly low. A fine Royal velvet can be purchased for \$1.50 per yard, and Body Brussels for \$1.25, which is but little more than one-half what goods of like quality brought a few years ago. A visit to their establishment will richly repay all who make one, and an examination of their large and varied stock will surely result in a purchase of such a portion as is needed.

### Special Notices.

**A CARD.**  
Mrs. Joseph B. Stearns and family, desire to express their sincere thanks to the Musical Fraternity for their many acts of kindness and attention shown them in their sad affliction, and also to the friends and neighbors who so kindly assisted them.

**NOTICE.**  
The Citizens' Town Committee have established headquarters at No. 111 Main street, over T. A. Hartwell's Market. The rooms will be open for the convenience of voters, every evening until after the Town election. Per order,  
CITIZENS' TOWN COMMITTEE,  
185 S. F. TRULL, Secretary.

**A CARD.**  
I take this method of expressing my heartfelt thanks to the citizens of Woburn and adjacent towns for their sympathetic expressions bestowed upon me during my late misfortune. And I hereby acknowledge the handsome donation of a purse of money, and the roll of honor on which are written the names of so many dear friends, the sight of which is a balm of Gilead to me when depressed by thoughts of what I have lost, and the memory of those names shall always retain the honored place in my mind.  
Thanking you all again,  
I remain most respectfully yours,  
GEORGE A. WYMAN.

### Married.

In Woburn, March 22, by Rev. J. Frank Winkley, Mr. Richard Irwin, of Lexington, and Miss Maria Hamilton, of Woburn.

### STOTES! STOTES!

The Great Spring Medicine, tones up the system and prepares it for the change from Winter to Summer. It acts upon the organs of digestion and secures Bilelessness, Headache, Indigestion, Constipation and Debility.

STOTES IS FOR SALE BY  
GEORGE S. DODGE, Apothecary,  
165 Main Street, Woburn. 217

### Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notices 10 cents a line.

In Woburn, March 23, Joseph B. Stowers, aged 68 years and 4 months.  
In Woburn, March 20, Marcus, son of Marcus M. and Jane E. Shaw, aged 9 days.  
In Sterling, March 24, Miss Catherine Kilburn, aged 82 years and 9 months.

Far beyond the limits of the quiet town of Sterling this intelligence will cause sorrow in many hearts. A kind and true friend, an earnest worker in church and society, ever striving to live as he taught, he leaves a vacuum to be filled by those who have exchanged the labors and trials of earth for the joys that await the redeemed.

### For Sale and To Let.

**BOARDS WANTED.** In a private family in a nice location. Inquire at office. 223

**FOGS FOR HATCHING**—from good stock of Light or Dark Brahmas, Houdans, Strangled Leghorns, Plymouth Rocks, and Half Bred Hens, and Imperial Pouter Dicks. S. HORTON, Woburn.

**FOGS.**—Close Brown Leghorns. Eggs from this splendid breed, 50 cents per dozen. By express 25 cents extra, for packing. FRANK PRATT, Bacon street, Winchester. 183

**HOUSE TO LET** on Green street. Inquire of S. H. Cushman, 42 Main street. 47

**TEENEMENT TO LET** on Pleasant street. Inquire of A. V. Haynes. 47

### Lost, Found, Wanted.

### FARMS WANTED

To sell and for exchange; no expense to owner unless a sale is made. House in Cambridge, Maiden, Hyde Park to exchange for farms.

S. E. KNOWLTON,  
No. 2 Bowdoin St., Boston.

**MISS O'DONNELL.**  
(Late of Boston), has taken rooms at the residence of  
MR. M. F. SMITH, HUDSON STREET,  
And respectfully solicits the patronage of the Ladies of all the vicinity in all the latest FASHIONS and CLOAK MAKING, Knife Plating, &c. 225

**NEW LOT OF PAPER HANGINGS**  
—AND—  
**BORDERS**  
IN THE LATEST  
**SPRING STYLES.**  
—AT—  
**A. E. THOMPSON'S,**  
No. 3 WADE BLOCK. 224

**Mortgagee's Sale of Real Estate.**  
By virtue and in pursuance of a power of sale, contained in a certain deed of mortgage, given by Rufus Pickering to the Charlestown Five Cents Savings Bank, the present holder thereof, dated August 26th, A. D. 1874, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, book 1320, page 123, and for breach of the condition said mortgage deed, will be sold at public auction, upon the premises hereinafter described, on Thursday, the twenty-fourth day of April, A. D. 1879, at three o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises conveyed in and by said mortgage deed, viz:—a certain parcel of land with the buildings thereon, situated in Woburn, in our County of Middlesex, and bounded and described as follows:—Beginning at the southeasterly corner of the premises at the intersection of Main and Pond streets; thence running westerly by said Pond St. about four hundred and seventy-four feet to land of Thomas J. Pierce; thence running northerly by said nine feet, to land of Joseph Buck; thence running easterly by land of said Buck, about four hundred and forty-four feet, to Main street, aforesaid; thence southerly by Main street, about two hundred and fifty-five feet to the point begun at, said premises conveyed to Rufus Pickering, by deed recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, book 1255, page 75. Terms at sale.

**CHARLESTOWN FIVE CENTS SAVINGS BANK.**  
By AMOS STONE, Treasurer.  
John H. Shuburne, Attorney. 220

### COAL!

First quality on wharf from \$4.50 to \$5.00 per Ton, of 2,000 pounds.

GEORGE S. DELANO,  
MEDFORD CENTRE, MASS.

### Andrews' Bazar Patterns.

### LATEST SPRING STYLES

### LADIES' & CHILDRENS' SUITS

Just Received.  
Catalogues mailed free to any address.

Mrs. B. A. STEARNS has the exclusive agency of these patterns for Boston and vicinity. They are drafted from the renowned system of cutting and planned together in shape, making the most convenient and reliable pattern in the market. Sent by mail on receipt of price.

Thorough instructions given in dress cutting and diagrams for sale. AGENTS WANTED.

476 Washington Street, Boston.  
(opposite Temple Place.)

### TOWN OF WOBURN.

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS.  
MIDDLESEX, ss.

To either of the Constables of the Town of Woburn, in said County,

GREETING:

In the name of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, you are hereby notified and warned that the inhabitants of the Town of Woburn, qualified to vote in town affairs, to meet at Lyceum Hall, in said Woburn, on Monday, the seventh day of April next, at ten of the clock A. M., to act on the following articles, viz:

Article 1. To choose a Moderator to preside at said meeting.

Article 2. To choose all necessary officers to serve the Town the ensuing year, including one Water Commissioner to serve for three years, three members of the School Committee to serve for three years, and one member of the Library Committee to fill vacancy of two years, and one member of the Cemetery Committee for five years.

Article 3. To hear and act on the reports of the Auditors of the Selectmen, the School Committee, the Library Committee, the Cemetery Committee, the Water Commissioners, the Chief Engineer of the Fire Department, the Chief of Police, and Town Clerk, to be made on or before February 25, 1879.

Article 4. To determine what amount of money the Town will raise for the support of the poor and how the same shall be appropriated: for Highways, Bridges, and Sidewalks, and for building New Roads, and how the same shall be appropriated: for the support of Schools, and how the same shall be appropriated: for the support of the Fire Department, for the support of the Town Library, for the support of Cemetery and Burying Grounds, for the payment of Town Officers, for the payment of Interest on Town Debt, for the payment of Interest on Water Bonds, for the payment of Interest on School-house Loans, for the Street Lamp Department, for the Police and Nightwatch Department, for the Health Department, for Printing and for Miscellaneous Expenses. Also, for the payment for Water Works extension and for putting in Water Works services.

Article 5. To see what sum of money the Town will raise for the payment of the Town Debt or do anything in relation to the same.

Article 6. To see what sum of money the Town will appropriate for the observance of "Decoration Day" and how the same shall be expended, or do anything in relation to the same.

Article 7. To see if the Town will authorize their Treasurer to pay State Aid to families of Volunteers under the direction of the Selectmen.

Article 8. To see if the Town will authorize their Treasurer to receive money under the direction of the Selectmen, to pay town indebtedness.

Article 9. To see if the Town will authorize their Treasurer to hire money under the direction of the Selectmen in anticipation of taxes to be assessed and collected.

Article 10. To see what disposition the Town will make with the money to be received from the County for dog licenses.

Article 11. To see if the Town will vote to accept the list of names of persons qualified to serve as Jurors as revised and submitted by the Selectmen, or do anything in relation to the same.

Article 12. To see if the Town will instruct the Selectmen to prosecute or defend suits on behalf of the Town as agents of the town, or do anything in relation to the same.

Article 13. To see if the Town will take any action to preserve the rights of the citizens of the town of Woburn to fish in the ponds within the town, or do anything in relation to the same.

Article 14. To see if the Town will vote to erect a drinking fountain and watering trough in the Highland District on or near Fowle street, or do anything in relation to the same.

Article 15. To see if the Town will instruct that all receipts and expenditures in Library Department pass through the Town Treasury, as recommended by Library Committee.

Article 16. To see if the Town will authorize their Selectmen to employ a town Physician, or do anything in relation to the same.

Article 17. To see if the Town will authorize their Treasurer to refund to Grand Jurors \$75 paid by him for support of his trial, or do anything in relation to the same.

Article 18. To see if the Town will instruct their Selectmen to take action in connection with Tabular Tax Statement to prevent the record of taxes from 1869 to date, or do anything in relation to the same.

Article 19. To see what sum of money the Town will appropriate for the purchase of new house, or do anything in relation to the same.

Article 20. To see what disposition the Town will make of the unexpended balance of appropriation for Highland House, or do anything in relation to the same.

Article 21. To see if the Town will erect a Hose House at Central Square, or do anything in relation to the same.

Article 22. To see if the Town will direct that a curb stone be placed at the outside of sidewalk on High street from Railroad to the corner of the Town of Woburn, or do anything in relation to the same.

Article 23. To see if the Town will order the recording of the Library Committee for the purpose of the same, or do anything in relation to the same.

Article 24. To see if the Town will instruct the Town Commissioners in fixing the rate of water for manufacturing purposes at one cent for one hundred gallons, or do anything in relation to the same.

Article 25. To see if the Town will authorize the Board of Water Commissioners to purchase an engine and boiler for the Water Works and raise and appropriate money therefor, or do anything in relation to the same.

Article 26. To see if the Town will authorize their Treasurer to receive the safe, fixtures and furniture in the Water Commissioners office at a fair valuation, and provide for payment therefor, or do anything in relation to the same.

Article 27. To see if the Town will order the report of any Committee previously appointed by the town.

Article 28. To see if the town will authorize their Treasurer to refund taxes paid by John O'Donnell on land he did not possess, or do anything in relation to the same.

Article 29. To see if the Town will instruct the School Committee to employ a Superintendent of Schools, or do anything in relation to the same.

Article 30. To see if the Town will take any action in connection with the note of the North Woburn Street Railroad Co., to see if the Town will instruct the School Committee to employ a Superintendent of Schools, or do anything in relation to the same.

Article 31. To see if the Town will take any action in relation to the mortgage given by the Town of Woburn Schoolhouse and held by the Treasurer as cash, or do anything in relation to the same.

Article 32. To see if the Town will authorize the purchase of the estate of Simon Weymouth for the purpose of other purposes, or do anything in relation to the same.

Article 33. To see what disposition the Town will make of the unexpended balance of appropriation for the Town House, &c.

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## SPRING STYLES.

JUST OPENED, A FULL LINE OF  
Fashionable Goods for Spring Wear.

G. R. GAGE & Co., Merchant Tailors,  
171 Main Street, - - - 204 - - - Woburn, Mass.

JOSEPH B. McDONALD,  
DEALER IN

COAL, Cement,  
WOOD, Plaster,  
Charcoal, Lime.

No. 111 Main Street, Woburn.

## SPRING STYLES

—OF—  
WE ARE MAKING

HATS AND NECK WEAR,  
COLLARS AND CUFFS.

A choice assortment of these goods, can now be found at

THE WOBURN CLOTHING STORE,  
POST OFFICE BLOCK, 199 MAIN STREET.

184

## SPECIAL BARGAINS

—AT THE—

Boston Branch  
GROCERY and TEA STORE,

131 Main St., Woburn.

## COFFEES.

Our MOCHA, MALEBERRY, OLD GOVERNMENT, PRIME JAVA and RIO Coffees are strictly pure, and selected for their fine flavor. They are ground in a new Steel Mill (which we have just put in), which cuts up without powdering, and in consequence are free from the dust usually found in Coffees and are much finer flavor.

There is a large class of consumers to whom pure coffee is too stimulating, consequently there are many who, for this reason, do not drink any coffee at all. To these we would say that we have constantly on hand NEW ERA COFFEE, made from the best Winter wheat, at 15 cents per lb.

GRANULATED SUGAR, 8 1-2 cents per pound.

BOSTON BRANCH GROCERY,  
FULLERTON BROS., Formerly with Cobb, Bates & Yerxa.

Managers. 174

BUTTONS,  
FRINGES,  
GLOVES,  
HOSE,  
CORSETS, and  
Small Wares.

LOW AND MEDIUM  
Priced  
DRESS GOODS  
Grey and Brown  
SUITINGS.  
BLACK  
CASHMERE  
IN LARGE ASSORTMENT.

LARGEST STOCK! LOWEST PRICES!  
C. A. SMITH & SON, - - - 177 MAIN STREET, WOBURN.

JOHN C. BUCK,  
SUCCESSOR TO CUSHING & BUCK.

Having purchased the interest of W. S. Cushing, I shall continue in business at the same stand. For the next few days,  
Cardigans and Winter Underclothing at Cost.

A FULL LINE OF FURNISHING GOODS, HATS, CAPS, & C.

—ALSO TRE—  
"Linene" Reversible Collar, two in one.  
JOHN C. BUCK. - - - 174 Main Street, Wade Block.

The Refiner's price having reached 8 1/2, we shall sell from this day out

## Granulated Sugar

AT 8 1-2 CENTS.

The question among refiners and experts in New York, regarding the adulteration of Sugar, has not been decided, although the controversy must have been beneficial to the consumer, bringing to light the fact that Sugar had been adulterated.

We cannot advertise Granulated Sugar at cost, and put the more profit on our Teas. We must sell the

## Very Best TEAS

that can be found for the same money, and therefore must sell our Sugars at a small advance.

BUY ONLY THE  
BEST CANNED TOMATO,

Put up solid instead of one-half water. E. T. COWDREY & CO.'S  
BEST can be bought for 12 CENTS PER CAN.

At the Railroad Store, Woburn.

HENRY H. LEATHE,  
ACCOUNTANT.

Accounts adjusted. Bills made out. Writing on any description done in a satisfactory manner, and on reasonable terms. 141  
OFFICE with George H. Conn, 159 MAIN ST.

WANTED.  
The public to know that S. T. Taylor's System of Dress cutting received the highest award at the Mechanics' Fair, exhibited and tested by Miss H. L. BURBANK, and taught at  
ROOM 8, 6 HAMILTON PLACE, BOSTON,  
branch of S. T. Taylor's, established in 1870. OLD EST and MOST RELIABLE house in New England, systems at regular prices. 175

## REGISTRATION OF VILLS.

The Selectmen of the Town of Woburn hereby give notice that they will be in session for the purposes of Registration, at their office, on  
CLAY, ARCH 28th,  
MONDAY, MARCH 31st,  
TUESDAY, APRIL 1st,  
WEDNESDAY, APRIL 2nd,  
from 7 till 9 P. M., and on SATURDAY, APRIL 5th, from 7 till 10 o'clock, P. M., when registration will cease, in compliance with provisions of Chap. 37, Acts 1879.

By order of the Board of Selectmen,  
THOMAS H. HILL, Clerk.

Woburn, March 20, 1879. 210



## Journal Club Column

GOOD LITTLE BOY.—Little Tommy has commenced to go to Sunday school, and has learned some very pretty little verses. Tommy has also a big brother who teaches him some little songs better adapted to the minstrel stage than to the Sabbath school room. The minister visited Tommy's mother yesterday afternoon, and the precocious youth was asked to repeat for the benefit of the gentleman the last pretty little hymn he had learned. Instead of commencing "when I can read my title clear," etc., he sang out: "When you catch a black cat, shave him, shave him, when you—"

One day Billy, that's my brother, he and Sammy Dobby was playin' by a mud hole, and Billy he said:—"Now Sammy let's play we was a banyard; you be the pig and lay down and woller, and I'll be a bull and beller like everthin'." So they got down on their hands and knees, and Sammy, he went in the mud and wollowed, while Billy bellered like distant thunder. Bimeby Sammy he came out muddy—and he said:—"Now you be the pig and let me beller." But Billy he said:—"I aint a very good pig for dinner, and little be time nuff for you to beller wen your mother sees yure close."

Couldn't help it.—A gentleman who frequented a circus circled about by among the audience who was sound asleep every time he happened to be in. Curious to know why the urchin should resort to such a place for sonorous purposes, our friend went up one evening and accosted him.

"My little fellow, what do you go to sleep for?"

"I can't keep awake," rejoined the boy; "it is terrible bore to see them doing the same thing every night."

"But why do you come?"

"Oh, I can't help it—I must come; I have got a season ticket!"

A tall western girl, named Short, long loved a certain big Mr. Little, and Little, little thinking of Short, loved a little lass named Long. To make a long story short, Little proposed to Long, and Short longed to be even with Little's shortcomings. So Short meeting Long, threatened to marry Little before long, which caused Little in a short time to marry Long. Query—Did tall Short love big Little less because Little loved little Little because Long?

A frugal lady up town lately employed a washerwoman to come and do her washing. Hours passed, and the woman grew faint, but saw no sign of lunch. Finally, she suggested that she could work with much more spirit if she had something to eat. "You can have lunch by and by," replied her employer, "there's no hurry. Eating is only a practice, any way." "But," remonstrated the hungry washerwoman, "it is a practice that I've indulged in for upward of 50 years, and I am too old to give it up now!"—*Portland Advertiser.*

A schoolmaster tells the following good one: "I was teaching in a quiet country village. The second morning I had leisure to survey my surroundings, and among the furniture I espied a three legged stool. 'Is this the dunce block?' I asked a little girl of five. The dark eyes sparkled, the curls nodded assent, and the lips rippled out, 'I guess so; the teacher always sits on it.' The stool was unoccupied that term."

A poor Irishman, seeing a crowd of people approaching, asked what was the matter. He was answered: "A man going to be buried."

"Oh," he remarked, "I'll stop to see that for we carry them to be buried in our country."

Bookseller.—What sort of books do you want, sir? Boggs—Oh, such books as a gentleman generally has. Bookseller.—And how many do you wish? Boggs—Well my library is 12x15, and I want it full. Bookseller—Will you have them bound in Russia or Morocco. Boggs—Oh, don't go so far, but if you can't have them done at home, have 'em done in Jersey.

The women in Kansas vote at the school elections. At a recent election at Osage City one woman went up to vote, but before she got through telling the judges what a time her Willie had with the scarlet fever when he was only two years old, it was time to close the polls and she had forgotten to deposit her ballot.—*Hawkeye.*

A citizen went into a Norwich hardware store the other day and inquired: "How much do you ask for a bath tub for a child?" "Three dollars and seventy-five cents," was the reply. "W-h-e-w!" whistled the customer. "Guess we'll have to keep washing the baby in the coal-scuttle, till prices come down."

A Woman cured her husband of staying out late at night by going to the door when he came home and whispering through the key-hole, "Is that you, Willie?" Her husband's name is John, and he stays at home every night now, and sleeps with one eye open and a big revolver under his pillow.

"How," said a country judge to a witness, "how do you know that the plaintiff was intoxicated on the evening referred to?" "Because I saw him a few minutes before supper trying to pull off his trousers with a boot-jack." Verdict for the defendant.

"Look here, waiter," shouted a disgusted customer in a restaurant; "here's a mustache comb in this poppie!" "Never mind, sir," said the napkin folder, calmly; "just throw it under the table. It's an old one."

A man passing through a gateway in the dark ran against a post. "I wish that post was in the lower regions!" was his angry remark. "Better wish it was somewhere else," said a bystander. "You might run against it again."

A canal-boat mule and a baby's shoe generally wear out on the tow.—*Hackensack Republican.*

It is when a woman tries to whistle that the great glory of her mouth is seen without being heard very much.

## MAUDE'S SECRET.

"I have told you there is a secret in my life I can share with no one. Let me go my way, and you yours, for we could never be happy with a cloud of mystery between us."

"In other words, you refuse me?"

There was a quick resentment in Donald Curtin's tone, for the refusal of the woman he loved, to be his wife, was a blow at once to his heart and his vanity. He was not a conceited man, but when he offered his hand to his sister's governess, he certainly did not expect a refusal. There had been many meetings before he spoke of his love, and in some of them he had thought Maude Dennin's face betrayed love for him, in spite of the cold manner that was habitual to her.

Scarcely a man to measure his own merits by the length of his purse, Donald Curtin could not quite forget that he was the owner of one of the finest estates on the Hudson, whole rows of houses in New York, and an income of some fifty thousand a year, while Maude Dennin was his sister's governess. She had come to Mrs. Hursey from a female seminary, with letters of introduction; had proved herself trustworthy with the children; and no one had any desire to pry into her private affairs during the whole of the first two years.

Mrs. Hursey had considered her a treasure, and the children were fond of her and progressed rapidly.

Then Donald came home from Europe, and his sister, offering him the hospitalities of her home, suddenly made several discoveries. First, she found out that, although the family had thought and spoken of her brother as an old bachelor, that, after all, at forty, he looked younger than some under thirty. Next, that Maude Dennin, though she was pale and reserved, was wonderfully fair, and could converse with Donald long after topics were beyond her own comprehension.

The old, old story progressed, day after day, under her eyes, and she could find no good reason for sending Maude away, and surely Donald was not to be turned from her room. Mrs. Hursey was constantly devising schemes for shutting Maude in the school-room, for sending her long errands, and employing her time in useful sewing. But if Donald would lounge into the school-room, and insist upon hearing his nephews and nieces recite long poems, while he made pencil sketches of Maude's profile; if he would join her, just as she started on the long errands, and was seized with a desire to read in the very room in which the sewing was in progress, what could a prudent sister do more?

It was some comfort that the "infatuation," as Mrs. Hursey mentally termed it, was all on one side; that Maude acquiesced in every plan that promised to keep her away from her side; that the pale face never flushed at his coming, nor the soft dark eyes wooed him to her side.

But Mrs. Hursey did not believe it possible for Donald to offer his hand and fortune to any woman and be rejected. So she fretted secretly, while Donald wooed patiently, till on a summer morning, when he found Maude in the garden, for a wonder, without the attendance of a juvenile Hursey, and made his declaration in explicit terms.

And without one flush of her white cheeks, if possible even paler than before, Miss Dennin had told him there was a secret in her life that kept her outside the ranks of happy married women. Still he pleaded, till she owned it was no crime or fault of her own that separated them; and again he urged his suit, only to meet the repetition of her declaration.

"In other words, you refuse me!" he exclaimed, with angry emphasis.

The color flushed then over Maude's pale face, for there was a keen pain for first as resentment in Donald's tone. For the first time she touched his arm, lifting her soft, dark eyes to his own. There was a thrill in her voice, as she said in a low tone:

"Because I love you, Donald. If I had no love for you, I might put my hand in yours, and share your wealth; for my life of drudgery is a weary burden to me. But I love you, and so I bid you go from me, and seek to forget me in some happier love."

Something in her tone and voice awoke her lover from any demonstration of pleasure at her frank confession. He pressed the little white hand she had placed on his arm, and said:

"Confide in me, then. Tell me your secret; or, if you will, keep it, and rest assured, I will never try to surprise it."

"I cannot. Nothing but death can free me, and your life is too noble, too useful to be spent in waiting for me. Forget me, Donald. May God bless and keep you!"

She was gone before he could say more, and he knew her decision was final. Mrs. Hursey's delight at her brother's escape was certainly tempered by indignation that Maude had dared to refuse him.

"What on earth did she expect to marry?" thought the matron.

But Maude, pondering over it all, accepted the pain as one more sorrow in her shadowed life, and made no moan, looked for no sympathy. It was hard to see the face that had been ever full of sympathy and tenderness, turned coldly away; hard to hear the children wonder why "Uncle Donald came to see them no more;" but the routine of duty filled each day, and there was a certainty soon of release from the monotony of teaching.

October was midway on her golden-tinted journey across the earth, when Mrs. Hursey was called upon to get a new governess. In vain she wept and scolded. Maude gave no reason, but she must go.

It was not to spy upon her movements, that Donald, finding the governess leaving the house, followed her in the train that took her to New York. It was only his deep, unshaken love, the fear for her future, the anxiety to be sure all was well with her new life. She did not dream she was watched, as she took a hack and, followed still, drove to a small house on the outskirts of Brooklyn, where a woman met her at the door, and led her in weeping bitterly. That was all Donald saw, but the face of the weeping woman was Maude's face, should years of sorrow and tears set their seal upon it.

Restless and curious in spite of himself, Donald lounged into a cheap restaurant near the little house, and called for something to eat. Close beside him were two rough-looking men discussing oyster stews, and Donald heard one say:

"So Dennin's time is up. He came out of Sing Sing yesterday."

"Cordling to my guess," was the reply "he didn't hev no call to be thar. He never done it—never."

"He was wild, too."

"Yes, got on a spree too often, 'an' was in bad company, but never had any more hand in that bank robbery than you and I."

"Got five years for it," said the other, "an' he's come out to die. He's over to his mother's thar," jerking his thumb in the direction of the little house, "an' won't last a week—consumption!"

This was the secret then! A brother in the State prison, innocent or guilty, a convicted felon. Donald shuddered as he thought of the fair, stately woman he loved, with her pure, proud nature, daily tortured by the secret of her brother's crime. He had a vague recollection of reading the trial of some bank robbers where the name of Dennin occurred, but it was only a hazy memory at best.

Maude was with her mother, in a home, even if a poor one, with crime for its inmate, and he had no right to intrude upon her grief. So he ate the greasy, tough chop before him, paid his score and went out into the street again. It was quite dark, and he gave up any idea of returning to his sister's that night, finding his way to New York and a hotel.

Three days passed before he heard again of Maude's brother, and then the public journals told the story. He was dead! Only twenty-six, the papers said, and dead. But there had been some comfort in the last hour. Two of the gang who had been engaged in the bank robbery had made a sworn statement, exonerating him from any guilty part in it. In so far as he was under the influence of liquor, was in bad company, and led by them, he was guilty.

But he was innocent, because he was purposely kept ignorant of their intentions, and had no knowledge that he was in a bank vault until the hands of the officers of justice were upon him.

Five weary prison years, disease, finally death, had paid the penalty of a youth of reckless living; but the stain of actual crime was lifted from his memory, and the journal that had chronicled his trial and sentence, also gave publicity to his innocence and death.

It was no shame to Donald's manhood that his eyes were misty as he read the obituary of the wasted life, touched keenly by the closing words,—"A widowed mother and sister were with Dennin when he died."

Donald could easily picture the fair, pale face, bending over the sufferer's pillow, and the low, tender voice comforting him, though his hand had brought desolation into her own life.

In the chamber of death, where the still face upon the pillow was peaceful in its last sleep, Maude and her mother kept watch together.

They had suffered most in the five years that their lives had been separated, for the widow had been matron in a large hospital, while Maude worked as governess in Mrs. Hursey's family. Before her father's death, there had been a home happy and united; but afterwards poverty drove them out upon the world.

"Mother," said Maude, softly, "I have saved something in these long years, and we will make a home here, and try and earn a living together."

"Yes, dear, I took the house furnished for a month, thinking if David came home, willing to try for an honest living, we might make out somehow. I have saved a little, too, Maude, for him—and he will not need it."

"Hush! You must not weep now. Remember how happily he died, mother, the stain lifted from his memory—his heart at peace. He was ready to go, mother, and God knows best. My poor brother!"

Softly the tender lips pressed the dead man's forehead, before Maude led her mother away from the room. They had not crossed the narrow entry to the parlor when the door-bell rang, and Maude opened the door to find Donald Curtin.

Before she could speak, he entered, closing the door behind him, and advanced to the widow, who stood inside the little parlor.

"Mrs. Dennin," he said, lifting his hat, "I have just heard of your sorrow, and I have come to ask you to let me aid you in any way where a gentleman's services may be required. I am the brother of Mrs. Hursey."

"You are very kind," the widow faltered. "We—as you say—our trouble—"

And here the tears choked her, and she could only turn from him and weep.

Maude lifted her eyes appealingly, to meet Donald's fixed upon her face.

"There is no longer any secret between us, Maude," he said, in a low tone. "Will you not give me the right of a loving son to comfort your mother?"

"You know all," she said, surprised,—"and you are here?"

"I know all," he answered, gravely; "and knowing your noble reason for refusing me, I am here to ask the question I asked one summer morning, not long ago. Even as I loved you then, I love you now. Maude, will you be my wife?"

And she, loving him utterly, with the secret of her life revealed, the crime wiped out by death, put her hand in his, and let his lips place the seal of betrothal upon her own.

To the world Maude is a secret still. Society does not connect the tall, stately bride of Donald Curtin, with the obscure convict, who came from prison only to die; and even Mrs. Hursey was never told of the life of her former governess, or the pale, quiet widow, who shares her home, and finds a peaceful haven in her daughter's love, and the respectful attention of the man who fills a son's place to her.

Edison too fast.—The Graphic speaks of an invention called the kistograph. We beg to inform Mr. Edison that he is going too far. It positively will not work. No kissing can be satisfactory unless the parties are right on the ground themselves to see that it is done right.—*Buffalo Express.*

## John I. Munroe &amp; Co.

DEALERS IN  
Eastern, Western and Canada,  
Long and Short  
LUMBER

OF ALL KINDS,  
KALMIA,  
LACKAWANNA,  
LEHIGH and  
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LIME,  
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CHARCOAL,  
FIRE KINDLINGS, &c., &c.

Office, 104 Main Street,  
Opposite the Depot.  
LUMBER YARD in rear of the Depot.

## Mortgagee's Sale of Real Estate.

To whom it may concern.  
By virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by William H. Leach, of Boston, Mass., to Sarah S. Sawyer, August 29, 1872, and recorded in the South District Registry of Deeds for the County of Middlesex, Mass., Book 1224, Folio 624, will be sold at public auction, on the premises, on Tuesday, the eighth day of April, 1879, at four o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed, namely:—A certain lot of land, with the buildings thereon standing, situated on the westerly side of Beacon street, in said Woburn, and bounded as follows, viz:—Beginning at the northeasterly corner of the premises, on said Beacon street, at land of Mr. Susan C. Simons; thence the line runs westerly by land last named, to land now or late of heirs of Abijah Thompson, thence westerly still by land of said heirs to land formerly of Mr. Evans; thence southerly by land formerly of said Evans, to land now or formerly of H. P. Wyman; thence easterly by land last named to said Beacon street, thence southerly and easterly, and being the same premises conveyed to said William H. Leach, by William F. Sawyer and Sarah S. Sawyer, by their deed dated August 29, 1872.

\$100 will be required to be paid in cash by the purchaser at the time and place of sale.

JOHN M. HARTLOW,  
Assignee of said Mortgage.

WILLIAM WINN, Auctioneer.  
Woburn, March 15, 1879.

## New and Second-hand CARRIAGES.

In great variety and at Low Prices.  
Harnesses, Single and Double, Heavy and Light and the best Harness for the money in the World. Horse Blankets, Lap Robes, &c., at low prices for good goods.

INGALLS, WYER & Co.,  
47 to 119 Friend St., 34 to 60 Canal St., BOSTON.

## By William F. Carruthers, Auctioneer.

24 Tremont Row, Boston.

## Mortgagee's Sale.

To Abner P. Marston, mortgagee, Nathan H. Marston, supposed owner of the equity of redemption, Ansel P. Leasure, and all other parties interested.  
By virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Abner P. Marston to said Abner P. Marston, Nathan H. Marston, and Ansel P. Leasure, dated the 14th day of April, 1872, Folio 625, will be sold at public auction, on the premises, on Monday, the fourteenth day of April next, at four o'clock in the afternoon, for breach of condition in said mortgage deed, all and singular the premises therein conveyed, to wit: the following lots of land with buildings thereon, situated in the center of Burlington, in the County of Middlesex, and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, on the easterly side of the main road leading from Boston to Lowell, viz: The Wyman lot; the Lodge lot; the East field; the Trull house lot; the House piece; the Barn lot; the Middle field; and the Further field. Said lots taken together are bounded as follows, to wit:—Beginning at the southeasterly corner of the premises on said road at land now or formerly of William H. Walker; thence running southerly and easterly by said road to land now or formerly of Thomas Radford; thence easterly, southerly, easterly and northerly, by land now or formerly of said Radford, to land now or formerly of John Wood; thence northeasterly and easterly by land of said Wood, to land now or formerly of H. P. Wyman; thence easterly, southerly and easterly, by land now or formerly of H. P. Wyman to the new road; thence southeasterly and southerly on and by said new road, to land now or formerly of Nichols; thence easterly on land now or formerly of Nichols, and land now or formerly of said Watson, to the point of beginning, being also a portion of the estate of said Abner Marston.

Also, a parcel of land on the westerly side of said main road, containing seventeen (17) acres, bounded and described as follows:—Beginning at the southeasterly corner of the premises, at land now or formerly of Watson; thence running northerly and westerly to land now or formerly of Peter Rogan; thence southerly by said land now or formerly of Rogan to land now or formerly of Nichols; thence easterly on land now or formerly of Nichols, and land now or formerly of said Watson, to the point of beginning, being also a portion of the estate of said Abner Marston.

One hundred dollars of the purchase money will be required to be paid at the time of sale.

HENRY G. CROWELL,  
ALPHONSO J. ROBINSON,  
Receivers of the Mercantile Savings Institution,  
Boston, March 14, 1879.

## DISEASES OF WOMEN.

DR. F. EUGENE GREENE  
Makes a specialty of diseases peculiar to females, and may be consulted free of charge, personally or by letter, from 9 to 4 daily; Sundays from 9 to 12. Address,

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34 TEMPLE PLACE, BOSTON, MASS.

## THE CENTRAL HOUSE,

WOBURN.

Is one of the most popular resorts out of Boston for Sleight or Driving parties. With one of the best dancing halls in the County, and all the facilities for catering for parties, the Central House will be able to answer all the requirements of the traveling public.

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Catering on the most satisfactory terms a specialty.

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Farming Tools & Seeds,  
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## 1851. 1879.

Don't know  
THE  
Woburn  
JOURNAL.

With the beginning of the new year the Journal commenced its

29th VOLUME.

For more than a quarter of a century it has been a welcome visitor to the homes of Woburn, and of those in other places to whom the memory of the old town is dear. It has in the past taken a lively interest in all

## LOCAL AFFAIRS,

and will in the future keep up with the times, by urging and encouraging progress in every direction that will add to the wealth, importance or influence of the town.

The Journal is essentially a newspaper, and first of all it will continue to give

## ALL THE WOBURN NEWS,

together with that of surrounding towns, as it has been demonstrated that the people desire to have and will sustain, a paper which is a journal of the news about affairs in which they have a personal interest.

## THE STORIES

which are given each week constitute a feature of the paper and have always met with favor.

Connected with the paper is an experienced book reviewer and his

## LITERARY NOTICES

have been highly commended, and they will be continued during the coming year. Our

## CORRESPONDENTS

are scattered all over the world, and contributions from their pens have added much to the interest of the Journal. Communications on any topic are invited, and

## ANY ONE

can secure the insertion of a letter in the Journal provided it is written in proper terms, and the writer's name given as a guarantee of good faith, on any subject, without regard to the position of the paper on that subject. Believing that there is nothing like discussion to bring out truth and that truth never fears the fullest scrutiny, it is the policy of the Journal to encourage discussion, and while it will continue to

## FEARLESSLY ADVOCATE

all such principles and measures as it deems important and essential to the public welfare, it will concede space upon its platform to any who see fit to differ, and admit that in argument as well as in other things test fittest shall survive.

Believing that whatever helps the Town helps the individual citizen, the Journal will always be found jealously guarding the honor of the Town against assailants or defamers, and earnestly seconding any efforts for public improvement or growth. The Journal will continue to be a live newspaper treating of

## LIVING ISSUES

with an independent pen, giving its readers the best selections from

## CURRENT LITERATURE

in the shape of stories, original and selected, sketches, paragraphs, &c., together with all the news, and discussions of current topics. The above has made and will maintain it as the

## Popular Newspaper of the Town

and this fact should assure the business men that it is the best

## ADVERTISING MEDIUM

they can possibly have. There is no better way to reach the people than through the newspaper, which is welcomed and read by every member of every family to which the paper goes.

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## W E

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## "DOMESTIC SEWING MACHINES,"

which has attained the highest degree of excellence. It combines, with its remarkable simplicity and ease of running, great quietness of operation, with a wonderful range of work, self-adapting to light or heavy fabrics with equal perfection. Don't fail to examine it.

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A. GRANT,  
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Gent's Furnishing Goods,

White Shirts made to order. Shirt Patterns cut from measure.

169 Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

## SPAULDING'S

SPANISH CHOLERA REMEDY.

We, the undersigned, most cheerfully bear witness to the efficacy of the Cholera Remedy, put up and sold by Mr. R. S. Spaulding. We have experienced the greatest benefit from it, when other remedies have failed to afford us relief. It is our firm conviction that the mixture is fully able to cope with any case of Diarrhea, Dysentery, or Bowel Complaint.

C. M. STROUT, High Street.  
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T. F. STEARNS, Main Street.  
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R. W. PARKS, Willow Street.  
G. E. WATKINS, Foster Street.  
W. E. CLARK, Waver Court.  
GEORGE REYNOLDS, Summer Street.  
MRS. MARY ANN REYNOLDS, Summer Street.  
MRS. BRIDGET JOHNSON, Summer Street.

The Spanish Cholera Remedy can be obtained at the Woburn Drug Store, ALLEN, ELDER & CO., 104 Main Street, Woburn, Mass., and of G. P. BROWN, Winchester. Try it.

## W. F. ESTABROOK,